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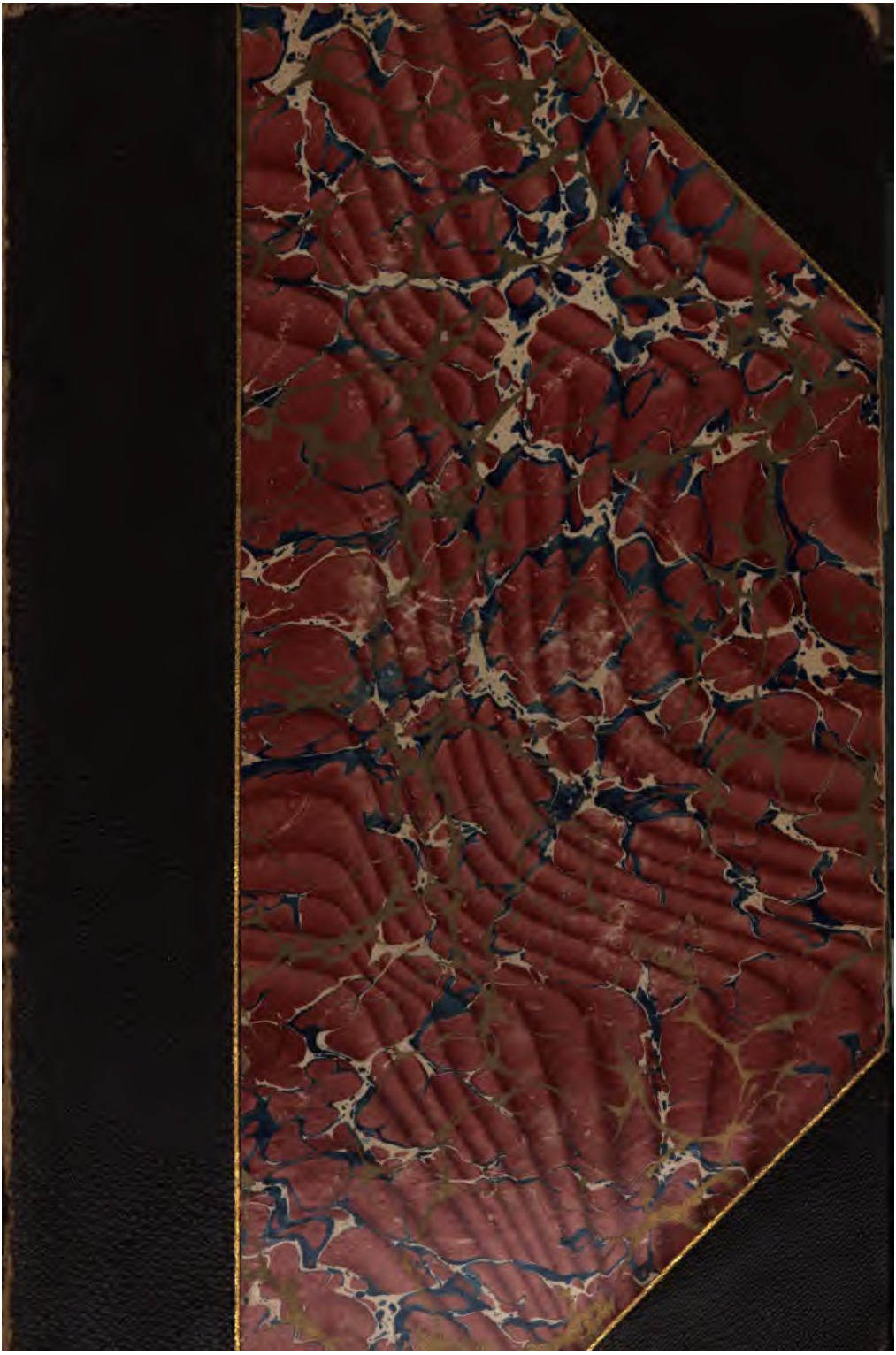

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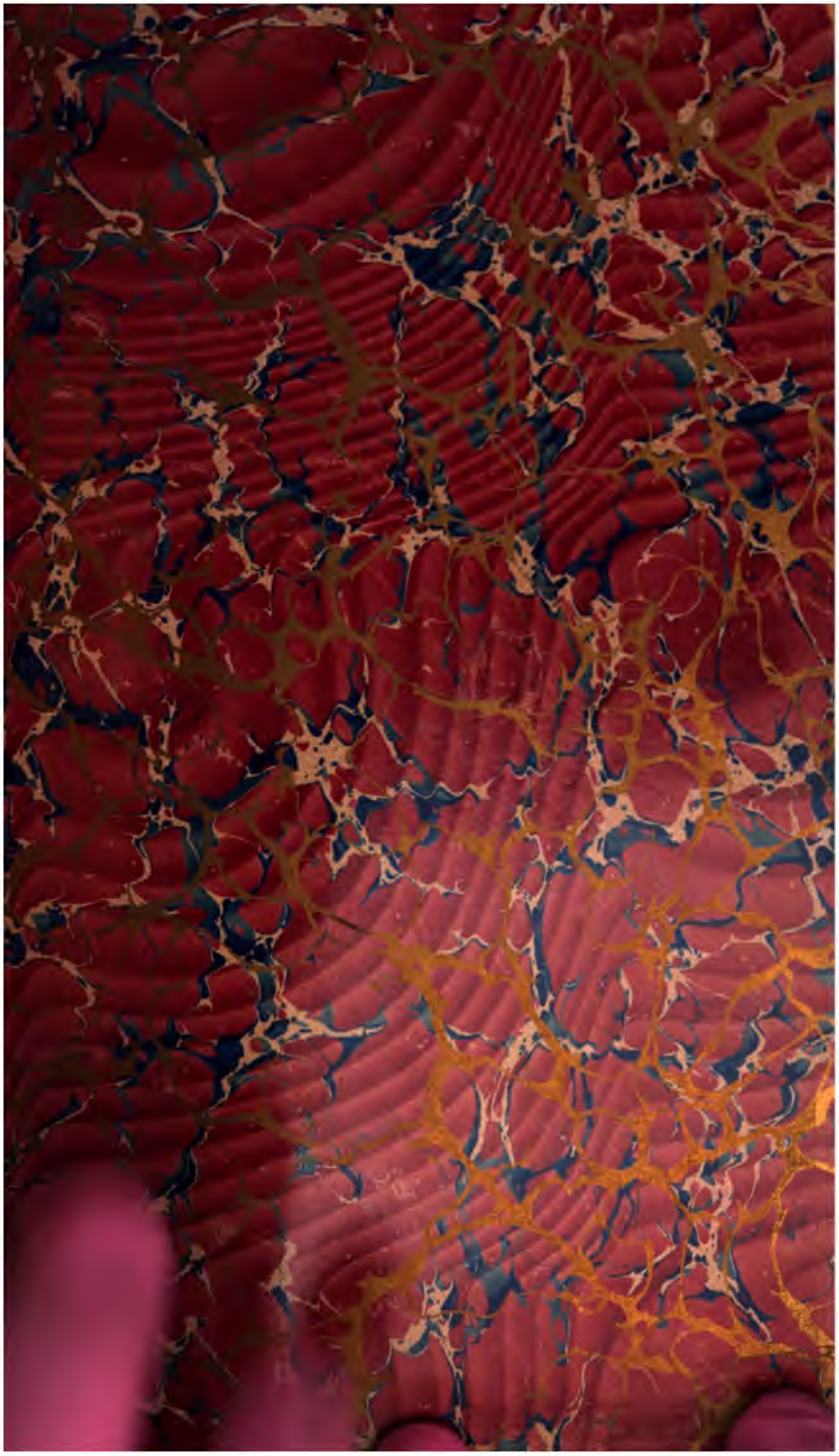

Centenary Edition

THE

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME III

THE

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE TEXT NEWLY COLLATED AND REVISED
AND EDITED WITH A MEMOIR AND NOTES
BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

Centenary Edition

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME III

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ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS

OR

SWELLFOOT THE TYRANT

A TRAGEDY

IN TWO ACTS

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL DORIC

——— Choose Reform or Civil War,
When through thy streets, instead of hare with dogs,
A CONSORT-QUEEN shall hunt a KING with hogs,
Riding on the IONIAN MINOTAUR.

Œdipus Tyrannus was published, without Shelley's name, at London, in 1820, under the imprint of C. F. Seyfang, for the author, by J. Johnston, Cheapside. The drama was begun, under the circumstances described in Mrs. Shelley's Note, August 24, 1819, at the Baths of San Giuliano, near Pisa. It was sent to Horace Smith, who employed the publisher. It was threatened with prosecution by citizens of the ward, and some steps thereto seem to have been taken; but at the suggestion of Alderman Rothwell the publisher gave up the whole edition, except seven copies, which had been sold, and also told the name of his employer. The secret of the authorship was kept by Horace Smith, who said only that the work had been sent to him from Pisa. The drama was suggested by the affair of Queen Caroline. Of the characters Purganax stands for Lord Castlereagh, Dakry for Lord Eldon, and Laoctonos for the Duke of Wellington.

ADVERTISEMENT

THIS Tragedy is one of a triad or system of three Plays (an arrangement according to which the Greeks were accustomed to connect their dramatic representations) elucidating the wonderful and appalling fortunes of the Swellfoot dynasty. It was evidently written by some *learned Theban;* and, from its characteristic dulness, apparently before the duties on the importation of *Attic salt* had been repealed by the Bœotarchs. The tenderness with which he treats the Pigs proves him to have been a *sus Bœotiæ;* possibly *Epicuri de grege porcus;* for, as the poet observes,

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

No liberty has been taken with the translation of this remarkable piece of antiquity except the suppressing a seditious and blasphemous Chorus of the Pigs and Bulls at the last act. The word Hoydipouse (or more properly Œdipus), has been rendered literally Swellfoot without its having been conceived necessary to determine whether a swelling of the hind or the fore feet of the Swinish Monarch is particularly indicated.

Should the remaining portions of this Tragedy be found, entitled *Swellfoot in Angaria* and *Charité*, the Translator might be tempted to give them to the reading Public.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TYRANT SWELLFOOT, King of Thebes.
IONA TAURINA, his Queen.
MAMMON, Arch-Priest of Famine.
PURGANAX, DAKRY, LAOCTONOS } Wizards, Ministers of SWELLFOOT.
The GADFLY.
The LEECH.
The RAT.
The MINOTAUR.
MOSES, the Sow-gelder.
SOLOMON, the Porkman.
ZEPHANIAH, Pig-butcher.

Chorus of the Swinish Multitude.
GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, PRIESTS, etc., etc.

SCENE. Thebes.

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS

ACT I

SCENE — *A magnificent Temple, built of thigh-bones and death's-heads, and tiled with scalps. Over the Altar the statue of Famine, veiled; a number of boars, sows and sucking-pigs, crowned with thistle, shamrock and oak, sitting on the steps and clinging round the Altar of the Temple.*

Enter SWELLFOOT, *in his royal robes, without perceiving the Pigs.*

SWELLFOOT

THOU supreme goddess! by whose power divine
These graceful limbs are clothed in proud array
[*He contemplates himself with satisfaction.*
Of gold and purple, and this kingly paunch
Swells like a sail before a favoring breeze,
And these most sacred nether promontories
Lie satisfied with layers of fat; and these
Bœotian cheeks, like Egypt's pyramid,
(Nor with less toil were their foundations laid)
Sustain the cone of my untroubled brain,
That point, the emblem of a pointless nothing!
Thou to whom Kings and laurelled Emperors,
Radical-butchers, Paper-money-millers,
Bishops and deacons, and the entire army
Of those fat martyrs to the persecution
Of stifling turtle-soup and brandy-devils,

Offer their secret vows! thou plenteous Ceres
Of their Eleusis, hail!

SWINE

Eigh! eigh! eigh! eigh!

SWELLFOOT

Ha! what are ye,
Who, crowned with leaves devoted to the Furies,
Cling round this sacred shrine?

SWINE

Aigh! aigh! aigh!

SWELLFOOT

What! ye that are
The very beasts that, offered at her altar
With blood and groans, salt-cake, and fat, and inwards,
Ever propitiate her reluctant will
When taxes are withheld?

SWINE

Ugh! ugh! ugh!

SWELLFOOT

What! ye who grub
With filthy snouts my red potatoes up
In Allan's rushy bog? who eat the oats
Up, from my cavalry in the Hebrides?
Who swill the hog-wash soup my cooks digest
From bones, and rags, and scraps of shoe-leather,
Which should be given to cleaner Pigs than you?

SEMICHORUS I OF SWINE

The same, alas! the same;
Though only now the name
Of Pig remains to me.

SEMICHORUS II OF SWINE

If 'twere your kingly will
Us wretched Swine to kill,
What should we yield to thee?

SWELLFOOT

Why, skin and bones, and some few hairs for mortar.

CHORUS OF SWINE

I have heard your Laureate sing
That pity was a royal thing;
Under your mighty ancestors we Pigs
Were blessed as nightingales on myrtle sprigs
Or grasshoppers that live on noonday dew,
And sung, old annals tell, as sweetly too;
But now our sties are fallen in, we catch
The murrain and the mange, the scab and itch;
Sometimes your royal dogs tear down our thatch,
And then we seek the shelter of a ditch;
Hog-wash or grains, or rutabaga, none
Has yet been ours since your reign begun.

FIRST SOW

My Pigs, 'tis in vain to tug.

SECOND SOW

I could almost eat my litter.

FIRST PIG

I suck, but no milk will come from the dug.

SECOND PIG

Our skin and our bones would be bitter.

BOARS

We fight for this rag of greasy rug,
Though a trough of wash would be fitter.

SEMICHORUS

Happier Swine were they than we,
Drowned in the Gadarean sea!
I wish that pity would drive out the devils
Which in your royal bosom hold their revels,
And sink us in the waves of thy compassion!
Alas, the Pigs are an unhappy nation!
Now if your Majesty would have our bristles
To bind your mortar with, or fill our colons
With rich blood, or make brawn out of our gristles,
In policy — ask else your royal Solons —
You ought to give us hog-wash and clean straw,
And sties well thatched; besides, it is the law!

SWELLFOOT

This is sedition, and rank blasphemy!
Ho! there, my guards!

Enter a GUARD

GUARD

Your sacred Majesty.

SWELLFOOT

Call in the Jews, Solomon the court Porkman,
Moses the Sow-gelder, and Zephaniah
The Hog-butcher.

GUARD

They are in waiting, Sire.

Enter SOLOMON, MOSES, *and* ZEPHANIAH

SWELLFOOT

Out with your knife, old Moses, and spay those Sows
[*The Pigs run about in consternation.*
That load the earth with Pigs; cut close and deep.
Moral restraint I see has no effect,
Nor prostitution, nor our own example,
Starvation, typhus-fever, war, nor prison.
This was the art which the arch-priest of Famine
Hinted at in his charge to the Theban clergy.
Cut close and deep, good Moses.

MOSES

Let your Majesty
Keep the Boars quiet, else —

SWELLFOOT

Zephaniah, cut
That fat Hog's throat, the brute seems overfed;
Seditious hunks! to whine for want of grains!

ZEPHANIAH

Your sacred Majesty, he has the dropsy.
We shall find pints of hydatids in 's liver;
He has not half an inch of wholesome fat
Upon his carious ribs —

SWELLFOOT

'Tis all the same.
He'll serve instead of riot-money, when
Our murmuring troops bivouac in Thebes' streets;
And January winds, after a day
Of butchering, will make them relish carrion.
Now, Solomon, I'll sell you in a lump
The whole kit of them.

SOLOMON

Why, your Majesty,
I could not give —

SWELLFOOT

Kill them out of the way —
That shall be price enough; and let me hear
Their everlasting grunts and whines no more!

[*Exeunt, driving in the Swine*

Enter MAMMON, *the Arch-Priest; and* PURGANAX, *Chief of the Council of Wizards*

PURGANAX

The future looks as black as death; a cloud,
Dark as the frown of Hell, hangs over it.
The troops grow mutinous, the revenue fails,
There's something rotten in us; for the level
Of the state slopes, its very bases topple;
The boldest turn their backs upon themselves!

MAMMON

Why, what's the matter, my dear fellow, now?
Do the troops mutiny? — decimate some regiments.
Does money fail? — come to my mint — coin paper,

Till gold be at a discount, and, ashamed
To show his bilious face, go purge himself,
In emulation of her vestal whiteness.

PURGANAX

Oh, would that this were all! The oracle!!

MAMMON

Why it was I who spoke that oracle,
And whether I was dead-drunk or inspired
I cannot well remember; nor, in truth,
The oracle itself!

PURGANAX

The words went thus:
"Bœotia, choose reform or civil war,
When through thy streets, instead of hare with dogs,
A Consort-Queen shall hunt a King with hogs,
Riding on the Ionian Minotaur."

MAMMON

Now if the oracle had ne'er foretold
This sad alternative, it must arrive,
Or not, and so it must now that it has;
And whether I was urged by grace divine
Or Lesbian liquor to declare these words,
Which must, as all words must, be false or true,
It matters not; for the same power made all,
Oracle, wine, and me and you — or none —
'Tis the same thing. If you knew as much
Of oracles as I do —

125 *you knew* || *you but knew*, Rossetti.

PURGANAX

You arch-priests
Believe in nothing; if you were to dream
Of a particular number in the lottery,
You would not buy the ticket!

MAMMON

Yet our tickets
Are seldom blanks. But what steps have you taken?
For prophecies, when once they get abroad,
Like liars who tell the truth to serve their ends,
Or hypocrites, who, from assuming virtue,
Do the same actions that the virtuous do,
Contrive their own fulfilment. This Iona —
Well — you know what the chaste Pasiphaë did,
Wife to that most religious King of Crete,
And still how popular the tale is here;
And these dull Swine of Thebes boast their descent
From the free Minotaur. You know they still
Call themselves Bulls, though thus degenerate;
And everything relating to a Bull
Is popular and respectable in Thebes;
Their arms are seven Bulls in a field gules;
They think their strength consists in eating beef;
Now there were danger in the precedent
If Queen Iona —

PURGANAX

I have taken good care
That shall not be. I struck the crust o' the earth
With this enchanted rod, and Hell lay bare!
And from a cavern full of ugly shapes,
I chose a Leech, a Gadfly, and a Rat.

The gadfly was the same which Juno sent
To agitate Io, and which Ezekiel mentions
That the Lord whistled for out of the mountains
Of utmost Æthiopia to torment
Mesopotamian Babylon. The beast
Has a loud trumpet like the Scarabee;
His crookèd tail is barbed with many stings,
Each able to make a thousand wounds, and each
Immedicable; from his convex eyes
He sees fair things in many hideous shapes,
And trumpets all his falsehood to the world.
Like other beetles he is fed on dung;
He has eleven feet with which he crawls,
Trailing a blistering slime; and this foul beast
Has tracked Iona from the Theban limits,
From isle to isle, from city unto city,
Urging her flight from the far Chersonese
To fabulous Solyma and the Ætnean Isle,
Ortygia, Melite, and Calypso's Rock,
And the swart tribes of Garamant and Fez,
Æolia and Elysium, and thy shores,
Parthenope, which now, alas! are free!
And through the fortunate Saturnian land
Into the darkness of the West.

MAMMON

But if
This Gadfly should drive Iona hither?

PURGANAX

Gods! what an *if!* but there is my gray Rat,
So thin with want he can crawl in and out

176 *This Gadfly of yours* or *should but*, Rossetti conj. *Queen Iona*, Forman conj.

Of any narrow chink and filthy hole,
And he shall creep into her dressing-room,
And —

MAMMON

My dear friend, where are your wits? as if
She does not always toast a piece of cheese,
And bait the trap? and rats, when lean enough
To crawl through *such* chinks —

PURGANAX

But my Leech — a leech
Fit to suck blood, with lubricous round rings,
Capaciously expatiative, which make
His little body like a red balloon,
As full of blood as that of hydrogen,
Sucked from men's hearts; insatiably he sucks
And clings and pulls — a horse-leech whose deep maw
The plethoric King Swellfoot could not fill,
And who, till full, will cling forever.

MAMMON

This
For Queen Iona might suffice, and less;
But 'tis the Swinish multitude I fear,
And in that fear I have —

PURGANAX

Done what?

MAMMON

Disinherited
My eldest son Chrysaor, because he

Attended public meetings, and would always
Stand prating there of commerce, public faith,
Economy, and unadulterate coin,
And other topics, ultra-radical;
And have entailed my estate, called the Fool's Paradise,
And funds in fairy-money, bonds, and bills,
Upon my accomplished daughter Banknotina,
And married her to the Gallows.

PURGANAX

A good match!

MAMMON

A high connection, Purganax. The bridegroom
Is of a very ancient family,
Of Hounslow Heath, Tyburn, and the New Drop,
And has great influence in both Houses. Oh,
He makes the fondest husband; nay, *too* fond —
New married people should not kiss in public;
But the poor souls love one another so!
And then my little grandchildren, the Gibbets,
Promising children as you ever saw, —
The young playing at hanging, the elder learning
How to hold radicals. They are well taught too,
For every Gibbet says its catechism,
And reads a select chapter in the Bible
Before it goes to play.

(*A most tremendous humming is heard*)

PURGANAX

Ha! what do I hear?

Enter the GADFLY

MAMMON

Your Gadfly, as it seems, is tired of gadding.

GADFLY

Hum, hum, hum!
From the lakes of the Alps and the cold gray scalps
Of the mountains, I come!
Hum, hum, hum!
From Morocco and Fez, and the high palaces
Of golden Byzantium;
From the temples divine of old Palestine,
From Athens and Rome,
With a ha! and a hum!
I come, I come!

All inn-doors and windows
Were open to me;
I saw all that sin does,
Which lamps hardly see
That burn in the night by the curtained bed —
The impudent lamps! for they blushed not red.
Dinging and singing,
From slumber I rung her,
Loud as the clank of an ironmonger;
Hum, hum, hum!

Far, far, far,
With the trump of my lips and the sting at my hips,
I drove her — afar!
Far, far, far,
From city to city, abandoned of pity,

A ship without needle or star;
Homeless she passed, like a cloud on the blast,
Seeking peace, finding war;
She is here in her car,
From afar, and afar.
Hum, hum!

I have stung her and wrung her!
The venom is working;
And if you had hung her
With canting and quirking,
She could not be deader than she will be soon;
I have driven her close to you, under the moon,
Night and day, hum, hum, ha!
I have hummed her and drummed her
From place to place, till at last I have dumbed her,
Hum, hum, hum!

Enter the LEECH *and the* RAT

LEECH

I will suck
Blood or muck!
The disease of the state is a plethory,
Who so fit to reduce it as I?

RAT

I'll slyly seize and
Let blood from her weasand, —
Creeping through crevice, and chink, and cranny,
With my snaky tail, and my sides so scranny.

PURGANAX

Aroint ye, thou unprofitable worm!

(*To the* LEECH)

And thou, dull beetle, get thee back to hell,

(*To the* GADFLY)

To sting the ghosts of Babylonian kings,
And the ox-headed Io.

SWINE (*within*)

Ugh, ugh, ugh!
Hail, Iona the divine!
We will be no longer Swine,
But Bulls with horns and dewlaps.

RAT

For,
You know, my lord, the Minotaur —

PURGANAX (*fiercely*)

Be silent! get to hell! or I will call
The cat out of the kitchen. Well, Lord Mammon,
This is a pretty business!

[*Exit the* RAT.

MAMMON

I will go
And spell some scheme to make it ugly then.

[*Exit.*

Enter SWELLFOOT

SWELLFOOT

She is returned! Taurina is in Thebes
When Swellfoot wishes that she were in hell!
O Hymen! clothed in yellow jealousy
And waving o'er the couch of wedded kings
The torch of Discord with its fiery hair —

This is thy work, thou patron saint of queens!
Swellfoot is wived! though parted by the sea,
The very name of wife had conjugal rights;
Her cursed image ate, drank, slept with me,
And in the arms of Adiposa oft
Her memory has received a husband's —

(*A loud tumult, and cries of* "IONA FOREVER! — NO SWELLFOOT!")

SWELLFOOT

Hark!
How the Swine cry Iona Taurina!
I suffer the real presence. Purganax,
Off with her head!

PURGANAX

But I must first impanel
A jury of the Pigs.

SWELLFOOT

Pack them then.

PURGANAX

Or fattening some few in two separate sties,
And giving them clean straw, tying some bits
Of ribbon round their legs — giving their Sows
Some tawdry lace and bits of lustre glass,
And their young Boars white and red rags, and tails
Of cows, and jay feathers, and sticking cauliflowers
Between the ears of the old ones; and when
They are persuaded that, by the inherent virtue
Of these things, they are all imperial Pigs,
Good Lord! they'd rip each other's bellies up,
Not to say help us in destroying her.

295 *Go pack*, Rossetti conj.; *Well, pack*, Forman conj.

SWELLFOOT

This plan might be tried too. Where's General
Laoctonos?

Enter LAOCTONOS

It is my royal pleasure
That you, Lord General, bring the head and body,
If separate it would please me better, hither
Of Queen Iona.

LAOCTONOS

That pleasure I well knew,
And made a charge with those battalions bold,
Called, from their dress and grin, the Royal Apes,
Upon the Swine, who in a hollow square
Enclosed her, and received the first attack
Like so many rhinoceroses, and then
Retreating in good order, with bare tusks
And wrinkled snouts presented to the foe,
Bore her in triumph to the public sty.
What is still worse, some Sows upon the ground
Have given the Ape-guards apples, nuts and gin,
And they all whisk their tails aloft, and cry,
"Long live Iona! down with Swellfoot!"

PURGANAX

Hark.

THE SWINE (*without*)

Long live Iona! down with Swellfoot!

Enter DAKRY

DAKRY

I
Went to the garret of the Swineherd's tower,

Which overlooks the sty, and made a long
Harangue (all words) to the assembled Swine,
Of delicacy, mercy, judgment, law,
Morals, and precedents, and purity,
Adultery, destitution, and divorce,
Piety, faith, and state necessity,
And how I loved the Queen! — and then I wept
With the pathos of my own eloquence,
And every tear turned to a mill-stone, which
Brained many a gaping Pig, and there was made
A slough of blood and brains upon the place,
Greased with the pounded bacon; round and round
The millstones rolled, ploughing the pavement up,
And hurling sucking Pigs into the air,
With dust and stones.

Enter MAMMON

MAMMON

I wonder that gray wizards
Like you should be so beardless in their schemes;
It had been but a point of policy
To keep Iona and the Swine apart.
Divide and rule! but ye have made a junction
Between two parties who will govern you,
But for my art. — Behold this Bag! it is
The poison Bag of that Green Spider huge,
On which our spies skulked in ovation through
The streets of Thebes, when they were paved with dead:
A bane so much the deadlier fills it now
As calumny is worse than death; for here
The Gadfly's venom, fifty times distilled,
Is mingled with the vomit of the Leech,

In due proportion, and black ratsbane, which
That very Rat, who, like the Pontic tyrant,
Nurtures himself on poison, dare not touch.
All is sealed up with the broad seal of Fraud,
Who is the Devil's Lord High Chancellor,
And over it the Primate of all Hell
Murmured this pious baptism: — "Be thou called
The Green Bag; and this power and grace be thine:
That thy contents, on whomsoever poured,
Turn innocence to guilt, and gentlest looks
To savage, foul, and fierce deformity;
Let all baptized by thy infernal dew
Be called adulterer, drunkard, liar, wretch!
No name left out which orthodoxy loves,
Court Journal or legitimate Review!
Be they called tyrant, beast, fool, glutton, lover
Of other wives and husbands than their own —
The heaviest sin on this side of the Alps!
Wither they to a ghastly caricature
Of what was human! — let not man or beast
Behold their face with unaverted eyes,
Or hear their names with ears that tingle not
With blood of indignation, rage, and shame!"
This is a perilous liquor, good my Lords.

[SWELLFOOT *approaches to touch the Green Bag.*

Beware! for God's sake, beware! — if you should break
The seal, and touch the fatal liquor —

PURGANAX

There,
Give it to me. I have been used to handle

All sorts of poisons. His dread Majesty
Only desires to see the color of it.

MAMMON

Now, with a little common sense, my Lords,
Only undoing all that has been done,
(Yet so as it may seem we but confirm it)
Our victory is assured. We must entice
Her Majesty from the sty, and make the Pigs
Believe that the contents of the Green Bag
Are the true test of guilt or innocence;
And that, if she be guilty, 'twill transform her
To manifest deformity like guilt;
If innocent, she will become transfigured
Into an angel, such as they say she is;
And they will see her flying through the air,
So bright that she will dim the noonday sun,
Showering down blessings in the shape of comfits.
This, trust a priest, is just the sort of thing
Swine will believe. I'll wager you will see them
Climbing upon the thatch of their low sties,
With pieces of smoked glass, to watch her sail
Among the clouds, and some will hold the flaps
Of one another's ears between their teeth,
To catch the coming hail of comfits in.
You, Purganax, who have the gift o' the gab,
Make them a solemn speech to this effect.
I go to put in readiness the feast
Kept to the honor of our goddess Famine,
Where, for more glory, let the ceremony
Take place of the uglification of the Queen.

DAKRY (*to* SWELLFOOT)

I, as the keeper of your sacred conscience,
Humbly remind your Majesty that the care
Of your high office, as Man-milliner
To red Bellona, should not be deferred.

PURGANAX

All part, in happier plight to meet again.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Public Sty. The Boars in full Assembly.*

Enter PURGANAX

PURGANAX

GRANT me your patience, Gentlemen and Boars,
Ye, by whose patience under public burdens
The glorious constitution of these sties
Subsists, and shall subsist. The Lean-Pig rates
Grow with the growing populace of Swine;
The taxes, that true source of Piggishness,
(How can I find a more appropriate term
To include religion, morals, peace and plenty,
And all that fit Bœotia as a nation
To teach the other nations how to live?)
Increase with Piggishness itself; and still
Does the revenue, that great spring of all
The patronage, and pensions, and by-payments,
Which free-born Pigs regard with jealous eyes,
Diminish, till at length, by glorious steps,
All the land's produce will be merged in taxes,
And the revenue will amount to —— nothing!
The failure of a foreign market for
Sausages, bristles, and blood-puddings,
And such home manufactures, is but partial;
And, that the population of the Pigs,
Instead of hog-wash, has been fed on straw
And water, is a fact which is — you know —
That is — it is a state necessity —

Temporary, of course. Those impious Pigs,
Who, by frequent squeaks, have dared impugn
The settled Swellfoot system, or to make
Irreverent mockery of the genuflexions
Inculcated by the arch-priest, have been whipped
Into a loyal and an orthodox whine.
Things being in this happy state, the Queen
Iona ——

(A loud cry from the Pigs)

She is innocent, most innocent!

PURGANAX

That is the very thing that I was saying,
Gentlemen Swine; the Queen Iona being
Most innocent, no doubt, returns to Thebes,
And the lean Sows and Boars collect about her,
Wishing to make her think that *we* believe
(I mean those more substantial Pigs who swill
Rich hog-wash, while the others mouth damp straw)
That she is guilty; thus, the Lean-Pig faction
Seeks to obtain that hog-wash, which has been
Your immemorial right, and which I will
Maintain you in to the last drop of —

A BOAR (*interrupting him*)

What
Does any one accuse her of?

PURGANAX

Why, no one
Makes *any* positive accusation; but
There were hints dropped, and so the privy wizards

26 *by frequent* || *by their frequent*, Forman conj., Rossetti.

Conceived that it became them to advise
His Majesty to investigate their truth;
Not for his own sake; he could be content
To let his wife play any pranks she pleased,
If, by that sufferance, *he* could please the Pigs;
But then he fears the morals of the Swine,
The Sows especially, and what effect
It might produce upon the purity and
Religion of the rising generation
Of sucking Pigs, if it could be suspected
That Queen Iona — (*A pause*

FIRST BOAR

Well, go on; we long
To hear what she can possibly have done.

PURGANAX

Why, it is hinted, that a certain Bull —
Thus much is *known:* — the milk-white Bulls that feed
Beside Clitumnus and the crystal lakes
Of the Cisalpine mountains, in fresh dews
Of lotus-grass and blossoming asphodel
Sleeking their silken hair, and with sweet breath
Loading the mourning winds until they faint
With living fragrance, are so beautiful!
Well, *I* say nothing; but Europa rode
On such a one from Asia into Crete,
And the enamoured sea grew calm beneath
His gliding beauty. And Pasiphaë,
Iona's grandmother, —— but *she* is innocent!
And that both you and I, and all assert.

FIRST BOAR

Most innocent!

PURGANAX

Behold this Bag; a Bag —

SECOND BOAR

Oh! no Green Bags!! Jealousy's eyes are green,
Scorpions are green, and water-snakes, and efts,
And verdigris, and —

PURGANAX

Honorable Swine,
In Piggish souls can prepossessions reign?
Allow me to remind you, grass is green —
All flesh is grass; no bacon but is flesh —
Ye are but bacon. This divining Bag
(Which is not green, but only bacon color)
Is filled with liquor, which if sprinkled o'er
A woman guilty of — we all know what —
Makes her so hideous, till she finds one blind
She never can commit the like again;
If innocent, she will turn into an angel
And rain down blessings in the shape of comfits
As she flies up to heaven. Now, my proposal
Is to convert her sacred Majesty
Into an angel (as I am sure we shall do),
By pouring on her head this mystic water.
[*Showing the Bag.*
I know that she is innocent; I wish
Only to prove her so to all the world.

FIRST BOAR

Excellent, just, and noble Purganax!

SECOND BOAR

How glorious it will be to see her Majesty
Flying above our heads, her petticoats
Streaming like — like — like —

THIRD BOAR

Anything.

PURGANAX

Oh, no!
But like a standard of an admiral's ship,
Or like the banner of a conquering host,
Or like a cloud dyed in the dying day,
Unravelled on the blast from a white mountain;
Or like a meteor, or a war-steed's mane,
Or waterfall from a dizzy precipice
Scattered upon the wind.

FIRST BOAR

Or a cow's tail, —

SECOND BOAR

Or *anything*, as the learned Boar observed.

PURGANAX

Gentlemen Boars, I move a resolution,
That her most sacred Majesty should be
Invited to attend the feast of Famine,
And to receive upon her chaste white body
Dews of apotheosis from this Bag.

[*A great confusion is heard, of the Pigs out of Doors, which communicates itself to those within. During the first strophe, the doors of the sty are staved in, and a number of exceedingly lean Pigs and Sows and Boars rush in.*

SEMICHORUS I

No! Yes!

SEMICHORUS II

Yes! No!

SEMICHORUS I

A law!

SEMICHORUS II

A flaw!

SEMICHORUS I

Porkers, we shall lose our wash,
Or must share it with the Lean-Pigs!

FIRST BOAR

Order! order! be not rash!
Was there ever such a scene, Pigs!

AN OLD SOW (*rushing in*)

I never saw so fine a dash
Since I first began to wean Pigs.

SECOND BOAR (*solemnly*)

The Queen will be an angel time enough.
I vote, in form of an amendment, that
Purganax rub a little of that stuff
Upon his face —

PURGANAX (*his heart is seen to beat through his waistcoat*)

Gods! What would ye be at?

SEMICHORUS I

Purganax has plainly shown a
Cloven foot and jackdaw feather.

SEMICHORUS II

I vote Swellfoot and Iona
Try the magic test together;
Whenever royal spouses bicker,
Both should try the magic liquor.

AN OLD BOAR (*aside*)

A miserable state is that of Pigs,
For if their drivers would tear caps and wigs,
The Swine must bite each other's ear therefor.

AN OLD SOW (*aside*)

A wretched lot Jove has assigned to Swine,
Squabbling makes Pig-herds hungry, and they dine
On bacon, and whip sucking Pigs the more.

CHORUS

Hog-wash has been ta'en away;
If the Bull-Queen is divested,
We shall be in every way
Hunted, stripped, exposed, molested;
Let us do whate'er we may,
That she shall not be arrested.

Queen, we entrench you with walls of brawn,
  And palisades of tusks, sharp as a bayonet.
Place your most Sacred Person here. We pawn
  Our lives that none a finger dare to lay on it.
    Those who wrong you, wrong us;
    Those who hate you, hate us;
    Those who sting you, sting us;
    Those who bait you, bait us;
    The *oracle* is now about to be
    Fulfilled by circumvolving destiny,
Which says: "Thebes, choose reform or civil war,
  When through your streets, instead of hare with dogs,
  A Consort-Queen shall hunt a King with hogs,
Riding upon the Ionian Minotaur."

Enter IONA TAURINA

IONA TAURINA (*coming forward*)

Gentlemen Swine, and gentle Lady-Pigs,
The tender heart of every Boar acquits
Their Queen of any act incongruous
With native Piggishness, and she reposing
With confidence upon the grunting nation,
Has thrown herself, her cause, her life, her all,
Her innocence, into their Hoggish arms;
Nor has the expectation been deceived
Of finding shelter there. Yet know, great Boars,
(For such whoever lives among you finds you,
And so do I) the innocent are proud!
I have accepted your protection only
In compliment of your kind love and care,
Not for necessity. The innocent
Are safest there where trials and dangers wait;

Innocent queens o'er white-hot ploughshares tread
Unsinged; and ladies, Erin's laureate sings it,
Decked with rare gems, and beauty rarer still,
Walked from Killarney to the Giant's Causeway
Through rebels, smugglers, troops of yeomanry,
White-boys, and Orange-boys, and constables,
Tithe-proctors, and excise people, uninjured!
Thus I! —
Lord Purganax, I do commit myself
Into your custody, and am prepared
To stand the test, whatever it may be!

PURGANAX

This magnanimity in your sacred Majesty
Must please the Pigs. You cannot fail of being
A heavenly angel. Smoke your bits of glass,
Ye loyal Swine, or her transfiguration
Will blind your wondering eyes.

AN OLD BOAR (*aside*)

Take care, my Lord,
They do not smoke you first.

PURGANAX

At the approaching feast
Of Famine let the expiation be.

SWINE

Content! content!

IONA TAURINA (*aside*)

I, most content of all,
Know that my foes even thus prepare their fall!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II. — *The interior of the Temple of Famine. The statue of the Goddess, a skeleton clothed in party-colored rags, seated upon a heap of skulls and loaves intermingled. A number of exceedingly fat Priests in black garments arrayed on each side, with marrow-bones and cleavers in their hands. A flourish of trumpets.*

Enter MAMMON *as Arch-priest,* SWELLFOOT, DAKRY, PURGANAX, LAOCTONOS, *followed by* IONA TAURINA *guarded. On the other side enter the Swine.*

CHORUS OF PRIESTS (*accompanied by the Court Porkman on marrow-bones and cleavers*)

Goddess bare, and gaunt, and pale,
Empress of the world, all hail!
What though Cretans old called thee
City-crested Cybele?
We call thee Famine!
Goddess of fasts and feasts, starving and cramming;
Through thee, for emperors, kings and priests and lords,
Who rule by viziers, sceptres, bank-notes, words,
The earth pours forth its plenteous fruits,
Corn, wool, linen, flesh, and roots.
Those who consume these fruits through thee grow fat,
Those who produce these fruits through thee grow lean,
Whatever change takes place, oh, stick to that,
And let things be as they have ever been;
At least while we remain thy priests,
And proclaim thy fasts and feasts!
Through thee the sacred Swellfoot dynasty

Is based upon a rock amid that sea
Whose waves are Swine — so let it ever be!

[SWELLFOOT, *etc., seat themselves at a table, magnificently covered, at the upper end of the temple. Attendants pass over the stage with hog-wash in pails. A number of Pigs, exceedingly lean, follow them, licking up the wash.*

MAMMON

I fear your sacred Majesty has lost
The appetite which you were used to have.
Allow me now to recommend this dish —
A simple kickshaw by your Persian cook,
Such as is served at the great King's second table.
The price and pains which its ingredients cost
Might have maintained some dozen families
A winter or two — not more — so plain a dish
Could scarcely disagree.

SWELLFOOT

After the trial,
And these fastidious Pigs are gone, perhaps
I may recover my lost appetite.
I feel the gout flying about my stomach;
Give me a glass of Maraschino punch.

PURGANAX (*filling his glass, and standing up*)

The glorious constitution of the Pigs!

ALL

A toast! a toast! stand up, and three times three!

DAKRY

No heel-taps — darken day-lights!

LAOCTONOS

Claret, somehow,
Puts me in mind of blood, and blood of claret!

SWELLFOOT

Laoctonos is fishing for a compliment;
But 'tis his due. Yes, you have drunk more wine,
And shed more blood, than any man in Thebes.
(*To* PURGANAX)
For God's sake stop the grunting of those Pigs!

PURGANAX

We dare not, Sire! 'tis Famine's privilege.

CHORUS OF SWINE

Hail to thee, hail to thee, Famine!
  Thy throne is on blood, and thy robe is of rags;
Thou devil which livest on damning;
  Saint of new churches and cant, and Green Bags;
Till in pity and terror thou risest,
Confounding the schemes of the wisest;
When thou liftest thy skeleton form,
  When the loaves and the skulls roll about,
We will greet thee — the voice of a storm
  Would be lost in our terrible shout!

Then hail to thee, hail to thee, Famine!
  Hail to thee, Empress of Earth!
When thou risest, dividing possessions,
When thou risest, uprooting oppressions,
  In the pride of thy ghastly mirth;
Over palaces, temples, and graves

We will rush as thy minister-slaves,
Trampling behind in thy train,
Till all be made level again!

MAMMON

I hear a crackling of the giant bones
Of the dread image, and in the black pits
Which once were eyes, I see two livid flames.
These prodigies are oracular, and show
The presence of the unseen Deity.
Mighty events are hastening to their doom!

SWELLFOOT

I only hear the lean and mutinous Swine
Grunting about the temple.

DAKRY

In a crisis
Of such exceeding delicacy, I think
We ought to put her Majesty, the Queen,
Upon her trial without delay.

MAMMON

The Bag
Is here.

PURGANAX

I have rehearsed the entire scene
With an ox-bladder and some ditch-water,
On Lady P——; it cannot fail.
[*Taking up the Bag.*
Your Majesty
(*To* SWELLFOOT)
In such a filthy business had better

Stand on one side, lest it should sprinkle you.
A spot or two on me would do no harm;
Nay, it might hide the blood, which the sad genius
Of the Green Isle has fixed, as by a spell,
Upon my brow — which would stain all its seas,
But which those seas could never wash away!

IONA TAURINA

My Lord, I am ready — nay, I am impatient,
To undergo the test.

[*A graceful figure in a semi-transparent veil passes unnoticed through the Temple; the word* LIBERTY *is seen through the veil, as if it were written in fire upon its forehead. Its words are almost drowned in the furious grunting of the Pigs, and the business of the trial. She kneels on the steps of the Altar, and speaks in tones at first faint and low, but which ever become louder and louder.*

LIBERTY

Mighty Empress, Death's white wife,
Ghastly mother-in-law of life!
By the God who made thee such,
By the magic of thy touch,
By the starving and the cramming
Of fasts and feasts! — by thy dread self, O Famine!
I charge thee, when thou wake the multitude,
Thou lead them not upon the paths of blood.
The earth did never mean her foison
For those who crown life's cup with poison
Of fanatic rage and meaningless revenge;
But for those radiant spirits, who are still
The standard-bearers in the van of Change.
Be they th' appointed stewards, to fill
The lap of Pain, and Toil, and Age!
Remit, O Queen! thy accustomed rage!

Be what thou art not! In voice faint and low
Freedom calls Famine, her eternal foe,
To brief alliance, hollow truce. — Rise now!

[*Whilst the veiled figure has been chanting the strophe,* MAMMON, DAKRY, LAOCTONOS *and* SWELLFOOT *have surrounded* IONA TAURINA, *who, with her hands folded on her breast and her eyes lifted to Heaven, stands, as with saint-like resignation, to wait the issue of the business in perfect confidence of her innocence.*

PURGANAX, *after unsealing the Green Bag, is gravely about to pour the liquor upon her head, when suddenly the whole expression of her figure and countenance changes; she snatches it from his hand with a loud laugh of triumph, and empties it over* SWELLFOOT *and his whole Court, who are instantly changed into a number of filthy and ugly animals, and rush out of the Temple. The image of Famine then arises with a tremendous sound, the Pigs begin scrambling for the loaves, and are tripped up by the skulls; all those who eat the loaves are turned into Bulls, and arrange themselves quietly behind the altar. The image of Famine sinks through a chasm in the earth, and a* MINOTAUR *rises.*

MINOTAUR

I am the Ionian Minotaur, the mightiest
Of all Europa's taurine progeny;
I am the old traditional Man-Bull;
And from my ancestors having been Ionian
I am called Ion, which, by interpretation,
Is John; in plain Theban, that is to say,
My name's John Bull; I am a famous hunter,
And can leap any gate in all Bœotia,
Even the palings of the royal park
Or double ditch about the new enclosures;
And if your Majesty will deign to mount me,
At least till you have hunted down your game,
I will not throw you.

IONA TAURINA

[*During this speech she has been putting on boots and spurs and a hunting-cap, buckishly cocked on one side; and, tucking up her hair, she leaps nimbly on his back.*

Hoa, hoa! tally-ho! tally-ho! ho! ho!
Come, let us hunt these ugly badgers down,
These stinking foxes, these devouring otters,
These hares, these wolves, these anything but men.
Hey, for a whipper-in! my loyal Pigs,
Now let your noses be as keen as beagles',
Your steps as swift as greyhounds', and your cries
More dulcet and symphonious than the bells
Of village-towers, on sunshine holiday;
Wake all the dewy woods with jangling music.
Give them no law (are they not beasts of blood?)
But such as they gave you. Tally-ho! ho!
Through forest, furze and bog, and den and desert,
Pursue the ugly beasts! Tally-ho! ho!

FULL CHORUS OF IONA AND THE SWINE

Tally-ho! tally-ho!
Through rain, hail, and snow,
Through brake, gorse, and briar,
Through fen, flood, and mire,
We go, we go!

Tally-ho! tally-ho!
Through pond, ditch, and slough,
Wind them, and find them,
Like the Devil behind them!
Tally-ho, tally-ho!

[*Exeunt, in full cry;* IONA *driving on the Swine, with the empty Green Bag.*

EPIPSYCHIDION

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE LADY

EMILIA V——

NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT OF ——

L' anima amante si slancia fuori del creato, e si crea nell' infinito un mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.

HER OWN WORDS.

Epipsychidion was published, without Shelley's name, apparently in an edition of one hundred copies, at London in the summer of 1821, under the imprint of S. & R. Bentley for C. & J. Ollier. The poem was composed at Pisa during the first weeks of 1821. The lady who inspired it was Teresa Emilia Viviani, eldest daughter of Count Viviani, a nobleman of Pisa. She had been placed by her family in the neighboring Convent of St. Anna, and there Shelley met her at the beginning of December, 1820, and interested himself in her fortunes.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE writer of the following lines died at Florence, as he was preparing for a voyage to one of the wildest of the Sporades, which he had bought and where he had fitted up the ruins of an old building, and where it was his hope to have realized a scheme of life, suited perhaps to that happier and better world of which he is now an inhabitant, but hardly practicable in this. His life was singular; less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversified it than the ideal tinge which it received from his own character and feelings. The present Poem, like the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates; and to a certain other class it must ever remain incomprehensible from a defect of a common organ of perception for the ideas of which it treats. Not but that, *gran vergogna sarebbe a colui, che rimasse cosa sotto veste di figura o di colore rettorico: e domandato non sapesse denudare le sue parole da cotal veste, in guisa che avessero verace intendimento.*

The present poem appears to have been intended by the writer as the dedication to some longer one. The stanza on the opposite [following] page is almost a literal translation from Dante's famous Canzone

Voi, ch' intendendo, il terzo ciel movete, etc.

The presumptuous application of the concluding lines to his own composition will raise a smile at the expense of my unfortunate friend: be it a smile not of contempt, but pity.

My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;
Whence, if by misadventure chance should bring
Thee to base company (as chance may do)
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
I prithee, comfort thy sweet self again,
My last delight! tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

EPIPSYCHIDION

SWEET Spirit! sister of that orphan one,
Whose empire is the name thou weepest on,
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee
These votive wreaths of withered memory.

Poor captive bird! who from thy narrow cage
Pourest such music that it might assuage
The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,
Were they not deaf to all sweet melody, —
This song shall be thy rose; its petals pale
Are dead, indeed, my adored nightingale!
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-wingèd Heart! who dost forever
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavor,
Till those bright plumes of thought, in which arrayed
It over-soared this low and worldly shade,
Lie shattered; and thy panting wounded breast
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest!
I weep vain tears; blood would less bitter be,
Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit thee.

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman

All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!
Veiled glory of this lampless Universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! thou living Form
Among the Dead! thou Star above the Storm!
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the Sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now
Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow;
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song
All of its much mortality and wrong,
With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,
Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy —
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see
Youth's vision thus made perfect. Emily,
I love thee; though the world by no thin name
Will hide that love from its unvalued shame.
Would we two had been twins of the same mother!
Or that the name my heart lent to another
Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,
Blending two beams of one eternity!
Yet were one lawful and the other true,
These names, though dear, could paint not, as is due,

How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me!
I am not thine — I am a part of *thee.*

Sweet Lamp! my moth-like Muse has burned its wings;
Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,
Young Love should teach Time, in his own gray style,
All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blessed and bless?
A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom? a star
Which moves not in the moving Heavens, alone?
A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle tone
Amid rude voices? a belovèd light?
A solitude, a refuge, a delight?
A lute, which those whom love has taught to play
Make music on, to soothe the roughest day
And lull fond grief asleep? a buried treasure?
A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure?
A violet-shrouded grave of woe? — I measure
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
And find — alas! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,
And lured me towards sweet death; as Night by Day,
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,
Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
Were less ethereally light; the brightness
Of her divinest presence trembles through

Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew
Embodied in the windless heaven of June,
Amid the splendor-wingèd stars, the Moon
Burns, inextinguishably beautiful;
And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
Killing the sense with passion, sweet as stops
Of planetary music heard in trance.
In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,
The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap
Under the lightnings of the soul — too deep
For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense.
The glory of her being, issuing thence,
Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade
Of unentangled intermixture, made
By Love, of light and motion; one intense
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing,
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing,
With the unintermitted blood, which there
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver)
Continuously prolonged, and ending never
Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled
Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world;
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.
Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress,
And her loose hair; and where some heavy tress
The air of her own speed has disentwined,
The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind;
And in the soul a wild odor is felt,

100 *morning quiver*, Shelley, 1821 || *morn may quiver*, Rossetti.

Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt
Into the bosom of a frozen bud.
See where she stands! a mortal shape indued
With love and life and light and deity,
And motion which may change but cannot die;
An image of some bright Eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream; a Splendor
Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a tender
Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love,
Under whose motions life's dull billows move;
A metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning;
A vision like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
Into his summer grave.

Ah! woe is me!
What have I dared? where am I lifted? how
Shall I descend, and perish not? I know
That Love makes all things equal; I have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred:
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,
In love and worship, blends itself with God.

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the Fate
Whose course has been so starless! Oh, too late
Belovèd! Oh, too soon adored, by me!
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,
A divine presence in a place divine;
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,
A shadow of that substance, from its birth;
But not as now. I love thee; yes, I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal

Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast delight.
We — are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar ;
Such difference without discord as can make
Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous air ?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wrecked.
I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion, though 'tis in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding that grows bright
Gazing on many truths ; 'tis like thy light,
Imagination ! which, from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human fantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The Universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow

142 *We*, omit, Rossetti conj.
153 *'tis in*, Boscombe MS. || *it is in*, Shelley, 1821.

Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
One object, and one form, and builds thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this;
Evil from good; misery from happiness;
The baser from the nobler; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must endure:
If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared.
This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope; the eternal law
By which those live, to whom this world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps. On an imagined shore,
Under the gray beak of some promontory
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory

178 *and* || *or*, Rossetti.

That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering
woods,
And from the fountains and the odors deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer-birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance, in form,
Sound, color, in whatever checks that Storm
Which with the shattered present chokes the past,
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom —
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.

Then from the caverns of my dreamy youth
I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,
And towards the lodestar of my one desire
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.
But She, whom prayers or tears then could not
tame,
Passed, like a god throned on a wingèd planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade;
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,

I would have followed, though the grave between
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen;
When a voice said: — "O Thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest."
Then I — "Where?" the world's echo answered "Where?"
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul;
And murmured names and spells which have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate;
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate
The night which closed on her; nor uncreate
That world within this Chaos, mine and me,
Of which she was the veiled Divinity, —
The world I say of thoughts that worshipped her;
And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear
And every gentle passion sick to death,
Feeding my course with expectation's breath,
Into the wintry forest of our life;
And struggling through its error with vain strife,
And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,
And half bewildered by new forms, I passed
Seeking among those untaught foresters
If I could find one form resembling hers,
In which she might have masked herself from me.
There, — One, whose voice was venomed melody
Sate by a well, under blue night-shade bowers;
The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers;

Her touch was as electric poison, — flame
Out of her looks into my vitals came,
And from her living cheeks and bosom flew
A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew
Into the core of my green heart, and lay
Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown gray
O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime
With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of that idol of my thought.
And some were fair — but beauty dies away;
Others were wise — but honeyed words betray;
And one was true — oh! why not true to me?
Then, as a hunted deer that could not flee,
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,
Wounded and weak and panting; the cold day
Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain,
When, like a noonday dawn, there shone again
Deliverance. One stood on my path who seemed
As like the glorious shape, which I had dreamed,
As is the Moon, whose changes ever run
Into themselves, to the eternal Sun;
The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles,
Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles;
That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame,
Which ever is transformed, yet still the same,
And warms not but illumines. Young and fair
As the descended Spirit of that sphere,
She hid me, as the Moon may hide the night
From its own darkness, until all was bright
Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind,

And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,
She led me to a cave in that wild place,
And sate beside me, with her downward face
Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon
Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.
And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
And all my being became bright or dim
As the Moon's image in a summer sea,
According as she smiled or frowned on me;
And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed.
Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead;
For at her silver voice came Death and Life,
Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,
Masked like twin babes, a sister and a brother,
The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,
And through the cavern without wings they flew,
And cried, "Away! he is not of our crew."
I wept, and though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,
Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips
Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse;
And how my soul was as a lampless sea,
And who was then its Tempest; and when She,
The Planet of that hour, was quenched, what frost
Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast
The moving billows of my being fell
Into a death of ice, immovable;
And then what earthquakes made it gape and split,
The white Moon smiling all the while on it; —
These words conceal; if not, each word would be
The key of stanchless tears. Weep not for me!

At length, into the obscure forest came
The Vision I had sought through grief and shame.
Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flashed from her motion splendor like the Morn's,
And from her presence life was radiated
Through the gray earth and branches bare and dead;
So that her way was paved and roofed above
With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love;
And music from her respiration spread
Like light, — all other sounds were penetrated
By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,
So that the savage winds hung mute around;
And odors warm and fresh fell from her hair
Dissolving the dull cold in the frore air.
Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
When light is changed to love, this glorious One
Floated into the cavern where I lay,
And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
Was penetrating me with living light;
I knew it was the Vision veiled from me
So many years — that it was Emily.

Twin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,
This world of love, this *me;* and into birth
Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart
Magnetic might into its central heart;
And lift its billows and its mists, and guide
By everlasting laws each wind and tide

To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave;
And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave
Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers
The armies of the rainbow-wingèd showers;
And, as those married lights, which from the towers
Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe
In liquid sleep and splendor, as a robe;
And all their many-mingled influence blend,
If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end; —
So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway,
Govern my sphere of being, night and day!
Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed might;
Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light;
And, through the shadow of the seasons three,
From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,
Light it into the Winter of the tomb,
Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.
Thou too, O Comet, beautiful and fierce,
Who drew the heart of this frail Universe
Towards thine own; till, wrecked in that convulsion,
Alternating attraction and repulsion,
Thine went astray, and that was rent in twain;
Oh, float into our azure heaven again!
Be there love's folding-star at thy return;
The living Sun will feed thee from its urn
Of golden fire; the Moon will veil her horn
In thy last smiles; adoring Even and Morn
Will worship thee with incense of calm breath
And lights and shadows, as the star of Death

369 *drew* || *drew'st*, Rossetti.

And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild
Called Hope and Fear — upon the heart are piled
Their offerings, — of this sacrifice divine
A World shall be the altar.

Lady mine,
Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth,
Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth,
Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,
Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.
To whatso'er of dull mortality
Is mine remain a vestal sister still;
To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,
Not mine, but me, henceforth be thou united
Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.
The hour is come — the destined Star has risen
Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.
The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set
The sentinels — but true love never yet
Was thus constrained; it overleaps all fence;
Like lightning, with invisible violence
Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,
Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,
Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array
Of arms; more strength has Love than he or they;
For it can burst his charnel, and make free
The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,
A ship is floating in the harbor now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor —
No keel has ever ploughed that path before;
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles;
The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles;
The merry mariners are bold and free:
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me?
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
Is a far Eden of the purple East;
And we between her wings will sit, while Night,
And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
And, for the harbors are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide;
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide,
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air; and far beyond,

The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odor through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odor, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison,
Which is a soul within the soul; they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden, Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.
It is a favored place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way;
The wingèd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,

Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess;
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen,
O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices.
But the chief marvel of the wilderness
Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how
None of the rustic island-people know;
'Tis not a tower of strength, though with its height
It overtops the woods; but, for delight,
Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere crime
Had been invented, in the world's young prime,
Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,
And envy of the isles, a pleasure-house
Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.
It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,
But, as it were, Titanic, in the heart
Of Earth having assumed its form, then grown
Out of the mountains, from the living stone,
Lifting itself in caverns light and high;
For all the antique and learned imagery
Has been erased, and in the place of it
The ivy and the wild vine interknit
The volumes of their many-twining stems;
Parasite flowers illume with dewy gems
The lampless halls, and, when they fade, the sky

473 *draw* || *draw*, Rosetti.

Peeps through their winter-woof of tracery
With moonlight patches, or star-atoms keen,
Or fragments of the day's intense serene,
Working mosaic on their Parian floors.
And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed
Thee to be lady of the solitude.
And I have fitted up some chambers there
Looking towards the golden Eastern air,
And level with the living winds, which flow
Like waves above the living waves below.
I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,
Folded within their own eternity.
Our simple life wants little, and true taste
Hires not the pale drudge Luxury to waste
The scene it would adorn, and therefore still
Nature with all her children haunts the hill.
The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit
Round the evening tower, and the young stars glance
Between the quick bats in their twilight dance;

504 *inter-woof*, Rossetti conj.

The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight
Before our gate, and the slow silent night
Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.
Be this our home in life, and when years heap
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay,
Let us become the overhanging day,
The living soul of this Elysian isle,
Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile
We two will rise, and sit, and walk together
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour;
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,
Under the quick faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—
Possessing and possessed by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and live
Be one; or, at the noontide hour, arrive
Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,
Through which the awakened day can never peep;
A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's,
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights;
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.
And we will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
Harmonizing silence without a sound.
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,

And our veins beat together; and our lips,
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them; and the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the morning Sun.
We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames, oh! wherefore two?
One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew,
Till like two meteors of expanding flame
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
Touch, mingle, are transfigured; ever still
Burning, yet ever inconsumable;
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure and light and unimbued
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away;
One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation. Woe is me!
The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,
And say: — "We are the masters of thy slave;
What wouldest thou with us and ours and thine?"
Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,

All singing loud: "Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the world divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave."
So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,
And bid them love each other and be blessed;
And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,
And come and be my guest, — for I am Love's.

ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζώοισιν ἑῶος.
Νῦν δὲ θαν-ὼν, λάμπεις ἕσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

PLATO.

Adonais was printed, with Shelley's name, at Pisa, with the types of Didot, as early as July 13, 1821, and copies were sent to London to be issued by Ollier. The poem was composed at Pisa between the last days of May and June 11 or, at the latest, June 16, 1821. Keats died February 23, 1821, at Rome. The Pisan text is modified by changes made by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], also partially incorporated in Galignani's edition of Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, Paris, 1829, for which it is presumed she had Shelley's authority. A few fragments are among the Boscombe MSS.

PREFACE

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, τοτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες·
Πῶς τευ τοῖς χείλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κοὐκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
Τίς δὲ βροτος τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοι,
Ἢ δοῦναι λαλέοντι το φάρμακον; ἔκφυγεν ᾠδάν.

MOSCHUS, EPITAPH. BION.

IT is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of this poem a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled prove, at least, that I am an impartial judge. I consider the fragment of Hyperion as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the ——— of ——— 1821; and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where cankerworms abound what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his *Endymion*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a

rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one like Keats's composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to *Endymion*, was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric *Paris* and *Woman* and a *Syrian Tale*, and Mrs. Lefanu and Mr. Barrett and Mr. Howard Payne and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who in their venal good nature presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the *Elegy* was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of *Endymion* was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of

my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career — may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!

ADONAIS

I

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say:
"With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

II

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

III

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. Oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

IV

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.

V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished
And fed with true-love tears instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals, nipped before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

VII

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal. — Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;

The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX

Oh, weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not, —
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

X

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

viii. 9 Galignani, 1829 || *Of mortal change shall fill the grave which is her maw,* Shelley, 1821.

XI

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

XII

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,
That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music; the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

XIII

And others came — Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Fantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam

xii. 6 *his*, Shelley, 1821 || *its*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp; — the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV

All he had loved, and moulded into thought
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
After the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

XV

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds: — a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

XVI

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,

Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

XVII

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

XVIII

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows, reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;

xvi. 3 *Or*, || *And*, James Thomson conj.
8 *faint companions*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *drooping comrades*, Shelley, 1821.

And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean,
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

XX

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.
Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning? the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

XXI

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!

xx. 3 *when*, || *where* or *whose*, Rossetti conj.

Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

XXII

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried, "Arise!"
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse; — sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts which, to her airy tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell;
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania; her distress
Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

XXVI

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,

With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion; — how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

xxviii. 9 *lying low*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *as they go*, Shelley, 1821.

XXIX

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX

Thus ceased she; and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,

xxx. 2 *magic* || *tragic*, Rossetti conj.

Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

XXXII

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift —
A love in desolation masked; — a Power
Girt round with weakness; — it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; — even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own,

As in the accents of an unknown land
He sung new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured : " Who art thou ? "
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh ! that it should be so !

XXXV

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh,
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe ?
The nameless worm would now itself disown ;
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !
Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from me,

Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

XXXIX

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;

Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLIV

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, — his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI

And many more, whose names on earth are dark
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of song.
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

XLVII

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference; then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

XLVIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy; 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions, there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX

Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

L

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,

A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

LI

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIII

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here

They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

HELLAS

A LYRICAL DRAMA

ΜΑΝΤΙΣ 'ΕΙΜ' 'ΕΣΘΛΩΝ 'ΑΓΩΝΩΝ
ŒDIP. COLON.

Hellas was published, with Shelley's name, in the spring of 1822, at London, under the imprint of S. & R. Bentley for C. & J. Ollier. The drama was composed at Pisa in the fall of 1821, and sent to Ollier, November 11. The text is modified by Shelley's list of Errata, sent to Ollier April 11, 1822. A transcript, made by Williams for Shelley, is in the possession of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. Ollier had Shelley's permission to suppress any passage in the notes, and he omitted certain portions of them and also some lines of the poem itself. These passages were partially restored by Galignani, in his edition of Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, Paris, 1829, and by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]. Ollier also suppressed a paragraph of the preface which is now first restored from a unique copy of *Hellas* referred to here as Shelley, n. d., in the possession of Mr. C. W. Frederickson. *The Prologue* was published by Dr. Garnett in *Relics of Shelley*, 1862, from the Boscombe MSS.

To

HIS EXCELLENCY

PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO

LATE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TO THE HOSPODAR OF WALLACHIA

THE DRAMA OF HELLAS

IS INSCRIBED

AS AN IMPERFECT TOKEN

OF THE ADMIRATION, SYMPATHY, AND FRIENDSHIP

OF

THE AUTHOR

PISA, *November* 1, 1821.

PREFACE

THE poem of *Hellas*, written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the Author feels with the cause he would celebrate.

The subject in its present state is insusceptible of being treated otherwise than lyrically, and if I have called this poem a drama from the circumstance of its being composed in dialogue, the license is not greater than that which has been assumed by other poets who have called their productions epics, only because they have been divided into twelve or twenty-four books.

The *Persæ* of Æschylus afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilization and social improvement.

The drama (if drama it must be called) is, however, so inartificial that I doubt whether, if recited on the Thespian wagon to an Athenian village at the Dionysiaca, it would have obtained the prize of the goat. I shall bear with equanimity any punishment greater than the loss of such a reward which the Aristarchi of the hour may think fit to inflict.

The only *goat-song* which I have yet attempted has, I confess, in spite of the unfavorable nature of the subject,

received a greater and a more valuable portion of applause than I expected or than it deserved.

Common fame is the only authority which I can allege for the details which form the basis of the poem, and I must trespass upon the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced. Undoubtedly, until the conclusion of the war, it will be impossible to obtain an account of it sufficiently authentic for historical materials; but poets have their privilege, and it is unquestionable that actions of the most exalted courage have been performed by the Greeks — that they have gained more than one naval victory, and that their defeat in Wallachia was signalized by circumstances of heroism more glorious even than victory.

The apathy of the rulers of the civilized world to the astonishing circumstance of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilization — rising as it were from the ashes of their ruin — is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shows of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece. But for Greece, Rome, the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution as China and Japan possess.

The human form and the human mind attained to a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions whose very fragments are the despair of modern art, and has propagated impulses which cannot cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperceptible operation, to ennoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race.

The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind, and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded by moral and political slavery to the practice of the basest

vices it engenders — and that below the level of ordinary degradation — let us reflect that the corruption of the best produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease so soon as that relation is dissolved. In fact, the Greeks, since the admirable novel of *Anastasius* could have been a faithful picture of their manners, have undergone most important changes; the flower of their youth returning to their country from the universities of Italy, Germany and France have communicated to their fellow-citizens the latest results of that social perfection of which their ancestors were the original source. The university of Chios contained before the breaking out of the revolution eight hundred students, and among them several Germans and Americans. The munificence and energy of many of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, is above all praise.

The English permit their own oppressors to act according to their natural sympathy with the Turkish tyrant and to brand upon their name the indelible blot of an alliance with the enemies of domestic happiness, of Christianity and civilization.

Russia desires to possess, not to liberate Greece; and is contented to see the Turks, its natural enemies, and the Greeks, its intended slaves, enfeeble each other until one or both fall into its net. The wise and generous policy of England would have consisted in establishing the independence of Greece and in maintaining it both against Russia and the Turk; — but when was the oppressor generous or just?

Should the English people ever become free, they wi[illegible] reflect upon the part which those who presume to rep[illegible] their will have played in the great drama of the [illegible] liberty, with feelings which it would become th[illegible] pate. This is the age of the war of the o[illegible] the oppressors, and every one of those [illegible] privileged gangs of murderers and swi[illegible] reigns, look to each other for [illegible] and suspend their mutu[illegible]

mightier fear. Of this holy alliance all the despots of the earth are virtual members. But a new race has arisen throughout Europe, nursed in the abhorrence of the opinions which are its chains, and she will continue to produce fresh generations to accomplish that destiny which tyrants foresee and dread.[1]

The Spanish Peninsula is already free. France is tranquil in the enjoyment of a partial exemption from the abuses which its unnatural and feeble government are vainly attempting to revive. The seed of blood and misery has been sown in Italy, and a more vigorous race is arising to go forth to the harvest. The world waits only the news of a revolution of Germany to see the tyrants who have pinnacled themselves on its supineness precipitated into the ruin from which they shall never arise. Well do these destroyers of mankind know their enemy, when they impute the insurrection in Greece to the same spirit before which they tremble throughout the rest of Europe, and that enemy well knows the power and the cunning of its opponents and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division to wrest the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

[1] *Should . . . dread*, Shelley n. d. || omit, Shelley, 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE PROLOGUE: —

HERALD OF ETERNITY.
CHRIST.
SATAN.
MAHOMET.
CHORUS.

THE DRAMA: —

MAHMUD.
HASSAN.
DAOOD.
AHASUERUS, a Jew.
PHANTOM OF MAHOMET THE SECOND.[1]
CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN.
MESSENGERS, SLAVES AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE. Constantinople.
TIME. Sunset.

[1] Omit, Shelley, 1822.

PROLOGUE TO HELLAS

A FRAGMENT

HERALD OF ETERNITY

It is the day when all the sons of God
Wait in the roofless senate-house, whose floor
Is Chaos, and the immovable abyss
Frozen by His steadfast word to hyaline

. . . . . .

The shadow of God, and delegate
Of that before whose breath the universe
Is as a print of dew.
Hierarchs and kings
Who from your thrones pinnacled on the past
Sway the reluctant present, ye who sit
Pavilioned on the radiance or the gloom
Of mortal thought, which like an exhalation
Steaming from earth conceals the of heaven
Which gave it birth, assemble here
Before your Father's throne; the swift decree
Yet hovers, and the fiery incarnation
Is yet withheld, clothèd in which it shall
annul
The fairest of those wandering isles that gem
The sapphire space of interstellar air,
That green and azure sphere, that earth enwrapped
Less in the beauty of its tender light
Than in an atmosphere of living spirit

Which interpenetrating all the . . .
it rolls from realm to realm
And age to age, and in its ebb and flow
Impels the generations
To their appointed place,
Whilst the high Arbiter
Beholds the strife, and at the appointed time
Sends his decrees veiled in eternal . . .

Within the circuit of this pendant orb
There lies an antique region, on which fell
The dews of thought in the world's golden dawn
Earliest and most benign, and from it sprung
Temples and cities and immortal forms
And harmonies of wisdom and of song,
And thoughts, and deeds worthy of thoughts so fair.
And when the sun of its dominion failed,
And when the winter of its glory came,
The winds that stripped it bare blew on, and swept
That dew into the utmost wildernesses
In wandering clouds of sunny rain that thawed
The unmaternal bosom of the North.
Haste, sons of God, for ye beheld,
Reluctant, or consenting, or astonished,
The stern decrees go forth, which heaped on Greece
Ruin and degradation and despair.
A fourth now waits: assemble, sons of God,
To speed, or to prevent, or to suspend,
If, as ye dream, such power be not withheld,
The unaccomplished destiny.

. . . . . .

CHORUS

The curtain of the Universe
  Is rent and shattered,
The splendor-wingèd worlds disperse
  Like wild doves scattered.

  Space is roofless and bare,
And in the midst a cloudy shrine,
  Dark amid thrones of light.
In the blue glow of hyaline
Golden worlds revolve and shine.
  In flight
  From every point of the Infinite,
  Like a thousand dawns on a single night,
The splendors rise and spread;
And through thunder and darkness dread
Light and music are radiated,
And, in their pavilioned chariots led
By living wings high overhead,
  The giant Powers move,
Gloomy or bright as the thrones they fill.
. . . . . .
  A chaos of light and motion
  Upon that glassy ocean.
. . . . . .
  The senate of the Gods is met,
  Each in his rank and station set;
    There is silence in the spaces —
  Lo! Satan, Christ, and Mahomet
    Start from their places!

CHRIST

Almighty Father!
Low-kneeling at the feet of Destiny

. . . . . .

There are two fountains in which spirits weep
When mortals err, Discord and Slavery named,
And with their bitter dew two Destinies
Filled each their irrevocable urns; the third,
Fiercest and mightiest, mingled both, and added
Chaos and Death, and slow Oblivion's lymph,
And hate and terror, and the poisoned rain

. . . . . .

The Aurora of the nations. By this brow
Whose pores wept tears of blood, by these wide wounds,
By this imperial crown of agony,
By infamy and solitude and death,
For this I underwent, and by the pain
Of pity for those who would for me
The unremembered joy of a revenge,
For this I felt — by Plato's sacred light,
Of which my spirit was a burning morrow —
By Greece and all she cannot cease to be,
Her quenchless words, sparks of immortal truth,
Stars of all night — her harmonies and forms,
Echoes and shadows of what Love adores
In thee, I do compel thee, send forth Fate,
Thy irrevocable child: let her descend
A seraph-wingèd victory [arrayed]
In tempest of the omnipotence of God
Which sweeps through all things.

From hollow leagues, from Tyranny which arms
Adverse miscreeds and emulous anarchies
To stamp, as on a wingèd serpent's seed,
Upon the name of Freedom; from the storm
Of faction, which like earthquake shakes and sickens
The solid heart of enterprise; from all
By which the holiest dreams of highest spirits
Are stars beneath the dawn . . .

She shall arise
Victorious as the world arose from Chaos!
And as the Heavens and the Earth arrayed
Their presence in the beauty and the light
Of thy first smile, O Father, as they gather
The spirit of thy love which paves for them
Their path o'er the abyss, till every sphere
Shall be one living Spirit, so shall Greece —

SATAN

Be as all things beneath the empyrean,
Mine! Art thou eyeless like old Destiny,
Thou mockery-king, crowned with a wreath of thorns?
Whose sceptre is a reed, the broken reed
Which pierces thee! whose throne a chair of scorn;
For seest thou not beneath this crystal floor
The innumerable worlds of golden light
Which are my empire, and the least of them
which thou wouldst redeem from me?
Know'st thou not them my portion?
Or wouldst rekindle the strife

Which our great Father then did arbitrate
When he assigned to his competing sons
Each his apportioned realm ?
Thou Destiny,
Thou who art mailed in the omnipotence
Of Him who sends thee forth, whate'er thy task,
Speed, spare not to accomplish, and be mine
Thy trophies, whether Greece again become
The fountain in the desert whence the earth
Shall drink of freedom, which shall give it strength
To suffer, or a gulf of hollow death
To swallow all delight, all life, all hope.
Go, thou Vicegerent of my will, no less
Than of the Father's ; but lest thou shouldst faint,
The wingèd hounds, Famine and Pestilence,
Shall wait on thee, the hundred-forkèd snake,
Insatiate Superstition, still shall
The earth behind thy steps, and War shall hover
Above, and Fraud shall gape below, and Change
Shall flit before thee on her dragon wings,
Convulsing and consuming, and I add
Three vials of the tears which demons weep
When virtuous spirits through the gate of Death
Pass triumphing over the thorns of life,
Sceptres and crowns, mitres and swords and snares,
Trampling in scorn, like Him and Socrates.
The first is Anarchy ; when Power and Pleasure,
Glory and science and security,
On Freedom hang like fruit on the green tree,
Then pour it forth, and men shall gather ashes.
The second Tyranny —

CHRIST

Obdurate spirit!
Thou seest but the Past in the To-come.
Pride is thy error and thy punishment.
Boast not thine empire, dream not that thy worlds
Are more than furnace-sparks or rainbow-drops
Before the Power that wields and kindles them.
True greatness asks not space, true excellence
Lives in the Spirit of all things that live,
Which lends it to the worlds thou callest thine.

. . . . . .

MAHOMET

. . . . . .

Haste thou and fill the waning crescent
With beams as keen as those which pierced the shadow
Of Christian night rolled back upon the West
When the orient moon of Islam rode in triumph
From Tmolus to the Acroceraunian snow.

. . . . . .

Wake, thou Word
Of God, and from the throne of Destiny
Even to the utmost limit of thy way
May Triumph

. . . . . .

Be thou a curse on them whose creed
Divides and multiplies the most high God.

HELLAS

SCENE — *A Terrace, on the Seraglio.* MAHMUD (*sleeping*); *an Indian Slave sitting beside his Couch.*

CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN

We strew these opiate flowers
On thy restless pillow;
They were stripped from orient bowers,
By the Indian billow.
Be thy sleep
Calm and deep,
Like theirs who fell — not ours who weep!

INDIAN

Away, unlovely dreams!
Away, false shapes of sleep!
Be his, as Heaven seems,
Clear, and bright, and deep!
Soft as love, and calm as death,
Sweet as a summer night without a breath.

CHORUS

Sleep, sleep! our song is laden
With the soul of slumber;
It was sung by a Samian maiden,
Whose lover was of the number
Who now keep
That calm sleep
Whence none may wake, where none shall weep.

INDIAN

I touch thy temples pale!
  I breathe my soul on thee!
And could my prayers avail,
  All my joy should be
Dead, and I would live to weep,
So thou mightst win one hour of quiet sleep.

CHORUS

  Breathe low, low,
The spell of the mighty mistress now!
When Conscience lulls her sated snake,
And Tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake.
  Breathe low — low,
The words, which, like secret fire, shall flow
Through the veins of the frozen earth — low, low!

SEMICHORUS I

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed, — but it returneth.

SEMICHORUS II

Yet were life a charnel, where
Hope lay coffined with Despair;
Yet were truth a sacred lie,
Love were lust —

SEMICHORUS I

  If Liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,

Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

CHORUS

In the great morning of the world,
The spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
  And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frighted from Imaus
  Before an earthquake's tread.
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendor burst and shone;
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
  The springing Fire; the winged glory
On Philippi half-alighted,
  Like an eagle on a promontory.
Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.
From age to age, from man to man
  It lived; and lit from land to land
  Florence, Albion, Switzerland.

Then night fell; and, as from night,
Reassuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
  Against the course of heaven and doom,
A second sun arrayed in flame,
  To burn, to kindle, to illume.
From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her sanguine steams,
Hid, but quenched it not; again

Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
From utmost Germany to Spain.

As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
When she seeks her aerie hanging
  In the mountain-cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
  Of her wings through the wild air,
Sick with famine; — Freedom so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns; her hoary ruins glow
Like orient mountains lost in day;
  Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurslings play,
  And in the naked lightnings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
A desert, or a paradise;
  Let the beautiful and the brave
  Share her glory, or a grave.

SEMICHORUS I

With the gifts of gladness
  Greece did thy cradle strew;

SEMICHORUS II

With the tears of sadness
  Greece did thy shroud bedew;

SEMICHORUS I

With an orphan's affection
  She followed thy bier through time;

87 *play*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *prey*, Shelley, 1822.

SEMICHORUS II

And at thy resurrection
  Reappeareth, like thou, sublime!

SEMICHORUS I

If Heaven should resume thee,
  To Heaven shall her spirit ascend;

SEMICHORUS II

If Hell should entomb thee,
  To Hell shall her high hearts bend.

SEMICHORUS I

If Annihilation—

SEMICHORUS II

  Dust let her glories be;
And a name and a nation
  Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee!

INDIAN

His brow grows darker — breathe not — move
  not!
He starts — he shudders; ye that love not,
With your panting loud and fast
Have awakened him at last.

MAHMUD (*starting from his sleep*)

Man the Seraglio-guard! make fast the gate.
What! from a cannonade of three short hours?
'Tis false! that breach towards the Bosphorus
Cannot be practicable yet — who stirs?

Stand to the match, that, when the foe prevails,
One spark may mix in reconciling ruin
The conqueror and the conquered! Heave the tower
Into the gap — wrench off the roof.

Enter HASSAN

Ha! what!
The truth of day lightens upon my dream,
And I am Mahmud still.

HASSAN

Your Sublime Highness
Is strangely moved.

MAHMUD

The times do cast strange shadows
On those who watch and who must rule their course,
Lest they, being first in peril as in glory,
Be whelmed in the fierce ebb: — and these are of them.
Thrice has a gloomy vision hunted me
As thus from sleep into the troubled day;
It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea,
Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.
Would that — no matter. Thou didst say thou knewest
A Jew, whose spirit is a chronicle
Of strange and secret and forgotten things.
I bade thee summon him; 'tis said his tribe
Dream, and are wise interpreters of dreams.

HASSAN

The Jew of whom I spake is old, so old
He seems to have outlived a world's decay;
The hoary mountains and the wrinkled ocean
Seem younger still than he; his hair and beard
Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow;
His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries
Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct
With light, and to the soul that quickens them
Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift
To the winter wind; but from his eye looks forth
A life of unconsumèd thought which pierces
The present, and the past, and the to-come.
Some say that this is he whom the great prophet
Jesus, the son of Joseph, for his mockery,
Mocked with the curse of immortality.
Some feign that he is Enoch; others dream
He was pre-adamite, and has survived
Cycles of generation and of ruin.
The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence,
And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,
Deep contemplation, and unwearied study,
In years outstretched beyond the date of man,
May have attained to sovereignty and science
Over those strong and secret things and thoughts
Which others fear and know not.

MAHMUD

I would talk
With this old Jew.

HASSAN

Thy will is even now

Made known to him, where he dwells in a sea-
cavern
'Mid the Demonesi, less accessible
Than thou or God! He who would question him
Must sail alone at sunset, where the stream
Of Ocean sleeps around those foamless isles,
When the young moon is westering as now,
And evening airs wander upon the wave;
And when the pines of that bee-pasturing isle,
Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery shadow
Of its gilt prow within the sapphire water,
Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud,
Ahasuerus! and the caverns round
Will answer, Ahasuerus! If his prayer
Be granted, a faint meteor will arise,
Lighting him over Marmora, and a wind
Will rush out of the sighing pine forest,
And with the wind a storm of harmony
Unutterably sweet, and pilot him
Through the soft twilight to the Bosphorus:
Thence, at the hour and place and circumstance
Fit for the matter of their conference,
The Jew appears. Few dare, and few who dare
Win the desired communion — but that shout
Bodes — [*A shout within.*

MAHMUD

Evil, doubtless; like all human sounds.
Let me converse with spirits.

HASSAN

That shout again.

MAHMUD

This Jew whom thou hast summoned —

HASSAN

Will be here —

MAHMUD

When the omnipotent hour, to which are yoked
He, I, and all things, shall compel — enough.
Silence those mutineers — that drunken crew
That crowd about the pilot in the storm.
Ay! strike the foremost shorter by a head!
They weary me, and I have need of rest.
Kings are like stars — they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

[*Exeunt severally.*

CHORUS

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go;
New shapes they still may weave,
New gods, new laws receive,
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror, came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.

A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapor dim
Which the orient planet animates with light;
Hell, Sin and Slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight;
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set;
While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon
The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one, whose dreams are Paradise,
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The Powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem;
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them;
Our hills and seas and streams
Dispeopled of their dreams,
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years.

Enter MAHMUD, HASSAN, DAOOD, *and others*

MAHMUD

More gold? our ancestors bought gold with victory,
And shall I sell it for defeat?

DAOOD

The Janizars
Clamor for pay.

MAHMUD

Go, bid them pay themselves
With Christian blood! Are there no Grecian virgins
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may enjoy?
No infidel children to impale on spears?
No hoary priests after that Patriarch
Who bent the curse against his country's heart,
Which clove his own at last? Go! bid them kill;
Blood is the seed of gold.

DAOOD

It has been sown,
And yet the harvest to the sickle-men
Is as a grain to each.

MAHMUD

Then take this signet,
Unlock the seventh chamber, in which lie
The treasures of victorious Solyman,
An empire's spoil stored for a day of ruin.
O spirit of my sires, is it not come?
The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged and sleep;
But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,
Hunger for gold, which fills not. — See them fed;
Then lead them to the rivers of fresh death.

[*Exit* DAOOD.

Oh, miserable dawn, after a night
More glorious than the day which it usurped!
O faith in God! O power on earth! O word

Of the great Prophet, whose o'ershadowing wings
Darkened the thrones and idols of the West,
Now bright! — for thy sake cursèd be the hour,
Even as a father by an evil child,
When the orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph
From Caucasus to white Ceraunia!
Ruin above, and anarchy below;
Terror without, and treachery within;
The chalice of destruction full, and all
Thirsting to drink; and who among us dares
To dash it from his lips? and where is Hope?

HASSAN

The lamp of our dominion still rides high;
One God is God — Mahomet is his Prophet.
Four hundred thousand Moslems, from the limits
Of utmost Asia, irresistibly
Throng, like full clouds at the Sirocco's cry,
But not like them to weep their strength in tears;
They bear destroying lightning, and their step
Wakes earthquake, to consume and overwhelm,
And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,
Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen
With horrent arms; and lofty ships, even now,
Like vapors anchored to a mountain's edge,
Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala
The convoy of the ever-veering wind.
Samos is drunk with blood; the Greek has paid
Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.
The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far
When the fierce shout of Allah-illa-Allah
Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind,
Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock

Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm.
So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day!
If night is mute, yet the returning sun
Kindles the voices of the morning birds;
Nor at thy bidding less exultingly
Than birds rejoicing in the golden day
The Anarchies of Africa unleash
Their tempest-wingèd cities of the sea,
To speak in thunder to the rebel world.
Like sulphurous clouds half-shattered by the storm,
They sweep the pale Ægean, while the Queen
Of Ocean, bound upon her island throne,
Far in the West, sits mourning that her sons,
Who frown on Freedom, spare a smile for thee.
Russia still hovers, as an eagle might
Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane
Hang tangled in inextricable fight,
To stoop upon the victor; for she fears
The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine.
But recreant Austria loves thee as the Grave
Loves Pestilence, and her slow dogs of war,
Fleshed with the chase, come up from Italy,
And howl upon their limits; for they see
The panther, Freedom, fled to her old cover,
Amid seas and mountains, and a mightier brood
Crouch round. What Anarch wears a crown or mitre,
Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,
Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy foes?
Our arsenals and our armories are full;
Our forts defy assault; ten thousand cannon
Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour

Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city;
The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale
The Christian merchant; and the yellow Jew
Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.
Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,
Over the hills of Anatolia,
Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry
Sweep; the far-flashing of their starry lances
Reverberates the dying light of day.
We have one God, one King, one Hope, one Law;
But many-headed Insurrection stands
Divided in itself, and soon must fall.

MAHMUD

Proud words, when deeds come short, are seasonable.
Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned
Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud
Which leads the rear of the departing day,
Wan emblem of an empire fading now!
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,
And like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent,
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,
One star with insolent and victorious light
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,
Like arrows through a fainting antelope,
Strikes its weak form to death.

HASSAN

Even as that moon
Renews itself —

MAHMUD

Shall we be not renewed!
Far other bark than ours were needed now

To stem the torrent of descending time;
The spirit that lifts the slave before his lord
Stalks through the capitals of armèd kings,
And spreads his ensign in the wilderness;
Exults in chains; and, when the rebel falls,
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust;
And the inheritors of the earth, like beasts
When earthquake is unleashed, with idiot fear
Cower in their kingly dens — as I do now.
What were Defeat, when Victory must appall?
Or Danger, when Security looks pale?
How said the messenger, who from the fort
Islanded in the Danube saw the battle
Of Bucharest? that —

HASSAN

Ibrahim's scimitar
Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven
To burn before him in the night of battle —
A light and a destruction.

MAHMUD

Ay! the day
Was ours; but how?

HASSAN

The light Wallachians,
The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies,
Fled from the glance of our artillery
Almost before the thunder-stone alit;
One half the Grecian army made a bridge
Of safe and slow retreat with Moslem dead;
The other —

MAHMUD

Speak — tremble not.

HASSAN

Islanded
By victor myriads formed in hollow square
With rough and steadfast front, and thrice flung back
The deluge of our foaming cavalry;
Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines.
Our baffled army trembled like one man
Before a host, and gave them space; but soon
From the surrounding hills the batteries blazed,
Kneading them down with fire and iron rain.
Yet none approached; till, like a field of corn
Under the hook of the swart sickle-man,
The band, entrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,
Grew weak and few. Then said the Pacha, "Slaves,
Render yourselves — they have abandoned you —
What hope of refuge, or retreat, or aid?
We grant your lives." — "Grant that which is thine own!"
Cried one, and fell upon his sword and died!
Another — "God, and man, and hope abandon me;
But I to them and to myself remain
Constant;" he bowed his head and his heart burst.
A third exclaimed, "There is a refuge, tyrant,
Where thou darest not pursue, and canst not harm,
Shouldst thou pursue; there we shall meet again."
Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment

Among the slain — dead earth upon the earth!
So these survivors, each by different ways,
Some strange, all sudden, none dishonorable,
Met in triumphant death; and, when our army
Closed in, while yet wonder, and awe, and shame
Held back the base hyenas of the battle
That feed upon the dead and fly the living,
One rose out of the chaos of the slain;
And if it were a corpse which some dread spirit
Of the old saviors of the land we rule
Had lifted in its anger, wandering by;
Or if there burned within the dying man
Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith
Creating what it feigned, — I cannot tell;
But he cried, "Phantoms of the free, we come!
Armies of the Eternal, ye who strike
To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,
And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts,
And thaw their frost-work diadems like dew;
O ye who float around this clime, and weave
The garment of the glory which it wears,
Whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped,
Lies sepulchred in monumental thought;
Progenitors of all that yet is great,
Ascribe to your bright senate, oh, accept
In your high ministrations, us, your sons —
Us first, and the more glorious yet to come!
And ye, weak conquerors! giants, who look pale
When the crushed worm rebels beneath your tread —
The vultures, and the dogs, your pensioners tame,
Are overgorged; but, like oppressors, still

They crave the relic of Destruction's feast.
The exhalations and the thirsty winds
Are sick with blood; the dew is foul with death;
Heaven's light is quenched in slaughter; thus where'er
Upon your camps, cities, or towers, or fleets,
The obscene birds the reeking remnants cast
Of these dead limbs, — upon your streams and mountains,
Upon your fields, your gardens, and your house-tops, —
Where'er the winds shall creep, or the clouds fly,
Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look down
With poisoned light — Famine, and Pestilence,
And Panic, shall wage war upon our side!
Nature from all her boundaries is moved
Against ye; Time has found ye light as foam.
The Earth rebels; and Good and Evil stake
Their empire o'er the unborn world of men
On this one cast; but ere the die be thrown,
The renovated genius of our race,
Proud umpire of the impious game, descends,
A seraph-wingèd Victory, bestriding
The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,
Which sweeps all things to their appointed doom,
And you to oblivion!" — More he would have said,
But —

MAHMUD

Died — as thou shouldst ere thy lips had painted
Their ruin in the hues of our success.
A rebel's crime, gilt with a rebel's tongue!
Your heart is Greek, Hassan.

455 *Your* || *Thy*, Rossetti.

HASSAN

It may be so:
A spirit not my own wrenched me within,
And I have spoken words I fear and hate;
Yet would I die for—

MAHMUD

Live! oh, live! outlive
Me and this sinking empire. But the fleet—

HASSAN

Alas!

MAHMUD

The fleet which, like a flock of clouds
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner!
Our wingèd castles from their merchant ships!
Our myriads before their weak pirate bands!
Our arms before their chains! our years of empire
Before their centuries of servile fear!
Death is awake! Repulse is on the waters;
They own no more the thunder-bearing banner
Of Mahmud, but, like hounds of a base breed,
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master.

HASSAN

Latmos, and Ampelos, and Phanæ, saw
The wreck—

MAHMUD

The caves of the Icarian isles
Told each to the other in loud mockery,

466 *Repulse is*, Shelley Errata || *Repulsed*, Shelley, 1822.
472 *Told*, Shelley Errata, Williams transcript || *Hold*, Shelley, 1822.

And with the tongue as of a thousand echoes,
First of the sea-convulsing fight — and then —
Thou darest to speak — senseless are the mountains;
Interpret thou their voice!

HASSAN

My presence bore
A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet
Bore down at daybreak from the north, and hung
As multitudinous on the ocean line
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind.
Our squadron, convoying ten thousand men,
Was stretching towards Nauplia when the battle
Was kindled.
First through the hail of our artillery
The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail
Dashed; ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man
To man, were grappled in the embrace of war,
Inextricable but by death or victory.
The tempest of the raging fight convulsed
To its crystalline depths that stainless sea,
And shook heaven's roof of golden morning clouds
Poised on an hundred azure mountain isles.
In the brief trances of the artillery
One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer
Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapped
The unforeseen event, till the north wind
Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil
Of battle-smoke — then victory — victory!
For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers
Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon
The abhorrèd cross glimmered behind, before,

Among, around us; and that fatal sign
Dried with its beams the strength in Moslem hearts,
As the sun drinks the dew. — What more? We fled!
Our noonday path over the sanguine foam
Was beaconed — and the glare struck the sun pale —
By our consuming transports; the fierce light
Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,
And every countenance blank. Some ships lay feeding
The ravening fire even to the water's level:
Some were blown up; some, settling heavily,
Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died
Upon the wind that bore us fast and far,
Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perished!
We met the vultures legioned in the air,
Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind;
They, screaming from their cloudy mountain peaks,
Stooped through the sulphurous battle-smoke, and perched
Each on the weltering carcass that we loved,
Like its ill angel or its damnèd soul,
Riding upon the bosom of the sea,
We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.
Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea.
And ravening Famine left his ocean-cave
To dwell with War, with us, and with Despair.
We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,
And with night, tempest —

MAHMUD

Cease!

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

Your Sublime Highness,
That Christian hound, the Muscovite ambassador,
Has left the city. If the rebel fleet
Had anchored in the port, had victory
Crowned the Greek legions in the Hippodrome,
Panic were tamer. Obedience and Mutiny,
Like giants in contention planet-struck,
Stand gazing on each other. There is peace
In Stamboul.

MAHMUD

Is the grave not calmer still?
Its ruins shall be mine.

HASSAN

Fear not the Russian;
The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay
Against the hunter. Cunning, base, and cruel,
He crouches, watching till the spoil be won,
And must be paid for his reserve in blood.
After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian
That which thou canst not keep, his deserved portion
Of blood, which shall not flow through streets and fields,
Rivers and seas, like that which we may win,
But stagnate in the veins of Christian slaves!

Enter Second Messenger

SECOND MESSENGER

Nauplia, Tripolizza, Mothon, Athens,
Navarin, Artas, Monembasia,
Corinth and Thebes, are carried by assault;
And every Islamite who made his dogs
Fat with the flesh of Galilean slaves
Passed at the edge of the sword; the lust of blood,
Which made our warriors drunk, is quenched in death;
But like a fiery plague breaks out anew
In deeds which make the Christian cause look pale
In its own light. The garrison of Patras
Has store but for ten days, nor is there hope
But from the Briton; at once slave and tyrant,
His wishes still are weaker than his fears,
Or he would sell what faith may yet remain
From the oaths broke in Genoa and in Norway;
And if you buy him not, your treasury
Is empty even of promises — his own coin.
The freedman of a western poet chief
Holds Attica with seven thousand rebels,
And has beat back the Pacha of Negropont;
The aged Ali sits in Yanina,
A crownless metaphor of empire;
His name, that shadow of his withered might,
Holds our besieging army like a spell
In prey to famine, pest, and mutiny;
He, bastioned in his citadel, looks forth
Joyless upon the sapphire lake that mirrors
The ruins of the city where he reigned,

Childless and sceptreless. The Greek has reaped
The costly harvest his own blood matured,
Not the sower, Ali — who has bought a truce
From Ypsilanti, with ten camel-loads
Of Indian gold.

Enter a Third Messenger.

MAHMUD

What more?

THIRD MESSENGER

The Christian tribes
Of Lebanon and the Syrian wilderness
Are in revolt; Damascus, Hems, Aleppo,
Tremble; the Arab menaces Medina;
The Æthiop has entrenched himself in Sennaar,
And keeps the Egyptian rebel well employed,
Who denies homage, claims investiture
As price of tardy aid. Persia demands
The cities on the Tigris, and the Georgians
Refuse their living tribute. Crete and Cyprus,
Like mountain-twins that from each other's veins
Catch the volcano fire and earthquake spasm,
Shake in the general fever. Through the city,
Like birds before a storm, the Santons shriek,
And prophesyings horrible and new
Are heard among the crowd; that sea of men
Sleeps on the wrecks it made, breathless and still.
A Dervise, learnèd in the Koran, preaches
That it is written how the sins of Islam
Must raise up a destroyer even now.
The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west,
Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,

But in the Omnipresence of that Spirit
In which all live and are. Ominous signs
Are blazoned broadly on the noonday sky;
One saw a red cross stamped upon the sun;
It has rained blood; and monstrous births declare
The secret wrath of Nature and her Lord.
The army encamped upon the Cydaris
Was roused last night by the alarm of battle,
And saw two hosts conflicting in the air, —
The shadows doubtless of the unborn time
Cast on the mirror of the night. While yet
The fight hung balanced, there arose a storm
Which swept the phantoms from among the stars.
At the third watch the Spirit of the Plague
Was heard abroad flapping among the tents;
Those who relieved watch found the sentinels dead.
The last news from the camp is that a thousand
Have sickened, and —

Enter a Fourth Messenger

MAHMUD

And thou, pale ghost, dim shadow
Of some untimely rumor, speak!

FOURTH MESSENGER

One comes
Fainting with toil, covered with foam and blood;
He stood, he says, on Chelonites'
Promontory, which o'erlooks the isles that groan
Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters

620 *on Chelonites*, Shelley MS., Errata || *upon Clelonite's*, Shelley, 1822, *upon Chelonites*, Forman.

Then trembling in the splendor of the moon;
When, as the wandering clouds unveiled or hid
Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets
Stalk through the night in the horizon's glimmer,
Mingling fierce thunders and sulphureous gleams,
And smoke which strangled every infant wind
That soothed the silver clouds through the deep air.
At length the battle slept, but the Sirocco
Awoke, and drove his flock of thunder-clouds
Over the sea-horizon, blotting out
All objects — save that in the faint moon-glimpse
He saw, or dreamed he saw, the Turkish admiral
And two the loftiest of our ships of war
With the bright image of that Queen of Heaven,
Who hid, perhaps, her face for grief, reversed;
And the abhorrèd cross —

Enter an Attendant

ATTENDANT

Your Sublime Highness,
The Jew, who —

MAHMUD

Could not come more seasonably.
Bid him attend. I'll hear no more! too long
We gaze on danger through the mist of fear,
And multiply upon our shattered hopes
The images of ruin. Come what will!
To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge
Through rough and smooth; nor can we suffer aught
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are.

[*Exeunt.*

SEMICHORUS I

Would I were the wingèd cloud
Of a tempest swift and loud!
I would scorn
The smile of morn,
And the wave where the moonrise is born!
I would leave
The spirits of eve
A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave
From other threads than mine!
Bask in the deep blue noon divine
Who would, not I.

SEMICHORUS II

Whither to fly?

SEMICHORUS I

Where the rocks that gird the Ægean
Echo to the battle pæan
Of the free,
I would flee,
A tempestuous herald of victory!
My golden rain
For the Grecian slain
Should mingle in tears with the bloody main;
And my solemn thunder-knell
Should ring to the world the passing-bell
Of tyranny!

SEMICHORUS II

Ah king! wilt thou chain
The rack and the rain?

657 *deep*, Shelley Errata, Williams transcript || omit, Shelley, 1822.

Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane?
The storms are free,
But we ——

CHORUS

O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare!
Thy touch has stamped these limbs with crime,
These brows thy branding garland bear;
But the free heart, the impassive soul,
Scorn thy control!

SEMICHORUS I

Let there be light! said Liberty;
And like sunrise from the sea
Athens arose! — Around her born,
Shone like mountains in the morn
Glorious states; — and are they now
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

SEMICHORUS II

Go
Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed
Persia, as the sand does foam;
Deluge upon deluge followed,
Discord, Macedon, and Rome;
And, lastly, thou!

SEMICHORUS I

Temples and towers,
Citadels and marts, and they
Who live and die there, have been ours,
And may be thine, and must decay;

But Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity;
Her citizens, imperial spirits,
  Rule the present from the past:
On all this world of men inherits
  Their seal is set.

SEMICHORUS II

Hear ye the blast,
Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls
From ruin her Titanian walls?
Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones
  Of Slavery? Argos, Corinth, Crete,
Hear, and from their mountain thrones
  The dæmons and the nymphs repeat
The harmony.

SEMICHORUS I

I hear, I hear!

SEMICHORUS II

The world's eyeless charioteer,
  Destiny, is hurrying by!
What faith is crushed, what empire bleeds
Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds?
What eagle-wingèd Victory sits
At her right hand? what Shadow flits
Before? what Splendor rolls behind?
  Ruin and Renovation cry,
  Who but we?

SEMICHORUS I

I hear, I hear!
The hiss as of a rushing wind,
The roar as of an ocean foaming,
The thunder as of earthquake coming.
I hear, I hear!
The crash as of an empire falling,
The shrieks as of a people calling
Mercy! Mercy! — How they thrill!
Then a shout of "Kill, kill, kill!"
And then a small still voice, thus —

SEMICHORUS II

For
Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind;
The foul cubs like their parents are;
Their den is in the guilty mind,
And Conscience feeds them with despair.

SEMICHORUS I

In sacred Athens, near the fane
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood;
Serve not the unknown God in vain,
But pay that broken shrine again
Love for hate, and tears for blood.

Enter MAHMUD *and* AHASUERUS

MAHMUD

Thou art a man, thou sayest, even as we.

AHASUERUS

No more!

MAHMUD

But raised above thy fellow-men
By thought, as I by power.

AHASUERUS

Thou sayest so.

MAHMUD

Thou art an adept in the difficult lore
Of Greek and Frank philosophy; thou numberest
The flowers, and thou measurest the stars;
Thou severest element from element;
Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees
The birth of this old world through all its cycles
Of desolation and of loveliness,
And when man was not, and how man became
The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,
And all its narrow circles — it is much.
I honor thee, and would be what thou art
Were I not what I am; but the unborn hour,
Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,
Who shall unveil? Nor thou, nor I, nor any
Mighty or wise. I apprehended not
What thou hast taught me, but I now perceive
That thou art no interpreter of dreams;
Thou dost not own that art, device, or God,
Can make the future present — let it come!
Moreover thou disdainest us and ours!
Thou art as God, whom thou contemplatest.

755 *apprehended*, Shelley Errata, Williams transcript || *apprehend*, Shelley, 1822.

AHASUERUS

Disdain thee? — not the worm beneath thy feet!
The Fathomless has care for meaner things
Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for those
Who would be what they may not, or would seem
That which they are not. Sultan! talk no more
Of thee and me, the future and the past;
But look on that which cannot change — the One,
The unborn and the undying. Earth and Ocean,
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,
With all its cressets of immortal fire,
Whose outwall, bastionèd impregnably
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds — this Whole
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers,
With all the silent or tempestuous workings
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
Is but a vision; all that it inherits
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles, and dreams;
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less
The future and the past are idle shadows
Of thought's eternal flight — they have no being;
Nought is but that which feels itself to be.

MAHMUD

What meanest thou? thy words stream like a tempest
Of dazzling mist within my brain — they shake

The earth on which I stand, and hang like night
On Heaven above me. What can they avail?
They cast on all things, surest, brightest, best, —
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

AHASUERUS

Mistake me not! All is contained in each.
Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup
Is that which has been or will be, to that
Which is — the absent to the present. Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die;
They are what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er — worlds, worms,
Empires, and superstitions. What has thought
To do with time, or place, or circumstance?
Wouldst thou behold the future? — ask and have!
Knock and it shall be opened — look, and lo!
The coming age is shadowed on the past
As on a glass.

MAHMUD

Wild, wilder thoughts convulse
My spirit. Did not Mahomet the Second
Win Stamboul?

AHASUERUS

Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit
The written fortunes of thy house and faith.
Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell
How what was born in blood must die.

MAHMUD

Thy words
Have power on me! I see —

AHASUERUS

What hearest thou?

MAHMUD

A far whisper —
Terrible silence.

AHASUERUS

What succeeds?

MAHMUD

The sound
As of the assault of an imperial city,
The hiss of inextinguishable fire,
The roar of giant cannon; the earth-quaking
Fall of vast bastions and precipitous towers,
The shock of crags shot from strange enginery,
The clash of wheels, and clang of armèd hoofs
And crash of brazen mail, as of the wreck
Of adamantine mountains; the mad blast
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,
And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,
And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,
As of a joyous infant waked, and playing
With its dead mother's breast; and now more loud
The mingled battle-cry — ha! hear I not
Ἐν τούτῳ νίκη. Allah-illah-Allah!

AHASUERUS

The sulphurous mist is raised — thou seest —

MAHMUD

A chasm,
As of two mountains, in the wall of Stamboul;

And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,
Like giants on the ruins of a world,
Stand in the light of sunrise. In the dust
Glimmers a kingless diadem, and one
Of regal port has cast himself beneath
The stream of war. Another proudly clad
In golden arms spurs a Tartarian barb
Into the gap, and with his iron mace
Directs the torrent of that tide of men,
And seems — he is — Mahomet!

AHASUERUS

What thou seest
Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream;
A dream itself, yet less, perhaps, than that
Thou call'st reality. Thou mayst behold
How cities, on which empire sleeps enthroned,
Bow their towered crests to mutability.
Poised by the flood, e'en on the height thou holdest,
Thou mayst now learn how the full tide of power
Ebbs to its depths. Inheritor of glory
Conceived in darkness, born in blood, and nourished
With tears and toil, thou seest the mortal throes
Of that whose birth was but the same. The Past
Now stands before thee like an Incarnation
Of the To-come; yet wouldst thou commune with
That portion of thyself which was ere thou
Didst start for this brief race whose crown is death,
Dissolve with that strong faith and fervent passion,
Which called it from the uncreated deep,
Yon cloud of war with its tempestuous phantoms
Of raging death; and draw with mighty will
The imperial shade hither.

[*Exit* AHASUERUS.

MAHMUD

Approach!

PHANTOM

I come
Thence whither thou must go! The grave is fitter
To take the living than give up the dead;
Yet has thy faith prevailed, and I am here.
The heavy fragments of the power which fell
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,
Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices
Of strange lament soothe my supreme repose,
Wailing for glory never to return.
A later empire nods in its decay;
The autumn of a greener faith is come;
And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her aerie, while Dominion whelped below.
The storm is in its branches, and the frost
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,
Ruin on ruin. Thou art slow, my son;
The Anarchs of the world of darkness keep
A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies
Boundless and mute; and for thy subjects thou,
Like us, shalt rule the ghosts of murdered life,
The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now —
Mutinous passions and conflicting fears,
And hopes that sate themselves on dust and die,
Stripped of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.
Islam must fall, but we will reign together
Over its ruins in the world of death;

And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed
Unfold itself even in the shape of that
Which gathers birth in its decay. Woe! Woe!
To the weak people tangled in the grasp
Of its last spasms!

MAHMUD

Spirit, woe to all!
Woe to the wronged and the avenger! Woe
To the destroyer, woe to the destroyed!
Woe to the dupe, and woe to the deceiver!
Woe to the oppressed, and woe to the oppressor!
Woe both to those that suffer and inflict;
Those who are born, and those who die! But say,
Imperial shadow of the thing I am,
When, how, by whom, Destruction must accomplish
Her consummation?

PHANTOM

Ask the cold pale Hour,
Rich in reversion of impending death,
When *he* shall fall upon whose ripe gray hairs
Sit Care, and Sorrow, and Infirmity —
The weight which Crime, whose wings are plumed
with years,
Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart
Over the heads of men, under which burden
They bow themselves unto the grave. Fond wretch!
He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years
To come, and how in hours of youth renewed
He will renew lost joys, and —

VOICE (*without*)

Victory! victory!

[*The Phantom vanishes.*

MAHMUD

What sound of the importunate earth has broken
My mighty trance?

VOICE (*without*)

Victory! victory!

MAHMUD

Weak lightning before darkness! poor faint smile
Of dying Islam! Voice which art the response
Of hollow weakness! Do I wake and live?
Were there such things? or may the unquiet brain,
Vexed by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,
Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear?
It matters not! — for nought we see or dream,
Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth
More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,
The future must become the past, and I
As they were, to whom once this present hour,
This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,
Seemed an Elysian isle of peace and joy
Never to be attained. — I must rebuke
This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,
And dying, bring despair. Victory! poor slaves!

[*Exit* MAHMUD.

VOICE (*without*)

Shout in the jubilee of death! the Greeks
Are as a brood of lions in the net
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth
Stand smiling. Anarchs, ye whose daily food
Are curses, groans, and gold, the fruit of death,

From Thule to the girdle of the world,
Come, feast! the board groans with the flesh of men;
The cup is foaming with a nation's blood;
Famine and Thirst await! eat, drink, and die!

SEMICHORUS I

Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream,
Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!
I saw her ghastly as a tyrant's dream,
Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,
Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilioned lay
In visions of the dawning undelight.
Who shall impede her flight?
Who rob her of her prey?

VOICE (*without*)

Victory, victory! Russia's famished eagles
Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's light.
Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil!
Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

SEMICHORUS II

Thou voice which art
The herald of the ill in splendor hid!
Thou echo of the hollow heart
Of monarchy, bear me to thine abode
When desolation flashes o'er a world destroyed.
Oh, bear me to those isles of jagged cloud
Which float like mountains on the earthquake, mid
The momentary oceans of the lightning;

Or to some toppling promontory proud
Of solid tempest, whose black pyramid,
Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightning
Of those dawn-tinted deluges of fire
Before their waves expire,
When heaven and earth are light, and only light
In the thunder-night!

VOICE (*without*)

Victory, victory! Austria, Russia, England,
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,
Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs speak.
Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen those red stakes!
These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poisoners
Than Greeks. Kill, plunder, burn! let none remain.

SEMICHORUS I

Alas for Liberty!
If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,
Or fate, can quell the free!
Alas for Virtue! when
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers
Of erring judging men
Can break the heart where it abides!
Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure world splendid,
Can change, with its false times and tides,
Like hope and terror —
Alas for Love!
And Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended,

If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror
Before the dazzled eyes of Error,
Alas for thee! Image of the Above!

SEMICHORUS II

Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,
Led the ten thousand from the limits of the morn
Through many an hostile Anarchy!
At length they wept aloud and cried, "the sea! the sea!"
Through exile, persecution, and despair,
Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become,
The wonder, or the terror, or the tomb,
Of all whose step wakes Power lulled in her savage lair.
But Greece was as a hermit child,
Whose fairest thoughts and limbs were built
To woman's growth by dreams so mild
She knew not pain or guilt;
And now, O Victory, blush! and Empire, tremble,
When ye desert the free!
If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,
And build themselves again impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music, on some Cape sublime,
Which frowns above the idle foam of time.

SEMICHORUS I

Let the tyrants rule the desert they have made;
Let the free possess the paradise they claim;
Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors weighed
With our ruin, our resistance, and our name!

SEMICHORUS II

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,
  Our survivors be the shadows of their pride,
Our adversity a dream to pass away, —
  Their dishonor a remembrance to abide!

VOICE (*without*)

Victory! Victory! the bought Briton sends
The keys of ocean to the Islamite.
Now shall the blazon of the cross be veiled,
And British skill, directing Othman might,
Thunder-strike rebel victory. Oh, keep holy
This jubilee of unrevengèd blood!
Kill, crush, despoil! Let not a Greek escape!

SEMICHORUS I

Darkness has dawned in the East
  On the noon of time;
The death birds descend to their feast,
  From the hungry clime.
Let Freedom and Peace flee far
  To a sunnier strand,
And follow Love's folding star
  To the Evening land!

SEMICHORUS II

The young moon has fed
  Her exhausted horn
With the sunset's fire;
  The weak day is dead,
  But the night is not born;
And, like loveliness panting with wild desire,

While it trembles with fear and delight,
Hesperus flies from awakening night,
And pants in its beauty and speed with light
Fast-flashing, soft and bright.
Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!
Guide us far, far away,
To climes where now, veiled by the ardor of day,
Thou art hidden
From waves on which weary Noon
Faints in her summer swoon,
Between kingless continents, sinless as Eden,
Around mountains and islands inviolably
Pranked on the sapphire sea.

SEMICHORUS I

Through the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What Paradise islands of glory gleam!
Beneath Heaven's cope,
Their shadows more clear float by;
The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,
The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,
Burst like morning on dream, or like Heaven on death,
Through the walls of our prison;
And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

CHORUS

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,

The earth doth like a snake renew
  Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
  From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
  Against the morning-star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
  Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
  And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
  If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
  Which dawns upon the free;
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
  And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
  The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
  Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
  Than many unsubdued;
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
  Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
  Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

1091–93 *more bright . . . unsubdued*, Shelley n. d. || omit, Shelley, 1822; *bright* || *wise*, Galignani, 1829; *unsubdued* || *unwithstood*, Galignani, 1829.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

The *Miscellaneous Poems* with some exceptions were published either by Shelley, in his successive volumes, or by Mrs. Shelley, in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and the two editions of 1839. A few first appeared elsewhere, and were included in the collected editions, and still others have from time to time found their way to the public. The original issue of each poem is stated, in this edition, in the footnotes. Manuscripts of several, either in Shelley's or Mrs. Shelley's hand, are in existence, and either establish the text or afford variations. The history of each poem, if known, is given in the NOTES.

EARLY POEMS

1813–1815

EVENING

TO HARRIET

O THOU bright Sun! beneath the dark blue line
  Of western distance that sublime descendest,
  And, gleaming lovelier as thy beams decline,
  Thy million hues to every vapor lendest,
And, over cobweb lawn and grove and stream
  Sheddest the liquid magic of thy light,
  Till calm Earth, with the parting splendor bright,
  Shows like the vision of a beauteous dream;
What gazer now with astronomic eye
  Could coldly count the spots within thy sphere?
  Such were thy lover, Harriet, could he fly
The thoughts of all that makes his passion dear,
  And, turning senseless from thy warm caress,
  Pick flaws in our close-woven happiness.

Evening. To Harriet. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887. Composed July 31, 1813.

TO IANTHE

I LOVE thee, Baby! for thine own sweet sake;
  Those azure eyes, that faintly dimpled cheek,
  Thy tender frame, so eloquently weak,
  Love in the sternest heart of hate might wake;
But more when o'er thy fitful slumber bending
  Thy mother folds thee to her wakeful heart,
  Whilst love and pity, in her glances blending,
  All that thy passive eyes can feel impart:
More, when some feeble lineaments of her,
  Who bore thy weight beneath her spotless bosom,
  As with deep love I read thy face, recur, —
More dear art thou, O fair and fragile blossom;
  Dearest when most thy tender traits express
  The image of thy mother's loveliness.

STANZA

WRITTEN AT BRACKNELL

THY dewy looks sink in my breast;
  Thy gentle words stir poison there;
Thou hast disturbed the only rest
  That was the portion of despair!
Subdued to Duty's hard control,
  I could have borne my wayward lot:
The chains that bind this ruined soul
  Had cankered then — but crushed it not.

To Ianthe. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887. Composed September, 1813.

Stanza. Published by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858. Composed March, 1814.

TO ——

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ.

Oh, there are spirits of the air,
  And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair
  As star-beams among twilight trees!
Such lovely ministers to meet
Oft hast thou turned from men thy lonely feet.

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,
  And moonlight seas, that are the voice
Of these inexplicable things,
  Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice
When they did answer thee; but they
Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes
  Beams that were never meant for thine,
Another's wealth; — tame sacrifice
  To a fond faith! still dost thou pine?
Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
Voice, looks or lips, may answer thy demands?

Ah, wherefore didst thou build thine hope
  On the false earth's inconstancy?
Did thine own mind afford no scope
  Of love, or moving thoughts to thee,
That natural scenes or human smiles
Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles?

To ——. Shelley, 1816 || *To Coleridge*, note on the Early Poems, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled
  Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted;
The glory of the moon is dead;
  Night's ghost and dreams have now departed;
Thine own soul still is true to thee,
But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever
  Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,
Dream not to chase; — the mad endeavor
  Would scourge thee to severer pangs.
Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,
Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

TO ——

Yet look on me — take not thine eyes away,
  Which feed upon the love within mine own,
Which is indeed but the reflected ray
  Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.
  Yet speak to me — thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear
  That thou yet lovest me; yet thou alone
Like one before a mirror, without care
Of aught but thine own features, imaged there;
And yet I wear out life in watching thee;
  A toil so sweet at times, and thou indeed
Art kind when I am sick, and pity me.

To ——. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

STANZAS. APRIL, 1814

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
  Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even.
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
  And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.
Pause not! the time is past! every voice cries, Away!
  Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood;
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay;
  Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
  Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
  And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.
The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head;
  The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet;

Stanzas. Published with *Alastor*, 1816. Composed at Bracknell.

i. 2 *drunk*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *drank*, Shelley, 1816.
tear, Shelley, 1816 || *glance*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace, may meet.

The cloud-shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep;
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep.
Thou in the grave shalt rest — yet till the phantoms flee,
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are not free
From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile.

TO HARRIET

THY look of love has power to calm
The stormiest passion of my soul;
Thy gentle words are drops of balm
In life's too bitter bowl;
No grief is mine, but that alone
These choicest blessings I have known.

To Harriet. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887. Composed May, 1814.

Harriet! if all who long to live
  In the warm sunshine of thine eye,
That price beyond all pain must give, —
  Beneath thy scorn to die;
Then hear thy chosen own too late
His heart most worthy of thy hate.

Be thou, then, one among mankind
  Whose heart is harder not for state,
Thou only virtuous, gentle, kind,
  Amid a world of hate;
And by a slight endurance seal
A fellow-being's lasting weal.

For pale with anguish is his cheek,
  His breath comes fast, his eyes are dim,
Thy name is struggling ere he speak,
  Weak is each trembling limb;
In mercy let him not endure
The misery of a fatal cure.

Oh, trust for once no erring guide!
  Bid the remorseless feeling flee;
'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
  'Tis anything but thee;
Oh, deign a nobler pride to prove,
And pity if thou canst not love.

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN

I

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed;
  Yes, I was firm — thus wert not thou;
My baffled looks did fear yet dread
  To meet thy looks — I could not know
How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

II

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
  Which preys upon itself alone;
To curse the life which is the cage
  Of fettered grief that dares not groan,
Hiding from many a careless eye
The scornèd load of agony;

III

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
  The thou alone should be, —
To spend years thus, and be rewarded,
  As thou, sweet love, requited me
When none were near — Oh, I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake.

IV

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
  Of peace and pity fell like dew

To Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin || To ——. Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed June, 1814.

On flowers half dead; thy lips did meet
  Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes threw
Their soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

V

We are not happy, sweet! our state
  Is strange and full of doubt and fear;
More need of words that ills abate; —
  Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thee and me.

VI

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
  Nor can I live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
  Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, although it be
To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

MUTABILITY.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
  How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! — yet soon
  Night closes round, and they are lost forever:

Or like forgotten lyres whose dissonant strings
  Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
  One mood or modulation like the last.

Mutability. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.

We rest — a dream has power to poison sleep;
  We rise — one wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
  Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same! — for, be it joy or sorrow,
  The path of its departure still is free;
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
  Nought may endure but Mutability.

ON DEATH

There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest. — ECCLESIASTES.

THE pale, the cold, and the moony smile
  Which the meteor beam of a starless night
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,
  Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul
  Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
  Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,
  This world is the mother of all we feel;

On Death, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || no title, Shelley, 1816. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.

And the coming of death is a fearful blow
  To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel,
When all that we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,
  Where all but this frame must surely be,
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
  No longer will live to hear or to see
All that is great and all that is strange
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
  Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
  The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
With the fears and the love for that which we see?

A SUMMER EVENING CHURCHYARD

LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
  Each vapor that obscured the sunset's ray;
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair
  In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day.
Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

A Summer Evening Churchyard. Published with *Alastor*, 1816. Composed September, 1815.

They breathe their spells toward the departing day,
  Encompassing the earth, air, stars and sea;
Light, sound and motion own the potent sway,
  Responding to the charm with its own mystery.
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aërial Pile, whose pinnacles
  Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,
  Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
Around whose lessening and invisible height
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres;
  And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,
  Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around;
And mingling with the still night and mute sky
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild
  And terrorless as this serenest night;
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child
  Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

TO WORDSWORTH

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return;
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore;
Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar;
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude;
In honored poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty;—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL OF BONAPARTE

I HATED thee, fallen tyrant! I did groan
To think that a most unambitious slave,
Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave
Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne

To Wordsworth. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.
Feelings of a Republican on the Fall of Bonaparte. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.
3 *thou, shouldst* || *thee*, Rossetti conj., *should*, Rossetti.

Where it had stood even now: thou didst prefer
  A frail and bloody pomp which time has swept
  In fragments towards oblivion. Massacre,
  For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,
Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,
  And stifled thee, their minister. I know
  Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,
That Virtue owns a more eternal foe
  Than Force or Fraud: old Custom, Legal Crime,
  And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of time.

LINES

THE cold earth slept below;
  Above the cold sky shone;
    And all around,
    With a chilling sound,
From caves of ice and fields of snow
The breath of night like death did flow
    Beneath the sinking moon.

The wintry hedge was black;
  The green grass was not seen;
    The birds did rest
    On the bare thorn's breast,
Whose roots, beside the pathway track,
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack
    Which the frost had made between.

Thine eyes glowed in the glare
  Of the moon's dying light;

Lines. Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *November, 1815.* The Literary Pocket-Book, 1823. Published by Hunt, 1823.

As a fen-fire's beam
On a sluggish stream
Gleams dimly — so the moon shone there,
And it yellowed the strings of thy tangled hair,
That shook in the wind of night.

The moon made thy lips pale, belovèd
The wind made thy bosom chill;
The night did shed
On thy dear head
Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie
Where the bitter breath of the naked sky
Might visit thee at will.

iii. 6 *tangled*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *raven*, Hunt, 1823.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1816

THE SUNSET

THERE late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field,
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk; but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods; and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.
" Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,

The Sunset. Published in part by Hunt in The Literary Pocket-Book, 1823, 9–20, with title, *Sunset. From an unpublished poem,* and, 28–42, with title, *Grief. A Fragment;* and, entire, by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed at Bishopsgate in the spring.

4 *death,* Mrs. Shelley, 1839 [1] || *youth,* Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep; but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on; in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief.
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan,
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead — so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unreproved, —
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep, but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,

22 *sunrise?* *We will wake*, Forman conj.
37 Hunt, 1823 || omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that, like thine, mine epitaph were — Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us, visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

II

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty. Published by Hunt, Examiner, January 19, 1817, and with *Rosalind and Helen*, 1819. Composed, probably, in Switzerland, in the summer.

i. 2 *among*, Shelley, 1819 || *amongst*, Shelley, 1817.

ii. 1 *dost*, Shelley, 1819 || *doth*, Shelley, 1817.

This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate? —
Ask why the sunlight not forever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope.

III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavor —
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

IV

Love, Hope and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart,
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,

ii. 9 *fear and dream* || *care and pain*, Boscombe MS.
iv. omit, Boscombe MS.

Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes!
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame,
Depart not as thy shadow came!
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality!

V

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead;
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed.
I was not heard — I saw them not —
When, musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming, —
Sudden thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine — have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now

iv. 8 *art*, Shelley, 1817 || *are*, Shelley, 1819.

I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night —
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery, —
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, — to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all humankind.

MONT BLANC

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

I

The everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,

Mont Blanc. Published in the *History of a Six Weeks' Tour*, 1817. Composed in Switzerland, in July.

Now dark, now glittering, now reflecting gloom,
Now lending splendor, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters, — with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap forever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve — dark, deep Ravine —
Thou many-colored, many-voicèd vale,
Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail
Fast cloud-shadows, and sunbeams! awful scene,
Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
Of lightning through the tempest! thou dost lie, —
Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
Children of elder time, in whose devotion
The chainless winds still come and ever came
To drink their odors, and their mighty swinging
To hear — an old and solemn harmony;
Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
Robes some unsculptured image; the strange sleep
Which when the voices of the desert fail
Wraps all in its own deep eternity;
Thy caverns ecnoing to the Arve's commotion —
A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame.
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,

Thou art the path of that unresting sound,
Dizzy Ravine! and when I gaze on thee,
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
To muse on my own separate fantasy,
My own, my human mind, which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of things around;
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest,
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by —
Ghosts of all things that are — some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep, — that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live. I look on high;
Has some unknown Omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessibly
Its circles? for the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes among the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, — still, snowy and serene —

iii. 5 *upfurled*, James Thomson conj.

Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there. How hideously
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare and high,
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.— Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-dæmon taught her young
Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelop once this silent snow?
None can reply — all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with Nature reconciled;
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good,
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV

The fields, the lakes, the forests and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth, lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams

iii. 15 *round*, Rossetti conj.
21 *tracks her there* || *watches her*, Boscombe MS.
31 *In such a faith*, Boscombe MS.

Visit the hidden buds or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower, the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap,
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him and all that his may be, —
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
Are born and die, revolve, subside and swell;
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible; —
And *this*, the naked countenance of earth
On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
Slow rolling on; there many a precipice
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled — dome, pyramid and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice;
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand; the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts and birds, becomes its spoil,
Their food and their retreat forever gone;
So much of life and joy is lost. The race

iv. 25 *the boundary of the skies*, Rossetti.

Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,
Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling
Meet in the Vale; and one majestic River,
The breath and blood of distant lands, forever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapors to the circling air.

V

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: the power is there,
The still and solemn power of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them; winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things,
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817

MARIANNE'S DREAM

I

A PALE dream came to a Lady fair,
  And said, "A boon, a boon, I pray!
I know the secrets of the air;
  And things are lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the sleeping see,
If they will put their trust in me.

II

"And thou shalt know of things unknown,
  If thou wilt let me rest between
The veiny lids whose fringe is thrown
  Over thine eyes so dark and sheen."
And half in hope and half in fright
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

III

At first all deadly shapes were driven
  Tumultuously across her sleep,
And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven
  All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;
And the Lady ever looked to spy
  If the golden sun shone forth on high.

Marianne's Dream. Published by Hunt in The Literary Pocket-Book, 1819. Composed at Marlow, 1817.
iii. 6 *gold*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

IV

And, as towards the east she turned,
  She saw aloft in the morning air,
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,
  A great black Anchor rising there;
And, wherever the Lady turned her eyes,
It hung before her in the skies.

V

The sky was blue as the summer sea,
  The depths were cloudless overhead,
The air was calm as it could be,
  There was no sight or sound of dread,
But that black Anchor floating still
Over the piny eastern hill.

VI

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear
  To see that Anchor ever hanging,
And veiled her eyes; she then did hear
  The sound as of a dim low clanging,
And looked abroad if she might know
Was it aught else, or but the flow
Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

VII

There was a mist in the sunless air,
  Which shook as it were with an earthquake's
    shock,
But the very weeds that blossomed there
  Were moveless, and each mighty rock

Stood on its basis steadfastly;
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

VIII

But piled around, with summits hid
  In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain pyramid,
  Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Through the red mist their domes did quiver.

IX

On two dread mountains, from whose crest
  Might seem the eagle for her brood
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,
  Those tower-encircled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,
Where human art could never be.

X

And columns framed of marble white,
  And giant fanes, dome over dome
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright
  With workmanship, which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument,
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.

XI

But still the Lady heard that clang
  Filling the wide air far away;

x. 6 *vales a*, Rossetti conj.; 7 *its* || *their*, Rossetti conj.

And still the mist whose light did hang
  Among the mountains shook alway;
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,
As, half in joy and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast.

XII

Sudden from out that city sprung
  A light that made the earth grow red;
Two flames that each with quivering tongue
  Licked its high domes, and overhead
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

XIII

And hark! a rush, as if the deep
  Had burst its bonds; she looked behind,
And saw over the western steep
  A raging flood descend, and wind
Through that wide vale; she felt no fear,
But said within herself, " 'Tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea."

XIV

And now those raging billows came
  Where that fair Lady sate, and she
Was borne towards the showering flame
  By the wild waves heaped tumultuously;
And, on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

XV

The flames were fiercely vomited
  From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
  O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

XVI

The plank whereon that Lady sate
  Was driven through the chasms, about and about,
Between the peaks so desolate
  Of the drowning mountains, in and out,
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails —
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

XVII

At last her plank an eddy crossed,
  And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reached almost;
  It might the stoutest heart appall
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

XVIII

The eddy whirled her round and round
  Before a gorgeous gate, which stood
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
  Its aëry arch with light like blood;
She looked on that gate of marble clear
With wonder that extinguished fear;

xv. 1 *flames*, Rossetti || *waves*, Hunt, 1819.

XIX

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,
  Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
  Of wingèd shapes, whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those that are,
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

XX

And as she looked, still lovelier grew
  Those marble forms; — the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
  Of his own mind did there endure,
After the touch, whose power had braided
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

XXI

She looked, — the flames were dim, the flood
  Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding through hills in solitude;
  Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean;

XXII

And their lips moved; one seemed to speak,
  When suddenly the mountains cracked,
And through the chasm the flood did break
  With an earth-uplifting cataract;
The statues gave a joyous scream,
And on its wings the pale thin dream
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

XXIII

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
  Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,
And she arose, while from the veil
  Of her dark eyes the dream did creep;
And she walked about as one who knew
That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

TO CONSTANTIA

SINGING

I

THUS to be lost and thus to sink and die,
  Perchance were death indeed! — Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
  Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
  Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
  Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet —
  Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

II

A breathless awe, like the swift change
  Unseen but felt in youthful slumbers,

To Constantia. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
  Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
  By the enchantment of thy strain;
And on my shoulders wings are woven
  To follow its sublime career
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
  Upon the verge of Nature's utmost sphere,
  Till the world's shadowy walls are passed and disappear.

III

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul — it lingers
  O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
  Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick —
  The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
  Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
  As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
  I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

IV

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
  Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.
  Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
  Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn;
  Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which, when the starry waters sleep,

Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR

I

THY country's curse is on thee, darkest crest
  Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm
Which rends our Mother's bosom! — Priestly Pest!
  Masked Resurrection of a buried Form!

II

Thy country's curse is on thee! Justice sold,
  Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown,
And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,
  Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

III

And, whilst that sure slow Angel, which aye stands
  Watching the beck of Mutability,
Delays to execute her high commands,
  And, though a nation weeps, spares thine and thee,

IV

Oh, let a father's curse be on thy soul,
  And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb;

To the Lord Chancellor. Published without title by Mrs. Shelley, v.-ix. and xiv., 1839[1], and with title, i.-xvi., 1839[2]. The authorities enumerated below support the text except in cases noted.

iii. 1 *sure slow*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcripts (Forman, Frederickson[1]) || *slow sure*, Mrs. Shelley, transcripts (Forman, Frederickson[2]), 1839[2].

iii. 1 *Angel, which aye* || cancelled, by Shelley, for *Fate which ever*, Frederickson[1].

Be both, on thy gray head, a leaden cowl
  To weigh thee down to thine approaching doom!

V

I curse thee! By a parent's outraged love,
  By hopes long cherished and too lately lost, —
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,
  By griefs which thy stern nature never crossed;

VI

By those infantine smiles of happy light,
  Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
Quenched even when kindled, — in untimely night,
  Hiding the promise of a lovely birth;

VII

By those unpractised accents of young speech,
  Which he who is a father thought to frame
To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach —
  Thou strike the lyre of mind! — oh, grief and shame!

VIII

By all the happy see in children's growth,
  That undeveloped flower of budding years —
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
  Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears —

iv. 3 *Be* || *And*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Forman) 1839[2].
  4 *thine* || *thy*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Forman).
vi. 4 *promises of lovely*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
vii. 3 *lore* || *love*, Mrs. Shelley, transcripts (Frederickson[1,2]).
viii. 3 *intermingled*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[2]).
  4 *the saddest*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[1]).

IX

By all the days under an hireling's care,
  Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness, —
Oh, wretched ye if ever any were, —
  Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless!

X

By the false cant which on their innocent lips
  Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
  Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb —

XI

By thy most impious Hell, and all its terror;
  By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt
Of thine impostures, which must be their error —
  That sand on which thy crumbling Power is built —

XII

By thy complicity with lust and hate —
  Thy thirst for tears — thy hunger after gold —
The ready frauds which ever on thee wait —
  The servile arts in which thou hast grown old —

ix. 1 *an* || *a*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[1]), 1839[1,2].
3 *any ever*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[1]).
4 *yet not fatherless* || cancelled by Shelley for *why not fatherless*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[1]).
xi. crossed by Shelley and marked *dele*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[1]).
xi. 1 *most*, omit, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[2]).
1 *terrors*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[2]), 1839[2].
3 *errors*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[2]), 1839[2].
xii. 4 *hast* || *art*, Mrs. Shelley, transcripts (Forman, one, Frederickson[2]).

XIII

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile —
By all the arts and snares of thy black den,
And — for thou canst outweep the crocodile —
By thy false tears — those millstones braining men —

XIV

By all the hate which checks a father's love —
By all the scorn which kills a father's care —
By those most impious hands which dared remove
Nature's high bounds — by thee — and by despair —

XV

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,
And cry, "My children are no longer mine —
The blood within those veins may be mine own,
But, Tyrant, their polluted souls are thine;" —

XVI

I curse thee, though I hate thee not. — O slave!
If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming Hell
Of which thou art a demon, on thy grave
This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well!

xiii. 2 *arts and snares*, Mrs. Shelley, transcripts (Forman, Frederickson[2]) || *snares and arts*, Harvard MS.; *snares and nets*, Mrs. Shelley, transcripts (Forman, Frederickson[1]); *acts and snares*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

xiv. 2 *scorn* || *hate*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Frederickson[2]).

xv. 2 *cry* || *say*, transcript, (Forman, one).

3 *those* || *their*, transcripts, (Forman, one, Frederickson[1]).

4 *souls are* || *soul is*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcript (Forman).

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

I

THE billows on the beach are leaping around it,
  The bark is weak and frail,
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it
  Darkly strew the gale.
Come with me, thou delightful child,
Come with me — though the wave is wild,
And the winds are loose, we must not stay,
Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

II

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
  They have made them unfit for thee;
They have withered the smile and dried the tear
  Which should have been sacred to me.
To a blighting faith and a cause of crime
They have bound them slaves in youthly prime,
And they will curse my name and thee
Because we are fearless and free.

To William Shelley. Published without title by Mrs. Shelley, i, v., vi., 1839[1], i.-vi., 1839[2].

i. 1 *on the beach*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1839[2] || omit 1839[1].

5 *thou*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1,2] || omit, Mrs. Shelley, transcript.

8 *the*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1839[1] || omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

ii. 6 *prime*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *time*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

8 *are fearless*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *fearless are*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

III

Come thou, belovèd as thou art;
  Another sleepeth still
Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,
  Which thou with joy shalt fill, —
With fairest smiles of wonder thrown
On that which is indeed our own,
And which in distant lands will be
The dearest playmate unto thee.

IV

Fear not the tyrants will rule forever,
  Or the priests of the evil faith;
They stand on the brink of that raging river
  Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells;
And their swords and their sceptres I floating
    see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

V

Rest, rest, and shriek not, thou gentle child!
  The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
And the cold spray and the clamor wild? —
  There sit between us two, thou dearest —
Me and thy mother — well we know
The storm at which thou tremblest so,

iii. 4 *shalt*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *wilt*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].
iv. Compare *Rosalind and Helen*, 894–901; omit, Mrs. Shelley, transcript.
v. 1 *and*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1,2].

With all its dark and hungry graves,
Less cruel than the savage slaves
Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

VI

This hour will in thy memory
  Be a dream of days forgotten long;
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the Mother of the free;
  And I will teach thine infant tongue
To call upon those heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore, that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim!

ON FANNY GODWIN

Her voice did quiver as we parted,
  Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came, and I departed
  Heeding not the words then spoken.
    Misery — O Misery,
    This world is all too wide for thee.

v. 9 *us*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1839[1] || *thee*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

vi. 1 *will*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1839[2] || *sometime in*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

vi. 2 *long*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1,2].

7 *those*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1839[1] || *their*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

On Fanny Godwin. Published with title, *On F. G.*, by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

LINES

I

THAT time is dead forever, child,
Drowned, frozen, dead forever!
We look on the past,
And stare aghast
At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river.

II

The stream we gazed on then, rolled by;
Its waves are unreturning;
But we yet stand
In a lone land,
Like tombs to mark the memory
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
In the light of life's dim morning.

DEATH

THEY die — the dead return not. Misery
Sits near an open grave and calls them over,
A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye.
They are the names of kindred, friend and lover,
Which he so feebly calls; they all are gone —
Fond wretch, all dead! those vacant names alone,

Lines. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed November 5.

ii. 6 *flee* || *fly*, Rossetti.

Death. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

This most familiar scene, my pain,
These tombs, — alone remain.

Misery, my sweetest friend, oh, weep no more!
Thou wilt not be consoled — I wonder not!
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory, —
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary;
This most familiar scene, my pain,
These tombs, — alone remain.

SONNET. — OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear —
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Sonnet. — Ozymandias. Published by Hunt in The Examiner, January 11, 1818, with *Rosalind and Helen*, 1819.

LINES TO A CRITIC

I

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,
  Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
  As soon as hate in me.

II

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
  And men who rail like thee;
An equal passion to repay
  They are not coy like me.

III

Or seek some slave of power and gold,
  To be thy dear heart's mate;
Thy love will move that bigot cold
  Sooner than me thy hate.

IV

A passion like the one I prove
  Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love —
  How should I then hate thee?

Lines to a Critic. Published by Hunt in The Liberal, No. III. 1823.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818

SONNET: TO THE NILE

MONTH after month the gathered rains descend
  Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells;
  And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
  Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend;
  Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
  By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
  Urging those waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level,
  And they are thine, O Nile! — and well thou knowest
  That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons, spring where'er thou flowest.
  Beware, O Man! for knowledge must to thee
  Like the great flood to Egypt ever be.

Sonnet: To the Nile. Published in The St. James's Magazine, March, 1876. Composed February 4.

5 *fields of moist snow half*, Hunt MS. || *loosened snows no more*, Hunt MS. cancelled.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine,
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

THE PAST

WILT thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould?
  Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
    And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past? Oh, yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it;
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
  And with ghastly whispers tell
    That joy, once lost, is pain.

Passage of the Apennines. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed May 4.

The Past. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

ON A FADED VIOLET

I

THE odor from the flower is gone,
  Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The color from the flower is flown,
  Which glowed of thee, and only thee!

II

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
  It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart, which yet is warm,
  With cold and silent rest.

III

I weep — my tears revive it not;
  I sigh — it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
  Is such as mine should be.

On a Faded Violet, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *Song, On a Faded Violet*, The Literary Pocket-Book, 1821, Mrs. Shelley, 1824. *On a Dead Violet. To* ——, Shelley, Stacey MS. *On a Dead Violet*, Rossetti. Published by Hunt, in The Literary Pocket-Book, 1821. The text follows Hunt's version, which is also that of Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

i. 1 *odor* || *color*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
  2 *kisses breathed* || *sweet eyes smiled*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
  3 *color* || *odor*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
  4 *glowed* || *breathed*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
ii. 1 *shrivelled* || *withered*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
  4 *cold and silent* || *its cold, silent*, Stacey MS.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep, wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind, the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep,
And sinks down, down — like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still,
Longing with divided will
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet?

Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills. Published with *Rosalind and Helen*, 1819. Composed at Este, October, 1818.

What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat?
Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
Then 'twill wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no.
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold;
Bloodless are the veins, and chill,
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones,
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land:
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews, as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughtered town
When a king in glory rides

43 *Is like a sapless leaflet now*, Rossetti.

Through the pomp of fratricides.
Those unburied bones around
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapor, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony.
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain,
Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail,
And the vapors cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair.
Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.

115 *Sea-girt*, Palgrave conj.

A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne among the waves,
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace-gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aërial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourished worms,
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering.
But if Freedom should awake
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold

All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chained like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime.
If not, perish thou and they! —
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away —
Earth can spare ye; while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming.

Perish! let there only be
Floating o'er thy hearthless sea,
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan; —
That a tempest-cleaving Swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
Chastening terror. What though yet

165 *From thy dust shall*, Locker-Lampson MS.
175 *songs* || *sons*, Forman conj.

Poesy's unfailing River,
Which through Albion winds forever
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled?
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own? oh, rather say
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sun-like soul?
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs:
As divinest Shakespeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp, by which the heart
Sees things unearthly;—so thou art,
Mighty spirit! so shall be
The City that did refuge thee!

Lo, the sun floats up the sky,
Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height.
From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that gray cloud

Many-domèd Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heaped upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest-home.
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assuage her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po

And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore —
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray.
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth;
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might;
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born; —
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With myriad tongues victoriously,

And sinks down in fear; — so thou,
O Tyranny! beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest.
Grovel on the earth! ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now.
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist,
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound
Fills the overflowing sky.
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden
With his morning-wingèd feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;

And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song, —
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky:
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odor, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs;
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony;
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf: even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folding wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it

To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife,
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood.
They, not it, would change; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

INVOCATION TO MISERY

I

Come, be happy! — sit near me,
Shadow-vested Misery;
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,
Mourning in thy robe of pride,
Desolation — deified!

II

Come, be happy! — sit near me.
Sad as I may seem to thee,
I am happier far than thou,
Lady, whose imperial brow
Is endiademed with woe.

III

Misery! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother
Living in the same lone home,
Many years — we must live some
Hours or ages yet to come.

IV

'Tis an evil lot, and yet
Let us make the best of it;
If love can live when pleasure dies,

Invocation to Misery, Medwin, 1832 || *Misery, A Fragment*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]. Published by Medwin, The Athenæum, September 8, 1832.

i. 1 *near*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *by*, Medwin, 1832.

iii. 5 *Hours or*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *Years and*, Medwin, 1832.

iv. 2 *best*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *most*, Medwin, 1832.

We two will love, till in our eyes
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

V

Come, be happy! — lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the grasshopper doth sing
Merrily — one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing

VI

There our tent shall be the willow,
And mine arm shall be thy pillow;
Sounds and odors, sorrowful
Because they once were sweet, shall lull
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

VII

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter
With a love thou darest not utter.
Thou art murmuring — thou art weeping —
Is thine icy bosom leaping
While my burning heart lies sleeping?

VIII

Kiss me; — oh! thy lips are cold;
Round my neck thine arms enfold —
They are soft, but chill and dead;

iv. 4 *We two will*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *We will*, Medwin, 1832.
vi. 2 *mine arm shall be thy*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *thine arm shall be my*, Medwin, 1832.
vii. 3 asterisks, Medwin, 1832.
4, 5: —

Thou art murmuring, thou art weeping,
Whilst my burning bosom's leaping.
Medwin, 1832.

And thy tears upon my head
Burn like points of frozen lead.

IX

Hasten to the bridal bed —
Underneath the grave 'tis spread:
In darkness may our love be hid,
Oblivion be our coverlid —
We may rest, and none forbid.

X

Clasp me, till our hearts be grown
Like two shadows into one;
Till this dreadful transport may
Like a vapor fade away
In the sleep that lasts alway.

XI

We may dream, in that long sleep,
That we are not those who weep;
E'en as Pleasure dreams of thee,
Life-deserting Misery,
Thou mayst dream of her with me.

XII

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,
At the shadows of the earth,
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,
Which, like spectres wrapped in shrouds,
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

viii. 5 *frozen* || *molten*, Forman conj.
x. 2 *shadows*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *lovers*, Medwin, 1832, Boscombe MS.
xii. 4 *That*, Medwin, 1832.

XIII

All the wide world beside us
Show like multitudinous
Puppets passing from a scene;
What but mockery can they mean,
Where I am — where thou hast been?

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

I

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright;
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might;
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

xiii. 2 *Show*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *Are*, Medwin, 1832.

3 *Puppets passing*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *Shadows shifting*, Medwin, 1832.

xiii. 4, 5, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] ||

What but mockery may they mean?
Where am I? — Where thou hast been.
Medwin, 1832.

Stanzas. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed in December.

i. 4 *might*, Boscombe MS. || *light*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

5 Benbow, 1826, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]; omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1824; *moist earth*, Boscombe MS. || *moist air*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]; *west wind*, Medwin, 1847.

II

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone —
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,

ii. 8 *measured*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *mingled*, Medwin, 1847.
9 *did any heart now*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *if any heart could*, Medwin, 1847.
iv. 4 *the*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *this*, Medwin, 1847.

Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

V

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

SONNET

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life; though unreal shapes be pictured there,
And it but mimic all we would believe
With colors idly spread, — behind, lurk Fear
And Hope, twin Destinies, who ever weave
Their shadows o'er the chasm sightless and drear.
I knew one who had lifted it — he sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,

iv. 9 *dying*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *outworn*, Medwin, 1847.
Sonnet. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
6 Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *The shadows, which the world calls substance, there*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
7 *had*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains the which he could approve.
Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendor among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819

LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION

I

Corpses are cold in the tomb —
Stones on the pavement are dumb —
Abortions are dead in the womb,
And their mothers look pale, like the death-white shore
Of Albion, free no more.

II

Her sons are as stones in the way —
They are masses of senseless clay —
They are trodden and move not away —
The abortion with which *she* travaileth
Is Liberty, smitten to death.

III

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor!
For thy victim is no redresser —
Thou art sole lord and possessor
Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions — they pave
Thy path to the grave.

Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration. Medwin, 1832 || *England*, Harvard MS. Published by Medwin, The Athenæum, December 8, 1832.

i. 4 *death-white*, Harvard MS., Frederickson MS. || *white*, Medwin, 1832.

IV

Hearest thou the festival din
Of Death and Destruction and Sin,
And Wealth crying, Havoc! within?
'Tis the Bacchanal triumph that makes truth dumb, —
Thine Epithalamium.

V

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife!
Let Fear and Disquiet and Strife
Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life;
Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant! and Hell be thy guide
To the bed of the bride!

SONG

TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND

I

MEN of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?

iv. 1 *festival*, Harvard MS., Frederickson MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *festal*, Medwin, 1832.

iv. 4 *that*, Frederickson MS. || *which*, Harvard MS., Medwin, 1832.

v. 2 *Disquiet*, Frederickson MS, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *Disgust*, Medwin, 1832.

v. 4 *Hell*, Frederickson MS. || *God*, Harvard MS., Medwin, 1832.

5 *the bride*, Harvard MS., Frederickson MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *thy*, Harvard MS. cancelled, Medwin, 1832.

Song: To the Men of England. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

II

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat — nay, drink your blood?

III

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

IV

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

V

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

VI

Sow seed, — but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth, — let no impostor heap;
Weave robes, — let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, — in your defence to bear.

VII

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;
In halls ye deck, another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

VIII

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre.

TO SIDMOUTH AND CASTLEREAGH

I

As from an ancestral oak
  Two empty ravens sound their clarion,
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,
When they scent the noonday smoke
  Of fresh human carrion: —

II

As two gibbering night-birds flit
  From their bowers of deadly yew
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,
  And the stars are none, or few: —

To S[idmou]th and C[astlerea]gh. Harvard MS. || *Similes*, Medwin, 1832. *Similes*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]. *Similes. For Two Political Characters of* 1819, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2]. Published by Medwin, The Athenæum, August 25, 1832.

ii. 2 *yew*, Medwin, 1832 || *hue*, Medwin, 1833.
4 *moon*, Rossetti || *morn*, Medwin, 1832.

III

As a shark and dog-fish wait,
  Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
  Wrinkling their red gills the while—

IV

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,
  Two scorpions under one wet stone,
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,
  Two vipers tangled into one.

ENGLAND IN 1819

An old, mad, blind, despised and dying king;
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn — mud from a muddy spring;
Rulers, who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow;
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field;
An army which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield;
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay:
Religion Christless, Godless — a book sealed;
A Senate — Time's worst statute unrepealed,

England in 1819. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
9 *make*, Rossetti.

Are graves from which a glorious Phantom may
Burst to illumine our tempestuous day.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

I

God prosper, speed, and save,
God raise from England's grave
Her murdered Queen!
Pave with swift victory
The steps of Liberty,
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen.

II

See, she comes throned on high,
On swift Eternity,
God save the Queen!
Millions on millions wait
Firm, rapid, and elate,
On her majestic state!
God save the Queen!

III

She is thine own pure soul
Moulding the mighty whole, —
God save the Queen!
She is thine own deep love
Rained down from heaven above, —
Wherever she rest or move,
God save our Queen!

National Anthem, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *God save the Queen*, Rossetti. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

IV

Wilder her enemies
In their own dark disguise, —
God save our Queen!
All earthly things that dare
Her sacred name to bear,
Strip them, as kings are, bare;
God save the Queen!

V

Be her eternal throne
Built in our hearts alone, —
God save the Queen!
Let the oppressor hold
Canopied seats of gold;
She sits enthroned of old
O'er our hearts Queen.

VI

Lips touched by seraphim
Breathe out the choral hymn, —
God save the Queen!
Sweet as if angels sang,
Loud as that trumpet's clang,
Wakening the world's dead gang, —
God save the Queen!

ODE TO HEAVEN

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

FIRST SPIRIT

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights!
Paradise of golden lights!
  Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now, and which wert then,
  Of the present and the past,
Of the eternal where and when,
  Presence-chamber, temple, home,
  Ever-canopying dome
  Of acts and ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee,
Earth, and all earth's company;
  Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses;
  And green worlds that glide along;
And swift stars with flashing tresses;
  And icy moons most cold and bright,
  And mighty suns beyond the night,
  Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,
Heaven! for thou art the abode
  Of that power which is the glass
Wherein man his nature sees.
  Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees.

Ode to Heaven. Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. Dated in the Harvard MS., Florence, December, 1819.

Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away;
Thou remainest such alway.

SECOND SPIRIT

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,
Round which its young fancies clamber,
Like weak insects in a cave,
Lighted up by stalactites;
But the portal of the grave,
Where a world of new delights
Will make thy best glories seem
But a dim and noonday gleam
From the shadow of a dream!

THIRD SPIRIT

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born!
What is heaven? and what are ye
Who its brief expanse inherit?
What are suns and spheres which flee
With the instinct of that Spirit
Of which ye are but a part?
Drops which Nature's mighty heart
Drives through thinnest veins. Depart!

What is heaven? a globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world;
Constellated suns unshaken,
Orbits measureless, are furled
In that frail and fading sphere,

With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

AN EXHORTATION

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air;
  Poets' food is love and fame;
If in this wide world of care
  Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
  Would they ever change their hue
  As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
    Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth,
  As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
  In a cave beneath the sea.
Where light is, chameleons change;
  Where love is not, poets do;
  Fame is love disguised; if few
Find either, never think it strange
    That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
  A poet's free and heavenly mind.
If bright chameleons should devour
  Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon

An Exhortation. Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. Dated in the Harvard MS., Pisa, April, 1820.
ii. 1 *on*, Shelley, 1820 || *in*, Harvard MS.

As their brother lizards are.
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh, refuse the boon!

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,

Ode to the West Wind. Published with *Prometheus Unbound,* 1820. Composed in the wood near Florence, in the fall.

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

AN ODE

WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1819, BEFORE THE SPANIARDS HAD RECOVERED THEIR LIBERTY

ARISE, arise, arise!
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread!
Be your wounds like eyes
To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.
What other grief were it just to pay?
Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they!
Who said they were slain on the battle-day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes.

An Ode written October, 1819, *before the Spaniards had recovered their Liberty*, Shelley, 1820 || *An Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]. Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820.

Be the cold chains shaken
To the dust where your kindred repose, repose.
Their bones in the grave will start and move
When they hear the voices of those they love
Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner,
When Freedom is riding to conquest by!
Though the slaves that fan her
Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.
And ye who attend her imperial car,
Lift not your hands in the banded war
But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,
To those who have greatly suffered and done!
Never name in story
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.
Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,
Whose revenge, pride, and power, they have overthrown.
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow
With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine!
Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet nature has made divine —
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity;
But let not the pansy among them be —
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY

I

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
  Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
  Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
  Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.

II

Yet it is less the horror than the grace
  Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone,
Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
  Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
  'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

III

And from its head as from one body grow,
  As grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow
  And their long tangles in each other lock,

On the Medusa of Leonardo Da Vinci in the Florentine Gallery. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed at Florence.
ii. 6 *hues*, Rossetti.

And with unending involutions show
  Their mailèd radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

IV

And, from a stone beside, a poisonous eft
  Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes;
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
  Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise
Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,
  And he comes hastening like a moth that hies
After a taper; and the midnight sky
Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

V

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
  For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
Kindled by that inextricable error,
  Which makes a thrilling vapor of the air
Become a and ever-shifting mirror
  Of all the beauty and the terror there —
A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
Gazing in death on heaven from those wet rocks.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

II

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,

The Indian Serenade, Browning MS., Harvard MS. || *Song written for an Indian Air*, The Liberal, ii., 1822. *Lines to an Indian Air*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Published in The Liberal, ii., 1822.

i. 2 *In* || *From*, Copy of Browning MS.

3 *When*, omit, Harvard MS.

4 *shining* || *burning*, Harvard MS., The Liberal, 1822.

7 *Hath led*, Browning MS., The Liberal, 1822 || *Has borne*, Harvard MS.; *has led*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

ii. 3 *The champak odors fail*, Harvard MS., The Liberal, 1822, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *And the champak's*, Browning MS. *And the champak*, Dowden. *And the champak odors pine*, Allingham. *odors of my chaplet*, Boscombe MS.

As I must die on thine,
Oh, belovèd as thou art!

III

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

TO SOPHIA

I

THOU art fair, and few are fairer
  Of the nymphs of earth or ocean;
They are robes that fit the wearer —
  Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion
Ever falls and shifts and glances
As the life within them dances.

ii. 7 *die*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || omit, The Liberal, 1822, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

ii. 8 *Oh*, Browning MS., Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || omit, The Liberal, 1822, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

iii. 7 *press it close to thine*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824, 1839[1] || *press it to thine own*, Browning MS., *press me to thine own*, The Liberal, 1822.

iii. 8 *will* || *must*, Copy of Browning MS.

To Sophia || *Sophia*, Stacey MS. *Lines written for Miss Sophia Stacey*, Rossetti, 1870. Published by Rossetti, 1870.

II

Thy deep eyes, a double Planet,
  Gaze the wisest into madness
With soft clear fire; the winds that fan it
  Are those thoughts of tender gladness
Which, like zephyrs on the billow,
Make thy gentle soul their pillow.

III

If, whatever face thou paintest
  In those eyes, grows pale with pleasure,
If the fainting soul is faintest
  When it hears thy harp's wild measure,
Wonder not that when thou speakest
Of the weak my heart is weakest.

IV

As dew beneath the wind of morning,
  As the sea which whirlwinds waken,
As the birds at thunder's warning,
  As aught mute yet deeply shaken,
As one who feels an unseen spirit, —
Is my heart when thine is near it.

ii. 4 *tender*, Stacey MS. || *gentle*, Stacey MS cancelled.
5 *zephyrs*, Stacey MS. || *lightnings*, Stacey MS. cancelled.
6 *gentle*, Stacey MS. || *softest*, Stacey MS. cancelled.
iii. 2 *those*, Stacey MS. || *thine*, Stacey MS. cancelled.
3 *soul*, Stacey MS. || *heart*, Stacey MS. cancelled.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

I

THE fountains mingle with the river,
  And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
  With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
  All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:
  Why not I with thine?

II

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
  And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
  If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
  And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
  If thou kiss not me?

Love's Philosophy, Hunt, 1819 || *An Anacreontic*, Harvard MS. Published by Hunt, The Indicator, December 22, 1819. Dated in the Harvard MS., January, 1820.

i. 3 *mix forever*, Stacey MS., Indicator, 1819 || *melt together*, Harvard MS.

i. 7 *In one another's being*, Harvard MS., Indicator, 1819 || *In one spirit meet and*, Stacey MS.

ii. 3 *sister*, Harvard MS., Stacey MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *leaf or*, Indicator, 1819.

ii. 4 *disdained its*, Harvard MS., Stacey MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *disdained to kiss its*, Indicator, 1819.

ii. 7 *are all these kissings*, Indicator, 1819 || *all* cancelled for *were these examples*, Harvard MS.; *is all this sweet work*, Stacey MS.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

PART FIRST

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of Night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

The Sensitive Plant. Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. Composed at Pisa, and dated, in the Harvard MS., March, 1820.
6 *Like, felt,* Harvard MS., Shelley, 1820 || *And,* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], *fell,* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

29–32 omit, Harvard MS.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees, —

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it)

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

47 *and* ‖ *or*, Harvard MS.
49 *of*, omit, Harvard MS.

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

82 *The* || *And the*, Harvard MS.
83 *on* || *in*, Harvard MS.

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream; —

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all
love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive
Plant); —

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART SECOND

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even;
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when Night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise:

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it pressed;
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,

15 *morn*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *moon*, Shelley, 1820.

That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier-bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof, —

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

23 *and going*, Shelley, 1820 || *and the going*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

But the bee, and the beam-like ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that
kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown — she died!

PART THIRD

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank.

59 *All* || *Through all*, Harvard MS.

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,

19 *lovely*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *lively*, Shelley, 1820
23 *of the morning* || *of morning*, Harvard MS.
26 *snow*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *now*, Shelley, 1820.
28 *And lilies were drooping, white and wan*, Harvard MS.
32 *by*, Harvard MS. || *after*, Shelley, 1820.
32 *after*, Harvard MS., Shelley, 1820 || *by*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingèd seeds
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-
snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose which have strength to kill;
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;

63 *mists*, Harvard MS.
66: —
Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.
Shelley, 1820, Harvard MS. cancelled, omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came; the wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne,
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want;
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air
And were caught in the branches naked and
bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again;
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,

96 *and their sudden flight from the*, Harvard MS.
98 *And*, omit, Harvard MS.

Shook the boughs thus laden and heavy and stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When Winter had gone and Spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

114 *Whether* || *And if*, Harvard MS.
118 *Whether* || *Or if*, Harvard MS.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

A VISION OF THE SEA

'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale;
From the stark night of vapors the dim rain is driven,
And, when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the waterspouts spin
And bend, as if heaven was ruining in,
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them; they pass
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,
And the waves and the thunders, made silent around,

A Vision of the Sea. Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. Composed at Pisa, and dated, in the Harvard MS., April, 1820.

6 *ruining*, Harvard MS. Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *raining*, Shelley, 1820.

8 *sunk*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *sank*, Shelley, 1820.

Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tossed
Through the low trailing rack of the tempest, is lost
In the skirts of the thundercloud; now down the sweep
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about;
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,
With splendor and terror the black ship environ,
Or, like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire,
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire
The pyramid-billows, with white points of brine,
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.
The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches has passed.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,

One deck is burst up by the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sit on the other?
Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,
Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast? Are those
Twin tigers who burst, when the waters arose,
In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold, —
(What now makes them tame is what then made them bold)
Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a crank,
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank, —
Are these all? Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,
And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon,
Till a lead-colored fog gathered up from the deep,
Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold sleep
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,
O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,
With their hammocks for coffins, the seamen aghast
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast

35 *by*, Harvard MS. || *from*, Shelley, 1820.
37 *sits*, Harvard MS.
38 *crew who*, Harvard MS.

Down the deep, which closed on them above and around,
And the sharks and the dogfish their graveclothes unbound,
And were glutted like Jews with this manna rained down
From God on their wilderness. One after one
The mariners died; on the eve of this day,
When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,
But seven remained. Six the thunder has smitten,
And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written
His scorn of the embalmer; the seventh, from the deck
An oak-splinter pierced through his breast and his back,
And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.
No more? At the helm sits a woman more fair
Than heaven when, unbinding its star-braided hair,
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
She clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee;
It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder
Of the air and the sea; with desire and with wonder
It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near;
It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear
Is outshining the meteors; its bosom beats high,
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye,

61 *had*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Whilst its mother's is lustreless: "Smile not, my child,
But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,
So dreadful since thou must divide it with me!
Dream, sleep! This pale bosom, thy cradle and bed,
Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating with dread!
Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,
That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?
What! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more?
To be after life what we have been before?
Not to touch those sweet hands, not to look on those eyes,
Those lips, and that hair, all that smiling disguise
Thou yet wearest, sweet spirit, which I, day by day,
Have so long called my child, but which now fades away
Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?" Lo! the ship
Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip;
The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine
Crawling inch by inch on them; hair, ears, limbs, and eyne
Stand rigid with horror; a loud, long, hoarse cry
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously,
And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,
Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,

87 *all the*, Harvard MS.

Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,
Hurried on by the might of the hurricane.
The hurricane came from the west, and passed on
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm;
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.
Black as a cormorant the screaming blast,
Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, passed,
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world
Which, based on the sea and to heaven upcurled,
Like columns and walls did surround and sustain
The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain,
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag;
And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,
Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has passed,
Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;
They are scattered like foam on the torrent; and where
The wind has burst out through the chasm, from the air
Of clear morning the beams of the sunrise flow in,
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,
Banded armies of light and of air; at one gate
They encounter, but interpenetrate.
And that breach in the tempest is widening away,
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,

122 *cloud*, Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *clouds*, Shelley, 1820.

And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,
Lulled by the motion and murmurings
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea,
And overhead glorious, but dreadful to see,
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapors of gold,
Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves behold
The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,
And, like passions made still by the presence of Love,
Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide
Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide
From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,
Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with heaven's azure smile,
The wide world of waters is vibrating. Where
Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay
One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle
Stain the clear air with sunbows. The jar, and the rattle
Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress
Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness;
And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains
Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the veins,
Swollen with rage, strength, and effort; the whirl and the splash

As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder; the screams
And hissings, crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-streams,
Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion
A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
The fin-wingèd tomb of the victor. The other
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother,
To his own with the speed of despair. Lo! a boat
Advances; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought
Urge on the keen keel, — the brine foams. At the stern
Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn
In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on
To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone —
'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone —
Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.
With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,
With her right hand she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fear,
Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,
Which trembles and burns with the fervor of dread
Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,
Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her child
Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring; so smiled

160 *impetuously*, Shelley, 1820 || *convulsively*, Harvard MS.

The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister and
brother
The child and the ocean still smile on each other,
Whilst ——

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

The Cloud. Published with *Prometheus Unbound.*
6 *buds*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *birds*, Shelley, 1820.

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, —
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;

To a Skylark || *the,* Harvard MS. cancelled. Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. Composed at Leghorn, 1820.
14 *Thou dost* || *Thy wings,* Harvard MS. cancelled.

Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see — we feel that it is there ;

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As when Night is bare
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

20 *shrill* || *blithe*, Harvard MS. cancelled.
21 *Keen as are* || *Thy notes, like*, Harvard MS. cancelled.
33 *rainbow clouds there* || *the rainbows*, Harvard MS. cancelled.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, — which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;

45 *sweet as love, — which* || *which is love — and*, Harvard MS. cancelled.

53 *warm* || *the*, Harvard MS. cancelled.

55 *faint* || *rich*, Harvard MS. cancelled; *those*, Harvard MS. || *the*, Harvard MS. cancelled, *these*, Shelley, 1820.

I have never heard
  Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
  Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all
  But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
  Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
  What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
    pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
  Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
  Never came near thee;
Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
  Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
  Than we mortals dream —
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
  And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter

72 *happy* || *drunken*, Harvard MS. cancelled.

With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then — as I am listening now.

ODE TO LIBERTY

Yet Freedom, yet, thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.

BYRON.

I

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
The lightning of the Nations; Liberty,
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,

104 *would*, Shelley, 1820 || *should*, Harvard MS.
Ode to Liberty. Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820.

Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And in the rapid plumes of song
Clothed itself, sublime and strong;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey;
Till from its station in the Heaven of fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

II

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth;
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
That island in the ocean of the world,
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air;
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not; but power from worst producing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them, raging without truce or terms.
The bosom of their violated nurse
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

i. 4 *unto*, Harvard MS.

III

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
  His generations under the pavilion
Of the Sun's throne; palace and pyramid,
  Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
Were as to mountain wolves their ragged caves.
    This human living multitude
    Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
  Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
    Hung Tyranny; beneath, sate deified
  The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;
    Into the shadow of her pinions wide
Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood
  Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
  Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

IV

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
  And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
  Of favoring heaven; from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
    On the unapprehensive wild
    The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
  And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
    Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
  Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
    Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein

Of Parian stone; and, yet a speechless child,
  Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
  Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

V

Athens arose; a city such as vision
  Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
  Of kingliest masonry: the ocean floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
    Its portals are inhabited
    By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,—
  A divine work! Athens, diviner yet,
    Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
  Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
    For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead
  In marble immortality, that hill
  Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

VI

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
  Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Immovably unquiet, and forever
  It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
    With an earth-awakening blast
    Through the caverns of the past;
Religion veils her eyes; Oppression shrinks aghast.
  A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
    Which soars where Expectation never flew,

Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew;
One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

VII

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmean Mænad,
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone
Slaves of one tyrant. Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

VIII

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
Or utmost islet inaccessible,
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,
And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
To talk in echoes sad and stern,

Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn?
For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.
What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks
Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, not weep,
When from its sea of death, to kill and burn,
The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?
And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow;
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep,
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

X

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
Whose sun-like shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
In the calm regions of the orient day!
Luther caught thy wakening glance;
Like lightning, from his leaden lance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
In songs whose music cannot pass away,
Though it must flow forever; not unseen
Before the spirit-sighted countenance
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

XI

The eager hours and unreluctant years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,
And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
Answered Pity from her cave;
Death grew pale within the grave,
And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
When, like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,

Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

XII

Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then,
In ominous eclipse? a thousand years,
Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away;
How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,
Rose; armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

XIII

England yet sleeps: was she not called of old?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder;
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle

From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus;
They cry, Be dim, ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er us!
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
And they dissolve; but Spain's were links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us
In the dim West; impress us from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal.

XIV

Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head;
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.
Why do we fear or hope? thou art already free!
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! thou flowery wilderness!
Thou island of eternity! thou shrine
Where desolation clothed with loveliness
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

xiii. 14 *us* ‖ *as*, Forman conj.

XV

Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name
  Of King into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
  Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
      Ye the oracle have heard.
      Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian
      word,
  Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
    Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
  The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
    The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred;
  Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
  To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm.

XVI

Oh, that the wise from their bright minds would
      kindle
  Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of Priest might shrink and
      dwindle
  Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;
      Till human thoughts might kneel alone,
      Each before the judgment-throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown!
  Oh, that the words which make the thoughts
      obscure

xv. 2 *King*, Boscombe MS. || . . . . Shelley, 1820.

From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,
Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue
And frowns and smiles and splendors not their own,
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due.

XVII

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave
Crowned him the King of Life. Oh, vain endeavor!
If on his own high will, a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
Oh, what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her
And cries: "Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth?" if Life can breed
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one.

XVIII

Come thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star

xvii. 9 *Oh*, Shelley, 1820 || *Or*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Beckons the sun from the Eoan wave,
  Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
    Comes she not, and come ye not,
    Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge with solemn truth life's ill-apportioned lot?
  Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
    Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
  O Liberty! if such could be thy name
    Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee —
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
  By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
  Wept tears, and blood like tears? — The solemn harmony

XIX

Paused, and the Spirit of that mighty singing
  To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
Then as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
  Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong through the aërial golden light
    On the heavy sounding plain,
    When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve unburdened of their rain;
  As a far taper fades with fading night,
    As a brief insect dies with dying day, —
  My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
    Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
  As waves which lately paved his watery way
  Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

TO ——

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

ARETHUSA

I

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams;
And gliding and springing,
She went, ever singing,

To ——. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
Arethusa. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, and dated by her, Pisa, 1820.

In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

II

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook;
And opened a chasm
In the rocks — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me,
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter

Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night;
Outspeeding the shark,
And the swordfish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts
They passed to their Dorian home.

V

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,

Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore,
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

SONG OF PROSERPINE

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
Fairest children of the hours,

Song of Proserpine, Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

HYMN OF APOLLO

I

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

III

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of night.

Hymn of Apollo. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

IV

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers
  With their ethereal colors; the moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
  Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

V

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
  Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
  For grief that I depart they weep and frown.
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

VI

I am the eye with which the Universe
  Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
  All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of Art or Nature; — to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

HYMN OF PAN

I

FROM the forests and highlands
  We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,

vi. 6 *their* || *its*, Rossetti.
Hymn of Pan. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

II

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

III

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven — and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth; —
And then I changed my pipings,
Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed.

All wept, as I think both ye now would
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

THE QUESTION

I

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

II

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets —
(Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth)
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

The Question. Hunt, 1822 || *A Dream.* Harvard MS. Published by Hunt in The Literary Pocket-Book, 1822.

ii. 6 Harvard MS., Boscombe MS. || omit, Ollier MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

ii 7 *Heaven's collected*, Harvard MS., Ollier MS., Hunt, 1822 || *heaven-collected*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

III

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
  Green eowbind and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
  Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day,
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
  With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

IV

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
  There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white;
And starry river buds among the sedge;
  And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
  With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes and reeds, of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

V

Methought that of these visionary flowers
  I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
  Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
  Within my hand, — and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! — Oh, to whom?

THE TWO SPIRITS

AN ALLEGORY

FIRST SPIRIT

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire
  Wouldst float above the earth, beware!
A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire —
    Night is coming!
Bright are the regions of the air,
  And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there —
    Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT

The deathless stars are bright above;
  If I would cross the shade of night,
Within my heart is the lamp of love,
    And that is day!
And the moon will smile with gentle light
  On my golden plumes where'er they move;
The meteors will linger round my flight,
    And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
  Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain?
See, the bounds of the air are shaken —
    Night is coming!
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
  Yon declining sun have overtaken;

The Two Spirits. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain —
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT

I see the Light, and I hear the sound:
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day;
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound;
My moon-like flight thou then mayst mark
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
Mid Alpine mountains:
And that the languid storm pursuing
That winged shape forever flies
Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aëry fountains.

Some say when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
Which make night day;
And a silver shape like his early love doth pass,
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
And, when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

31 *moon-like*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824; *moonlight*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
44 *makes*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

LETTER TO MARIA GISBORNE

LEGHORN, *July* 1, 1820.

THE spider spreads her webs whether she be
In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree;
The silkworm in the dark green mulberry leaves
His winding sheet and cradle ever weaves;
So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,
Sit spinning still round this decaying form,
From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought —
No net of words in garish colors wrought
To catch the idle buzzers of the day —
But a soft cell, where when that fades away
Memory may clothe in wings my living name
And feed it with the asphodels of fame,
Which in those hearts which must remember me
Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wist,
Would think I were a mighty mechanist,
Bent with sublime Archimedean art
To breathe a soul into the iron heart
Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,
Which by the force of figured spells might win
Its way over the sea, and sport therein;
For round the walls are hung dread engines, such
As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch
Ixion or the Titan, — or the quick

Letter to Maria Gisborne. Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *Letter to* ——. Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

2 *cellar, or barn*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *cellar, barn*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript.

13 *must*, Boscombe MS. || *most*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824.

Wit of that man of God, St. Dominic,
To convince Atheist, Turk or Heretic,
Or those in philanthropic council met,
Who thought to pay some interest for the debt
They owed to Jesus Christ for their salvation,
By giving a faint foretaste of damnation
To Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser and the rest
Who made our land an island of the blest,
When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire: —
With thumbscrews, wheels, with tooth and spike
and jag,
Which fishers found under the utmost crag
Of Cornwall and the storm-encompassed isles,
Where to the sky the rude sea rarely smiles
Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn
When the exulting elements in scorn,
Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,
As panthers sleep; — and other strange and dread
Magical forms the brick floor overspread —
Proteus transformed to metal did not make
More figures, or more strange; nor did he take
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass
Of tin and iron, not to be understood,
And forms of unimaginable wood

27 *philanthropic*, Boscombe MS. ‖ *philosophic*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript. 1824.

29 Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] ‖ *They owed* . . . Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

36 *Which fishers*. Boscombe MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcript ‖ *Which fishes*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824, *With fishes*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

38 *rarely*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript ‖ *seldom*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

49 *and*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 ‖ *or*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript.

To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood;
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and groovèd
blocks, —
The elements of what will stand the shocks
Of wave and wind and time. Upon the table
More knacks and quips there be than I am able
To catalogize in this verse of mine: —
A pretty bowl of wood — not full of wine,
But quicksilver; that dew which the gnomes drink
When at their subterranean toil they swink,
Pledging the demons of the earthquake, who
Reply to them in lava — cry halloo!
And call out to the cities o'er their head, —
Roofs, towers and shrines, the dying and the dead,
Crash through the chinks of earth — and then all
quaff
Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.
This quicksilver no gnome has drunk — within
The walnut bowl it lies, veinèd and thin,
In color like the wake of light that stains
The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains
The inmost shower of its white fire — the breeze
Is still — blue heaven smiles over the pale seas.
And in this bowl of quicksilver — for I
Yield to the impulse of an infancy
Outlasting manhood — I have made to float
A rude idealism of a paper boat, —
A hollow screw with cogs — Henry will know
The thing I mean and laugh at me, if so
He fears not I should do more mischief. Next
Lie bills and calculations much perplexed,
With steamboats, frigates, and machinery quaint

63 *towers*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *towns*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.
Then comes a range of mathematical
Instruments, for plans nautical and statical;
A heap of rosin, a queer broken glass
With ink in it; a china cup that was
What it will never be again, I think,
A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink
The liquor doctors rail at — and which I
Will quaff in spite of them — and when we die
We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,
And cry out, "heads or tails?" where'er we be.
Near that a dusty paint box, some odd hooks,
A half-burnt match, an ivory block, three books,
Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,
To great Laplace from Saunderson and Sims,
Lie heaped in their harmonious disarray
Of figures, — disentangle them who may.
Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,
And some odd volumes of old chemistry.
Near those a most inexplicable thing,
With lead in the middle — I'm conjecturing
How to make Henry understand; but no —
I'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,
This secret in the pregnant womb of time,
Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,
Plotting dark spells, and devilish enginery,

84 *queer*, Boscombe MS. || *green*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824.
92 *odd hooks*, Mrs. Shelley transcript || *old hooks*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824, *old books*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
100 *those* Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *them*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
101 *lead*, Boscombe MS. || *least*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824.

The self-impelling steam-wheels of the mind
Which pump up oaths from clergymen, and grind
The gentle spirit of our meek reviews
Into a powdery foam of salt abuse,
Ruffling the ocean of their self-content;
I sit — and smile or sigh as is my bent,
But not for them; Libeccio rushes round
With an inconstant and an idle sound —
I heed him more than them; the thunder-smoke
Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak
Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare;
The ripe corn under the undulating air
Undulates like an ocean; and the vines
Are trembling wide in all their trellised lines.
The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
The empty pauses of the blast; the hill
Looks hoary through the white electric rain,
And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain,
The interrupted thunder howls; above
One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of Love
On the unquiet world; — while such things are,
How could one worth your friendship heed the war
Of worms? the shriek of the world's carrion jays,
Their censure, or their wonder, or their praise?

You are not here! the quaint witch Memory sees
In vacant chairs your absent images,
And points where once you sat, and now should be
But are not. I demand if ever we
Shall meet as then we met; and she replies,
Veiling in awe her second-sighted eyes;

127 *eye*, Boscombe MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1839[1] || *age*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

"I know the past alone — but summon home
My sister Hope. — she speaks of all to come."
But I, an old diviner, who knew well
Every false verse of that sweet oracle,
Turned to the sad enchantress once again,
And sought a respite from my gentle pain,
In citing every passage o'er and o'er
Of our communion — how on the seashore
We watched the ocean and the sky together,
Under the roof of blue Italian weather;
How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm,
And felt the transverse lightning linger warm
Upon my cheek; and how we often made
Feasts for each other, where good-will outweighed
The frugal luxury of our country cheer,
As well it might, were it less firm and clear
Than ours must ever be; and how we spun
A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
Of this familiar life which seems to be
But is not — or is but quaint mockery
Of all we would believe — and sadly blame
The jarring and inexplicable frame
Of this wrong world; and then anatomize
The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes
Were closed in distant years; or widely guess
The issue of the earth's great business,
When we shall be as we no longer are, —

140 *knew*, Boscombe MS. || *know*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824.
144 *citing*, Boscombe MS, || *acting*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824.
151 *Feasts*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *Treats*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
153 *well it*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *it well*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
158 *believe, and*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *believe; or*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
164 Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824 || *no longer as we are*, Forman conj.

Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war
Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not; — or how
You listened to some interrupted flow
Of visionary rhyme, — in joy and pain
Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,
With little skill perhaps; or how we sought
Those deepest wells of passion or of thought
Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,
Staining their sacred waters with our tears, —
Quenching a thirst ever to be renewed.
Or how I, wisest lady! then indued
The language of a land which now is free,
And, winged with thoughts of truth and majesty,
Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,
And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,
"My name is Legion!" — that majestic tongue
Which Calderon over the desert flung
Of ages and of nations, — and which found
An echo in our hearts, — and with the sound
Startled oblivion; — thou wert then to me
As is a nurse — when inarticulately
A child would talk as its grown parents do.
If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,
If hawks chase doves through the ethereal way,
Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,
Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast
Out of the forest of the pathless past
These recollected pleasures?

You are now
In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow

173 *their*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *the*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
188 *ethereal*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *aërial*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Yet in its depth what treasures! You will see
That which was Godwin, — greater none than he
Though fallen — and fallen on evil times — to stand
Among the spirits of our age and land,
Before the dread tribunal of *to come*
The foremost, — while Rebuke cowers pale and dumb.
You will see Coleridge — he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair —
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.
You will see Hunt — one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is — a tomb;
Who is what others seem; his room no doubt
Is still adorned by many a cast from Shout,
With graceful flowers tastefully placed about,
And coronals of bay from ribbons hung,
And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung, —
The gifts of the most learned among some dozens

197–201 Boscombe MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcript ‖ omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1824, 1839[1].

> Your old friend Godwin, greater none than he;
> Though fallen on evil times, yet will he stand,
> Among the spirits of our age and land,
> Before the dread tribunal of To-come
> The foremost, whilst rebuke stands pale and dumb.
>
> Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

205 *lightning*, Boscombe MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcript ‖ *lustre*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Of female friends, sisters-in-law and cousins.
And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brain for smiles, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door;
Alas! it is no use to say, "I'm poor!"
Or oft in graver mood, when he will look
Things wiser than were ever read in book,
Except in Shakespeare's wisest tenderness. —
You will see Hogg, — and I cannot express
His virtues, — though I know that they are great,
Because he locks, then barricades the gate
Within which they inhabit; of his wit
And wisdom you'll cry out when you are bit.
He is a pearl within an oyster shell,
One of the richest of the deep. And there
Is English Peacock, with his mountain fair,
Turned into a Flamingo, — that shy bird
That gleams i' the Indian air; — have you not heard
When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him? — but you
Will see him, and will like him too, I hope,
With the milk-white Snowdonian Antelope
Matched with this cameleopard; his fine wit
Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it;
A strain too learnèd for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots; let his page
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,

224 *read*, Boscombe MS. || *said*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824.

240 *this*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *the*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript; *his*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

244 *time*, Boscombe MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *age*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Fold itself up for the serener clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation. Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge; all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight, —
Are all combined in Horace Smith. And these,
With some exceptions, which I need not tease
Your patience by descanting on, are all
You and I know in London.

I recall
My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night.
As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
Fills the void, hollow, universal air.
What see you? — unpavilioned heaven is fair
Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
And the rare stars rush through them dim and fast: —
All this is beautiful in every land.
But what see you beside? — a shabby stand
Of Hackney coaches — a brick house or wall
Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl
Of our unhappy politics; or worse —
A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse
Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,
You must accept in place of serenade, —

245 *the*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *a*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
247 *expectation*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *reputation*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript.

Or yellow-haired Pollonia murmuring
To Henry, some unutterable thing.
I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit
Built round dark caverns, even to the root
Of the living stems that feed them — in whose bowers
There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers;
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
In circles quaint and ever changing dance,
Like wingèd stars, the fireflies flash and glance,
Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed, a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the milky way;
Afar the Contadino's song is heard,
Rude, but made sweet by distance — and a bird
Which cannot be the Nightingale, and yet
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour; — and then all is still. —
Now Italy or London, which you will!

Next winter you must pass with me; I'll have
My house by that time turned into a grave
Of dead despondence and low-thoughted care,
And all the dreams which our tormentors are;
Oh! that Hunt, Hogg, Peacock and Smith were there,
With every thing belonging to them fair! —

272, 273 Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || omit, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824, 1839[1].
276 *that*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *who*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
288 *the*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *a*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
296 Boscombe MS., Mrs. Shelley, transcript.

We will have books, Spanish, Italian, Greek;
And ask one week to make another week
As like his father, as I'm unlike mine,
Which is not his fault, as you may divine.
Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,
Yet let's be merry: we'll have tea and toast;
Custards for supper, and an endless host
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,
And other such lady-like luxuries, —
Feasting on which we will philosophize!
And we'll have fires out of the Grand Duke's wood,
To thaw the six weeks' winter in our blood.
And then we'll talk; — what shall we talk about?
Oh! there are themes enough for many a bout
Of thought-entangled descant; — as to nerves —
With cones and parallelograms and curves
I've sworn to strangle them if once they dare
To bother me — when you are with me there.
And they shall never more sip laudanum,
From Helicon or Himeros; — well, come,
And in despite of God and of the devil,
We'll make our friendly philosophic revel
Outlast the leafless time; till buds and flowers
Warn the obscure inevitable hours
Sweet meeting by sad parting to renew; —
"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

301 Mrs. Shelley, transcript || omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1824, 1839[1,2].

317 *well, come*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *we'll come*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript, 1824, 1839[1].

318 *despite of God*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *despite of* . . . Mrs. Shelley, 1824, *spite of* . . . Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

319 *We'll*, Mrs. Shelley, transcript || *Will*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824, 1839[1,2].

ODE TO NAPLES

EPODE I *a*

I STOOD within the city disinterred;
  And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
  The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
    Thrill through those roofless halls;
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
  The listening soul in my suspended blood;
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
  I felt, but heard not. Through white columns glowed
    The isle-sustaining Ocean-flood,
A plane of light between two Heavens of azure:
  Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
  Were to spare Death, had never made erasure;
    But every living lineament was clear
    As in the sculptor's thought; and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
  Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
  Seemed only not to move and grow
    Because the crystal silence of the air
  Weighed on their life; even as the Power divine,
  Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

EPODE II *a*

Then gentle winds arose,
With many a mingled close

Ode to Naples. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed at the Baths of San Giuliano, near Pisa, August 17–25.

Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odor keen;
And where the Baian ocean
Weltters with air-like motion.
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves,
Even as the ever stormless atmosphere
Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
It bore me, like an angel, o'er the waves
Of sunlight, whose swift pinnace of dewy air
No storm can overwhelm.
I sailed where ever flows
Under the calm Serene
A spirit of deep emotion
From the unknown graves
Of the dead kings of Melody.
Shadowy Aornus darkened o'er the helm
The horizontal ether; heaven stripped bare
Its depths over Elysium, where the prow
Made the invisible water white as snow;
From that Typhæan mount, Inarimé,
There streamed a sunlit vapor, like the standard
Of some ethereal host;
Whilst from all the coast,
Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered
Over the oracular woods and divine sea
Prophesyings which grew articulate —
They seize me — I must speak them — be they fate!

STROPHE α 1

Naples, thou Heart of men, which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest

The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
To Love, the flower-enchained!
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail, —
Hail, hail, all hail!

STROPHE β 2

Thou youngest giant birth,
Which from the groaning earth
Leap'st, clothed in armor of impenetrable scale!
Last of the intercessors
Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors
Pleadest before God's love! Arrayed in Wisdom's mail,
Wave thy lightning lance in mirth,
Nor let thy high heart fail,
Though from their hundred gates the leagued Oppressors,
With hurried legions move!
Hail, hail, all hail!

ANTISTROPHE α 1

What though Cimmerian anarchs dare blaspheme
Freedom and thee? thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer;
A new Actæon's error

Shall theirs have been — devoured by their own hounds!
  Be thou like the imperial Basilisk,
Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds!
  Gaze on oppression, till, at that dread risk
  Aghast, she pass from the Earth's disk;
Fear not, but gaze — for freemen mightier grow,
And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.
  If Hope, and Truth, and Justice may avail,
  Thou shalt be great. — All hail!

ANTISTROPHE β 2

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,
Strip every impious gaud, rend Error veil by veil;
O'er Ruin desolate,
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed; be the Destroyer pale!
And equal laws be thine,
And wingèd words let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God;
That wealth, surviving fate,
Be thine. — All hail!

ANTISTROPHE α 7

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan
  From land to land reëchoed solemnly,
Till silence became music? From the Ægean
To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
Starts to hear thine! The Sea
Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
  In light and music; widowed Genoa wan
By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,

Murmuring, Where is Doria? Fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper's palsying venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
(If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail)
Art thou of all these hopes. — O hail!

ANTISTROPHE β γ

Florence! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation;
From eyes of quenchless hope
Rome tears the priestly cope,
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration, —
An athlete stripped to run
From a remoter station
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore: —
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
So now may Fraud and Wrong! O hail!

EPODE I β

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
Arrayed against the ever-living Gods?
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
Bursting their inaccessible abodes
Of crags and thunder-clouds?
See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide
With iron light is dyed,
The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions

Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions
And lawless slaveries, — down the aërial regions
Of the white Alps, desolating,
Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
Trampling our columned cities into dust,
Their dull and savage lust
On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating —
They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
With fire — from their red feet the streams run gory!

EPODE II β

Great Spirit, deepest Love!
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;
Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor;
Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
From the Earth's bosom chill;
Oh, bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison!
Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
Bid thy bright Heaven above,
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who planned
To make it ours and thine!
Or with thine harmonizing ardors fill

And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire!
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
The instrument to work thy will divine!
  Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
    And frowns and fears from Thee,
    Would not more swiftly flee,
  Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds. —
    Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
    Thou yieldest or withholdest, oh, let be
    This city of thy worship, ever free!

AUTUMN;

A DIRGE

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth, her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
  Come, Months, come away,
  From November to May,
  In your saddest array;
  Follow the bier
  Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

Autumn. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

DEATH

I

DEATH is here, and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above, is death — and we are death.

II

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear,
. . . . . .

III

First our pleasures die — and then
Our hopes, and then our fears — and when

Death. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust — and we die too.

IV

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot —
Love itself would, did they not.

LIBERTY

I

THE fiery mountains answer each other,
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

II

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around;
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sound
Is bellowing underground.

III

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

Liberty. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

IV

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapor and blast;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet, thy dawning is cast, —
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
In the van of the morning light.

SUMMER AND WINTER

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon — and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun; the weeds,
The river, and the cornfields, and the reeds;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when
Among their children comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old!

Summer and Winter. Published by Mrs. Shelley, in The Keepsake, 1829.

THE TOWER OF FAMINE

AMID the desolation of a city,
Which was the cradle and is now the grave
Of an extinguished people, — so that pity

Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,
There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built
Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave

For bread, and gold, and blood; pain, linked to guilt,
Agitates the light flame of their hours,
Until its vital oil is spent or spilt.

There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred domes, — each marble-ribbèd roof,
The brazen-gated temples and the bowers

Of solitary wealth; the tempest-proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air
Are by its presence dimmed — they stand aloof,

And are withdrawn — so that the world is bare;
As if a spectre, wrapped in shapeless terror,
Amid a company of ladies fair

Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty, — and their hair and hue,

The Tower of Famine. Published by Mrs. Shelley, in The Keepsake, 1829.

11–14 *Each . . . temple . . . wealth, i' the . . . pavilion,* Rossetti conj.

16 *world* || *void,* Rossetti conj.

The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

AN ALLEGORY

I

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant
  Stands yawning on the highway of the life
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt;
  Around it rages an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

II

And many pass it by with careless tread,
  Not knowing that a shadowy . . .
Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
  Wait peacefully for their companion new;
But others, by more curious humor led,
  Pause to examine; these are very few,
And they learn little there, except to know
That shadows follow them where'er they go.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

I

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
  Speed thee in thy fiery flight,

An Allegory. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
ii. 1 *pass*, Rossetti ‖ *passed*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
The World's Wanderers. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

In what cavern of the night
    Will thy pinions close now?

II

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
    Seekest thou repose now?

III

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
    On the tree or billow?

SONNET

Ye hasten to the grave! What seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear?
O thou quick heart, which pantest to possess
All that pale expectation feigneth fair!
Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess

Sonnet. Published by Hunt, in The Literary Pocket-Book, 1824.

1 *grave*, Ollier MS. || *dead*, Harvard MS., Hunt, 1823.

5 *pale Expectation*, Ollier MS. || *anticipation*, Harvard MS., Hunt, 1823.

Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,
And all that never yet was known would know, —
Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking alike from happiness and woe
A refuge in the cavern of gray death?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

LINES TO A REVIEWER

ALAS! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate when all the rage
Is on one side. In vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks to beguile
Your heart by some faint sympathy of hate.
Oh, conquer what you cannot satiate!
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter noon. Of your antipathy
If I am the Narcissus, you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.

7 *must*, Harvard MS., Hunt, 1823 || *mayst*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
8 *all that . . . would*, Harvard MS., Hunt, 1823 || *that which*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824, *wouldst*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
Lines to a Reviewer. Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *To* ——. Hunt, 1823; *Sonnet*. Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Published by Hunt, in The Literary Pocket-Book, 1823.

TIME LONG PAST

I

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is Time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was Time long past.

II

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of Time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last —
That Time long past.

III

There is regret, almost remorse,
For Time long past.
'Tis like a child's belovèd corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance cast
From Time long past.

Time Long Past. Published by Rossetti, 1870.

BUONA NOTTE

I

"BUONA notte, buona notte!" — Come mai
La notte sarà buona senza te?
Non dirmi buona notte, — chè tu sai,
La notte sà star buona da per sè.

II

Solinga, scura, cupa, senza speme,
La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona;
Pei cuori chi si batton insieme
Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona.

III

Come male buona notte si suona
Con sospiri e parole interrotte! —
Il modo di aver la notte buona
E mai non di dir la buona notte.

GOOD-NIGHT

I

GOOD-NIGHT? ah, no! the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;

Buona Notte. Published by Medwin in *The Angler in Wales*, 1834. The text follows Rossetti's version of the Boscombe MS.

Good-Night. Published by Hunt, The Literary Pocket-Book, 1822.

i.–iii. Harvard MS. Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

i. 1 *Good-night? no, love! the night is ill*, Stacey MS.

Let us remain together still,
  Then it will be *good night.*

II

How can I call the lone night good,
  Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
  Then it will be *good night.*

III

To hearts which near each other move
  From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
  They never *say* good-night.

ii. 1 *How were the night without thee good*, Stacey MS.
iii. 1 *The hearts that on each other beat*, Stacey MS., *The*, Harvard MS. cancelled.
iii. 3 *Have nights as good as they are sweet*, Stacey MS.
iii. 4 *They* || *But*, Stacey MS.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

I

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
  Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
  For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

II

As an earthquake rocks a corse
  In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
  Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

III

As the wild air stirs and sways
  The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
  Rocks the year: — be calm and mild,

Dirge for the Year. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, and dated January 1, 1821.

ii. 4 *death-cold*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *dead-cold*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

IV

January gray is here,
  Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
  March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps — but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

TIME

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years,
  Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
  Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality,
  And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
  Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
    Who shall put forth on thee,
    Unfathomable Sea?

Time. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

FROM THE ARABIC

AN IMITATION

I

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
Bore thee far from me;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

II

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

SONG

I

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!

From the Arabic. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
Song. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Wherefore hast thou left me now
  Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

II

How shall ever one like me
  Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
  Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

III

As a lizard with the shade
  Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
  Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV

Let me set my mournful ditty
  To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
  Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V

I love all that thou lovest,
  Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
  And the starry night;

Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

VI

I love snow, and all the forms
  Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
  Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII

I love tranquil solitude,
  And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
  Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII

I love Love — though he has wings,
  And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
  Spirit, I love thee.
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

TO NIGHT

I

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

II

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long-sought!

III

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

To Night. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
i. 1 *o'er*, Harvard MS. || *over*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
iii. 5 *his* || *her*, Rossetti.

IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — and I replied,
No, not thee!

V

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon;
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night, —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

TO ——

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

To ——. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

TO ——

I

When passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last,
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

II

It were enough to feel, to see
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest — and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

III

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear;
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea, but two, which move
And form all others, life and love.

To ——. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

MUTABILITY

I

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

II

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

III

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

Mutability. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
ii. 2 *how*, Boscombe MS. || *too*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
5 *though soon we*, or *so soon they*, Rossetti conj.

LINES

I

FAR, far away, O ye
Halcyons of Memory,
Seek some far calmer nest
Than this abandoned breast!
No news of your false spring
To my heart's winter bring;
Once having gone, in vain
Ye come again.

II

Vultures, who build your bowers
High in the Future's towers,
Withered hopes on hopes are spread!
Dying joys, choked by the dead,
Will serve your beaks for prey
Many a day.

THE FUGITIVES

I

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing —
Away!

Lines. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
The Fugitives. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing —
Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion;
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm —
Come away!

II

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now," —
Shouted he;

And she cried, "Ply the oar;
Put off gayly from shore!" —
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III

"And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?

And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
    I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover;
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
    Soft and low;

While around the lashed Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
    To and fro.

IV

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten
The bridegroom stands, eaten
    By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father;
To his voice the mad weather
    Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
    Of his name!

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON

WHAT! alive and so bold, O Earth?
Art thou not over-bold?
What! leapest thou forth as of old
In the light of thy morning mirth,
The last of the flock of the starry fold?
Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?
What spark is alive on thy hearth?
How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?
And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?
Thou wert warming thy fingers old
O'er the embers covered and cold
Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled;
What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

"Who has known me of old," replied Earth,
"Or who has my story told?
It is thou who art over-bold."
And the lightning of scorn laughed forth
As she sung, "To my bosom I fold
All my sons when their knell is knolled,

Lines written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon. Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*, Shelley, 1821. Published with *Hellas*, 1821.
ii. 8 *dost thou*, Rossetti.

And so with living motion all are fed,
And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

"Still alive and still bold," shouted Earth,
"I grow bolder, and still more bold.
The dead fill me ten thousand-fold
Fuller of speed, and splendor, and mirth.
I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uprolled,
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

"Ay, alive and still bold," muttered Earth,
"Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled,
In terror, and blood, and gold,
A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
Leave the millions who follow to mould
The metal before it be cold;
And weave into his shame, which like the dead
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled."

SONNET

POLITICAL GREATNESS

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,

Sonnet. Political Greatness, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *Sonnet to the Republic of Benevento*, Harvard MS. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

A BRIDAL SONG

I

THE golden gates of sleep unbar
  Where strength and beauty, met together,
Kindle their image like a star
  In a sea of glassy weather!
Night, with all thy stars look down;
  Darkness, weep thy holiest dew;
Never smiled the inconstant moon
      On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight;—
Haste, swift hour, and thy flight
        Oft renew.

II

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
  Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
      Dawn,— ere it be long.

6 *the* || *its*, Harvard MS.
A Bridal Song. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

O joy! O fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun!
Come along!

EPITHALAMIUM

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down!
Darkness, shed its holiest dew!
When ever smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true?
Hence, coy hour! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

BOYS

O joy! O fear! what may be done
In the absence of the sun?
Come along!

The golden gates of sleep unbar!
When strength and beauty meet together,
Kindles their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Hence, coy hour! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

GIRLS

O joy! O fear! what may be done
In the absence of the sun?
Come along!

Epithalamium. Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847.

Fairies! sprites! and angels keep her!
  Holiest powers, permit no wrong!
And return, to wake the sleeper,
  Dawn, ere it be long.
Hence, swift hour! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Hence, coy hour! and thy loved flight
      Oft renew.

BOYS AND GIRLS

O joy! O fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun?
                Come along!

ANOTHER VERSION

BOYS SING

NIGHT! with all thine eyes look down!
  Darkness! weep thy holiest dew!
Never smiled the inconstant moon
  On a pair so true.
Haste, coy hour! and quench all light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Haste, swift hour! and thy loved flight
      Oft renew!

GIRLS SING

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
  Holy stars! permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
  Dawn, ere it be long!
O joy! O fear! there is not one
Of us can guess what may be done

Another Version. Published by Rossetti, 1870.

In the absence of the sun: —
Come along!

BOYS

Oh, linger long, thou envious eastern lamp
In the damp
Caves of the deep!

GIRLS

Nay, return, Vesper! urge thy lazy car!
Swift unbar
The gates of Sleep!

CHORUS

The golden gate of Sleep unbar,
When Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
May the purple mist of love
Round them rise, and with them move,
Nourishing each tender gem
Which, like flowers, will burst from them.
As the fruit is to the tree
May their children ever be!

EVENING

PONTE AL MARE, PISA

I

THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;

Evening. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
  And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

II

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
  Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
  And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

III

Within the surface of the fleeting river
  The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and forever
  It trembles, but it never fades away;
Go to the
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

IV

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
  By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled — but
  Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

i. 6 *summer*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *silent*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
iv. 2 *enormous*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *cinereous*, Boscombe MS.

THE AZIOLA

I

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
  Methinks she must be nigh,"
    Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;
    And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
  Asked, "Who is Aziola?" How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
  No mockery of myself to fear or hate!
    And Mary saw my soul,
And laughed, and said, "Disquiet yourself not,
    'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

II

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
  Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
  And fields and marshes wide, —
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
  The soul ever stirred;
Unlike and far sweeter than them all.
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
  Loved thee and thy sad cry.

The Aziola. Published by Mrs. Shelley, in The Keepsake, 1829.

TO ——

I

One word is too often profaned
  For me to profane it.
One feeling too falsely disdained
  For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
  For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
  Than that from another.

II

I can give not what men call love,
  But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
  And the Heavens reject not, —
The desire of the moth for the star,
  Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
  From the sphere of our sorrow?

To ——. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

REMEMBRANCE

I

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
    Art thou come and gone.
As the wood when leaves are shed,
As the night when sleep is fled,
As the heart when joy is dead,
    I am left lone, alone.

II

The swallow summer comes again,
The owlet night resumes his reign,
But the wild swan youth is fain
    To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow;
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
    Sunny leaves from any bough.

Remembrance. Trelawny MS. || *Song.* Harvard MS. *A Lament.* Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

i. 2, 3 transpose, Trelawny MS.

5–7 Houghton MS. ||

As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
Trelawny MS., Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

i. 8 Houghton MS., Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *alone, alone,* Trelawny MS.

ii. 2 *his,* Houghton MS. || *her,* Trelawny MS., Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

ii. 5 Houghton MS., Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *My heart to-day desires to-morrow,* Trelawny MS.

III

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead —
    Pansies let *my* flowers be;
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear —
Let no friend, however dear,
    Waste one hope, one fear for me.

TO EDWARD WILLIAMS

I

THE serpent is shut out from paradise.
  The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
    In which its heart-cure lies;
  The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower,
Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs
    Fled in the April hour.
  I, too, must seldom seek again
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

II

Of hatred I am proud, — with scorn content;
  Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown
    Itself indifferent;

iii. 4 Houghton MS., Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824 ‖ *Sadder flowers find for me*, Trelawny MS.

iii. 8 Houghton MS., Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1824 ‖ *a hope, a fear*, Trelawny MS.

To Edward Williams. Rossetti ‖ *To* ——. Trelawny MS. *Stanzas to . . .* Ascham, 1834. *Stanzas.* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]. Published in Ascham's edition, 1834.

ii. 2 *which once hurt me is now*, Trelawny MS.

But, not to speak of love, pity alone
Can break a spirit already more than bent.
The miserable one
Turns the mind's poison into food, —
Its medicine is tears, — its evil good.

III

Therefore if now I see you seldomer,
Dear friends, dear *friend!* know that I only fly
Your looks, because they stir
Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die.
The very comfort that they minister
I scarce can bear; yet I,
So deeply is the arrow gone,
Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

IV

When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why I am not as I have ever been.
You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part in life's dull scene,
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean,
In the world's carnival. I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

V

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still said,

iii. 2 *Dear friends, dear friend*, Trelawny MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *Dear gentle friend*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
iv. 2 *ever*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *lately*, Trelawny MS.
4 *in*, Trelawny MS. || *on*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

"She loves me — loves me not."
And if this meant a vision long since fled —
If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought —
If it meant, — but I dread
To speak what you may know too well:
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

VI

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
When it no more would roam;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,
And thus at length find rest:
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

VII

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed
That I had resolution. One who *had*
Would ne'er have thus relieved
His heart with words, — but what his judgment bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.
These verses are too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

vi. 3 *Whence,* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
8 *will,* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *shall,* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
vii. 5 *unrelieved,* Trelawny MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *unreprieved,* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
vii. 6 *were,* Trelawny MS.

TO-MORROW

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?
When young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek, —
In thy place — ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled — To-day.

LINES

IF I walk in Autumn's even
While the dead leaves pass,
If I look on Spring's soft heaven, —
Something is not there which was.
Winter's wondrous frost and snow,
Summer's clouds, where are they now?

A LAMENT

I

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more — oh, never more!

To-morrow. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
Lines. Published by Rossetti, 1870.
A Lament. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

II

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
  Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
    No more — oh, never more!

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822

LINES

I

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

II

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute: —
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;

Lines. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
i. 6 *tones*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *notes*, Trelawny MS.
ii. 6 *through*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *in*, Trelawny MS.
8 *dead*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *lost*, Trelawny MS.

The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

IV

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT

I

"SLEEP, sleep on! forget thy pain;
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain;
My pity on thy heart, poor friend;
And from my fingers flow
The powers of life, and like a sign,
Seal thee from thine hour of woe;

iii. 7 *choose*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 ‖ *chose*, Trelawny MS.
iv. omit, Trelawny MS.
The Magnetic Lady to her Patient. Published by Medwin, Athenæum, August 11, 1832.
i. 1, ii. 1 *Sleep*, Trelawny MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839² ‖ *Sleep on*, Medwin.

And brood on thee, but may not blend
With thine.

II

"Sleep, sleep on! I love thee not;
But when I think that he
Who made and makes my lot
As full of flowers, as thine of weeds,
Might have been lost like thee;
And that a hand which was not mine
Might then have charmed his agony
As I another's — my heart bleeds
For thine.

III

"Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of
The dead and the unborn
Forget thy life and love;
Forget that thou must wake forever;
Forget the world's dull scorn;
Forget lost health, and the divine
Feelings which died in youth's brief morn;
And forget me, for I can never
Be thine.

IV

"Like a cloud big with a May shower,
My soul weeps healing rain
On thee, thou withered flower;
It breathes mute music on thy sleep;
Its odor calms thy brain!
Its light within thy gloomy breast
Spreads like a second youth again.

ii. 7 *charmed*, Trelawny MS. || *chased*, Medwin, 1832.

iii. 3 *love*, Trelawny, MS. Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *woe*, Medwin, 1832.

iii. 7 *which*, Trelawny MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *that*, Medwin, 1832.

By mine thy being is to its deep
Possessed.

v

"The spell is done. How feel you now?"
"Better—quite well," replied
The sleeper,—"What would do
You good when suffering and awake?
"What cure your head and side?"
What would cure, that would kill me, Jane;
And as I must on earth abide
Awhile, yet tempt me not to break
My chain."

TO JANE:

THE INVITATION

BEST and brightest, come away!
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Through the winter wandering,
Found it seems the halcyon Morn,
To hoar February born.

v. 6 Trelawny MS. ‖ *'Twould kill me what would cure my pain.* Medwin, 1832, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1,2].

To Jane. The Invitation: The Recollection. Rossetti ‖ *The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa.* Mrs. Shelley, 1824, 1839[1]. *The Invitation. The Recollection.* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2]. Published by Mrs. Shelley in two versions, the first, 1824, reprinted in this edition under FRAGMENTS, the second, 1839[2].

Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs ;
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor: —
"I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields.
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.
You with the unpaid bill, Despair, —
You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care, —
I will pay you in the grave, —
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation too, be off!
To-day is for itself enough.
Hope, in pity mock not Woe

34 *with*, Trelawny MS. || *of*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

With smiles, nor follow where I go;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain — with all your love,
This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sand-hills of the sea;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new:
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one,
In the universal sun.

43 *your*, Rossetti.
44 *moment's*, Trelawny MS. || *moment*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].
50 *And*, Trelawny MS. || *To*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].
53 *dun*, Trelawny MS. || *dim*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

THE RECOLLECTION

I

Now the last day of many days,
  All beautiful and bright as thou,
    The loveliest and the last, is dead, —
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up, — to thy wonted work! come, trace
    The epitaph of glory fled,
For now the Earth has changed its face,
  A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

II

We wandered to the Pine Forest
  That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
  The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
  The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
  The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
  Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
  A light of Paradise.

III

We paused amid the pines that stood
  The giants of the waste,

i. 6 *fled*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *dead*, Trelawny MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].
ii. 2 *Ocean*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
  As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
  That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
  As tender as its own;
Now all the treetops lay asleep,
  Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
  The ocean woods may be.

IV

How calm it was! — the silence there
  By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
  Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
  The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
  The calm that round us grew.
There seemed, from the remotest seat
  Of the white mountain waste
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
  A magic circle traced,
A spirit interfused around,
  A thrilling silent life, —
To momentary peace it bound
  Our mortal nature's strife;
And still I felt the centre of
  The magic circle there
Was one fair form that filled with love
  The lifeless atmosphere.

iv. 4 *with*, Rossetti.
10 *white*, Trelawny MS. || *wide*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

V

We paused beside the pools that lie
  Under the forest bough, —
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
  Gulfed in a world below;
A firmament of purple light,
  Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
  And purer than the day, —
In which the lovely forests grew,
  As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
  Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,
  And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
  Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
  Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
  Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
  With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
  A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
  To the dark water's breast,
Its every leaf and lineament
  With more than truth expressed;
Until an envious wind crept by,
  Like an unwelcome thought,

v. 13 *and* || *the*, Rossetti.

Which from the mind's too faithful eye
  Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
  The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
  Than calm in waters seen.

WITH A GUITAR: TO JANE

Ariel to Miranda: — Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, — for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,

v. 34 *The* || *And*, Rossetti.
35 *Shelley's* || ——, Trelawny MS., S——'s, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].
36 *waters*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *water*, Trelawny MS.
With a Guitar: to Jane. Trelawny MS. || 43–90 *With a Guitar.* Athenæum, October 20, 1832; 1–42 *To A. B. with a Guitar.* Fraser's, January, 1833; *To a Lady with a Guitar*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2]. Published by Medwin, as above, 1832–33.
12 *Of love that never*, Fraser, 1833.

As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will;
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave.
From you, he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,

And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree —
Oh, that such our death may be! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learned all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way.
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;

61 *its own*, Medwin, 1832.

It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our belovèd Jane alone.

TO JANE

I

THE keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane.
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
Again.

II

As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So your voice most tender
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

90 *For our belovèd Jane*, Trelawny MS. || *For our belovèd friend*, Medwin, 1832; *For one belovèd friend*, Palgrave.

To Jane, Trelawny MS. || ii.-iv., *An Ariette for Music. To a Lady singing to her Accompaniment on the Guitar.* The Athenæum, November 17, 1832, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]. i.-iv., *To* ——. Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2]. Published by Medwin and Mrs. Shelley, as above.

i. 3 *Dear* . . . Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

ii. 4 *your*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2], || *thy* Medwin, 1832.

5 *had then*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *has*, Medwin, 1832.

III

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

IV

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

EPITAPH

THESE are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

THE ISLE

THERE was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven;

iii. 5 *your*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *thy*, Medwin, 1832.
iv. 2 *your dear*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2] || *thy sweet*, Medwin, 1832.
Epitaph. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
3 *the* || *their*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].
The Isle. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven; —
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

A DIRGE

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main, —
Wail, for the world's wrong.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI

SHE left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of Heaven's steep,
And like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,

A Dirge. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
6 *strain*, Rossetti conj. || *stain*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
Lines Written in the Bay of Lerici. Published by Garnett, Macmillan's Magazine, June, 1862.

Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the West.
She left me, and I stayed alone
Thinking over every tone
Which, though silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill;
And feeling ever — oh, too much! —
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand, even now,
Lightly trembled on my brow;
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim: —
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The dæmon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts, but thus disturbed and weak
I sat and saw the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent
O'er some serenest element
For ministrations strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star
They sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.

37 *They*, Rossetti || omit, Garnett, 1862.

And the wind that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light,
And the scent of wingèd flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay.
And the fisher with his lamp
And spear about the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace!

FRAGMENTS

PART I

Under FRAGMENTS are included, with a few exceptions, incomplete poems, sketches and cancelled passages, and those more inchoate passages which have been recovered from Shelley's notebooks. The exceptions are the *Prologue to Hellas*, which has been put with that drama, *A Vision of the Sea*, published by Shelley with the poems accompanying *Prometheus Unbound*, and five pieces, *To Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin*, 1814, *Death*, *An Allegory*, *On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci*, and *Evening*, *Pisa*, which, though lacking a word or a line, are in effect complete. The order of the FRAGMENTS is not strictly chronological in the first division, and is altogether arbitrary in the second. The dates assigned in the footnotes are those generally accepted, but, as a rule, they are conjectural and approximate only, not exact. The text is derived from the editions of Mrs. Shelley, the studies of Dr. Garnett in the Boscombe MSS., published by him mainly in *Relics of Shelley*, 1862, or by Rossetti, 1870, and Rossetti's own studies both in the same and other MSS. of which the results were given in his edition. A few pieces, originally published elsewhere, were also gathered by Rossetti and Forman in their editions, and Forman was enabled to add something more from independent MSS. The original publication of each piece is mentioned in the footnotes.

THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD

Nec tantum prodere vati,
Quantum scire licet. Venit ætas omnis in unam
Congeriem, miserumque premunt tot sæcula pectus.
LUCAN, PHARS. v. 176–178.

I

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder wan and hornèd moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, glowing like the vital morn
When throned on ocean's wave
It breathes over the world;
Yet both so passing strange and wonderful!

Hath then the iron-sceptred Skeleton,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
To the hell dogs that couch beneath his throne
Cast that fair prey? Must that divinest form,
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, whose azure veins
Steal like dark streams along a field of snow,
Whose outline is as fair as marble clothed
In light of some sublimest mind, decay?
Nor putrefaction's breath
Leave aught of this pure spectacle
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare aught but a dark theme,

The Dæmon of the World. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.

On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it but that downy-wingèd slumbers
Have charmed their nurse, coy Silence, near her lids
To watch their own repose?
Will they, when morning's beam
Flows through those wells of light,
Seek far from noise and day some western cave,
Where woods and streams with soft and pausing winds
A lulling murmur weave? —

Ianthe doth not sleep
The dreamless sleep of death;
Nor in her moonlight chamber silently
Doth Henry hear her regular pulses throb,
Or mark her delicate cheek
With interchange of hues mock the broad moon,
Outwatching weary night,
Without assured reward.
Her dewy eyes are closed;
On their translucent lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs that burn below
With unapparent fire,
The baby Sleep is pillowed;
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Twining like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like a wondrous strain that sweeps
Around a lonely ruin

When west winds sigh and evening waves respond
In whispers from the shore:
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Which from the unseen lyres of dells and groves
The genii of the breezes sweep.

Floating on waves of music and of light
The chariot of the Dæmon of the World
Descends in silent power.
Its shape reposed within; slight as some cloud
That catches but the palest tinge of day
When evening yields to night;
Bright as that fibrous woof when stars endue
Its transitory robe.
Four shapeless shadows bright and beautiful
Draw that strange car of glory; reins of light
Check their unearthly speed; they stop and fold
Their wings of braided air.
The Dæmon, leaning from the ethereal car,
Gazed on the slumbering maid.
Human eye hath ne'er beheld
A shape so wild, so bright, so beautiful,
As that which o'er the maiden's charmèd sleep,
Waving a starry wand,
Hung like a mist of light.
Such sounds as breathed around like odorous winds
Of wakening spring arose,
Filling the chamber and the moonlight sky.

"Maiden, the world's supremest spirit
Beneath the shadow of her wings
Folds all thy memory doth inherit
From ruin of divinest things,—

Feelings that lure thee to betray,
And light of thoughts that pass away.

"For thou hast earned a mighty boon;
The truths, which wisest poets see
Dimly, thy mind may make its own,
Rewarding its own majesty,
Entranced in some diviner mood
Of self-oblivious solitude.

"Custom and Faith and Power thou spurnest;
From hate and awe thy heart is free;
Ardent and pure as day thou burnest,
For dark and cold mortality
A living light, to cheer it long,
The watch-fires of the world among.

"Therefore from Nature's inner shrine,
Where gods and fiends in worship bend,
Majestic spirit, be it thine
The flame to seize, the veil to rend,
Where the vast snake Eternity
In charmèd sleep doth ever lie.

"All that inspires thy voice of love,
Or speaks in thy unclosing eyes,
Or through thy frame doth burn or move,
Or think or feel, awake, arise!
Spirit, leave for mine and me
Earth's unsubstantial mimicry!"

It ceased, and from the mute and moveless frame
A radiant spirit arose,

All beautiful in naked purity.
Robed in its human hues it did ascend,
Disparting as it went the silver clouds
It moved towards the car, and took its seat
Beside the Dæmon shape.

Obedient to the sweep of aëry song,
The mighty ministers
Unfurled their prismy wings.
The magic car moved on.
The night was fair — innumerable stars
Studded heaven's dark blue vault;
The eastern wave grew pale
With the first smile of morn.

The magic car moved on.
From the swift sweep of wings
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew;
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak
Was traced a line of lightning.
Now far above a rock, the utmost verge
Of the wide earth, it flew, —
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Frowned o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's stormy path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous ocean lay.
Its broad and silent mirror gave to view
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the gray light of morn

Tingeing those fleecy clouds
That cradled in their folds the infant dawn.
The chariot seemed to fly
Through the abyss of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite color,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

As they approached their goal,
The winged shadows seemed to gather speed.
The sea no longer was distinguished; earth
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere, suspended
In the black concave of heaven
With the sun's cloudless orb,
Whose rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appeared
The smallest light that twinkles in the heavens,
Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems widely rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.
It was a sight of wonder! Some were horned,
And like the moon's argentine crescent hung
In the dark dome of heaven; some did shed
A clear mild beam like Hesperus, while the sea
Yet glows with fading sunlight; others dashed

Athwart the night with trains of bickering fire,
Like spherèd worlds to death and ruin driven;
Some shone like stars, and as the chariot passed
    Bedimmed all other light.

    Spirit of Nature! here,
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose involved immensity
    Even soaring fancy staggers,
    Here is thy fitting temple!
    Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
    Is less instinct with thee;
    Yet not the meanest worm,
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead,
    Less shares thy eternal breath.
    Spirit of Nature! thou,
Imperishable as this glorious scene,
    Here is thy fitting temple!

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the shore of the immeasurable sea,
    And thou hast lingered there
    Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the fiery line of ocean,
Thou must have marked the braided webs of gold
    That without motion hang
    Over the sinking sphere;
Thou must have marked the billowy mountain clouds,
Edged with intolerable radiancy,
    Towering like rocks of jet
    Above the burning deep;

And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peers like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery purple gleam
Like fairy lands girt by some heavenly sea;
Then has thy rapt imagination soared
Where in the midst of all existing things
The temple of the mightiest Dæmon stands.

Yet not the golden islands
That gleam amid yon flood of purple light,
Nor the feathery curtains
That canopy the sun's resplendent couch,
Nor the burnished ocean waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As the eternal temple could afford.
The elements of all that human thought
Can frame of lovely or sublime did join
To rear the fabric of the fane, nor aught
Of earth may image forth its majesty.
Yet likest evening's vault that faëry hall;
As heaven low resting on the wave it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome;
And on the verge of that obscure abyss,
Where crystal battlements o'erhang the gulf
Of the dark world, ten thousand spheres diffuse
Their lustre through its adamantine gates.

The magic car no longer moved.
The Dæmon and the Spirit
Entered the eternal gates.

Those clouds of aëry gold,
That slept in glittering billows
Beneath the azure canopy,
With the ethereal footsteps trembled not;
While slight and odorous mists
Floated to strains of thrilling melody
Through the vast columns and the pearly shrines.

The Dæmon and the Spirit
Approached the overhanging battlement.
Below lay stretched the boundless universe!
There, far as the remotest line
That limits swift imagination's flight,
Unending orbs mingled in mazy motion,
Immutably fulfilling
Eternal Nature's law.
Above, below, around,
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony —
Each with undeviating aim
In eloquent silence through the depths of space
Pursued its wondrous way.

Awhile the Spirit paused in ecstasy.
Yet soon she saw, as the vast spheres swept by,
Strange things within their belted orbs appear.
Like animated frenzies, dimly moved
Shadows, and skeletons, and fiendly shapes,
Thronging round human graves, and o'er the dead
Sculpturing records for each memory
In verse, such as malignant gods pronounce,
Blasting the hopes of men, when heaven and hell
Confounded burst in ruin o'er the world;

And they did build vast trophies, instruments
Of murder, human bones, barbaric gold,
Skins torn from living men, and towers of skulls
With sightless holes gazing on blinder heaven,
Mitres, and crowns, and brazen chariots stained
With blood, and scrolls of mystic wickedness,
The sanguine codes of venerable crime.
The likeness of a thronèd king came by,
When these had passed, bearing upon his brow
A threefold crown; his countenance was calm,
His eye severe and cold; but his right hand
Was charged with bloody coin, and he did gnaw
By fits, with secret smiles, a human heart
Concealed beneath his robe; and motley shapes,
A multitudinous throng, around him knelt,
With bosoms bare, and bowed heads, and false looks
Of true submission, as the sphere rolled by,
Brooking no eye to witness their foul shame,
Which human hearts must feel, while human tongues
Tremble to speak; they did rage horribly,
Breathing in self-contempt fierce blasphemies
Against the Dæmon of the World, and high
Hurling their armèd hands where the pure Spirit,
Serene and inaccessibly secure,
Stood on an isolated pinnacle,
The flood of ages combating below,
The depth of the unbounded universe
Above, and all around
Necessity's unchanging harmony.

THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD

II

O HAPPY Earth! reality of Heaven!
To which those restless powers that ceaselessly
Throng through the human universe aspire!
Thou consummation of all mortal hope!
Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will,
Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,
Verge to one point and blend forever there!
Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place,
Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,
Languor, disease, and ignorance dare not come!
O happy Earth, reality of Heaven!

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams,
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness
Haunting the human heart have there entwined
Those rooted hopes, that the proud Power of Evil
Shall not forever on this fairest world
Shake pestilence and war, or that his slaves
With blasphemy for prayer, and human blood
For sacrifice, before his shrine forever
In adoration bend, or Erebus
With all its banded fiends shall not uprise
To overwhelm in envy and revenge

The Dæmon of the World. II. Published by Forman, 1876.
15 *Power* || *God*, MS. cancelled.
20–22 *or . . . revenge* ||
Or that its jaws
Conspiring Hell shall gape to swallow all
MS. cancelled.

The dauntless and the good, who dare to hurl
Defiance at his throne, girt though it be
With Death's omnipotence. Thou hast beheld
His empire, o'er the present and the past;
It was a desolate sight — now gaze on mine,
Futurity. Thou hoary giant Time,
Render thou up thy half-devoured babes,
And from the cradles of eternity,
Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep
By the deep murmuring stream of passing things,
Tear thou that gloomy shroud! Spirit, behold
Thy glorious destiny!

The Spirit saw
The vast frame of the renovated world
Smile in the lap of Chaos, and the sense
Of hope through her fine texture did suffuse
Such varying glow, as summer evening casts
On undulating clouds and deepening lakes.
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea
And dies on the creation of its breath,
And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits,
Was the sweet stream of thought that with mild motion
Flowed o'er the Spirit's human sympathies.
The mighty tide of thought had paused awhile,
Which from the Dæmon now like Ocean's stream
Again began to pour. —

33 *saw* ‖ *felt*, MS. cancelled.
36 *through* ‖ *on*, MS cancelled.
46 *The mighty stream of thought had calmly flowed*, MS. cancelled.
48 *pour* ‖ *flow*, MS. cancelled.

"To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep —
Space, matter, time and mind — let the sight
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.
All things are recreated, and the flame
Of consentaneous love inspires all life;
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness;
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad;
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,
Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream;
No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,
Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the undecaying trees;
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And Autumn proudly bears her matron grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of Spring,
Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit
Reflects its tint and blushes into love.

The habitable earth is full of bliss;
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurled
By everlasting snowstorms round the poles,
Where matter dared nor vegetate nor live,
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude
Bound its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed;
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls

50–51 *let . . . hope* ||
Futurity
Exposes all the treasures to thy sight.
MS. cancelled.

Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,
Whose roar is wakened into echoings sweet
To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves
And melodize with man's blest nature there.

The vast tract of the parched and sandy waste
Now teems with countless rills and shady woods,
Cornfields and pastures and white cottages;
And where the startled wilderness did hear
A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood
Hymning his victory, or the milder snake
Crushing the bones of some frail antelope
Within his brazen folds, the dewy lawn,
Offering sweet incense to the sunrise, smiles
To see a babe before his mother's door
Share with the green and golden basilisk,
That comes to lick his feet, his morning's meal.

Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail
Has seen above the illimitable plain
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread
Its shadowy mountains on the sun-bright sea,
Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves
So long have mingled with the gusty wind
In melancholy loneliness, and swept
The desert of those ocean solitudes
But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,
The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm,
Now to the sweet and many-mingling sounds
Of kindliest human impulses respond;

81 *The vast tract of the sandy wilderness*, MS. cancelled.

Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,
With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,
And fertile valleys, resonant with bliss,
Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,
Which like a toil-worn laborer leaps to shore
To meet the kisses of the flowerets there.

Man chief perceives the change; his being notes
The gradual renovation, and defines
Each movement of its progress on his mind.
Man, where the gloom of the long polar night
Lowered o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,
Where scarce the hardest herb that braves the frost
Basked in the moonlight's ineffectual glow,
Shrank with the plants, and darkened with the night;
Nor where the tropics bound the realms of day
With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame,
Where blue mists through the unmoving atmosphere
Scattered the seeds of pestilence, and fed
Unnatural vegetation, where the land
Teemed with all earthquake, tempest and disease,
Was man a nobler being; slavery
Had crushed him to his country's blood-stained dust.

Even where the milder zone afforded man
A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,
Blighting his being with unnumbered ills,
Spread like a quenchless fire; nor truth availed

Till late to arrest its progress, or create
That peace which first in bloodless victory waved
Her snowy standard o'er this favored clime;
There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,
The mimic of surrounding misery,
The jackal of ambition's lion-rage,
The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind;
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,
Which gently in his noble bosom wake
All kindly passions and all pure desires.
Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing
Which from the exhaustless lore of human weal
Draws on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise
In time-destroying infiniteness gift
With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks
The unprevailing hoariness of age;
And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands
Immortal upon earth; no longer now
He slays the beast that sports around his dwelling,
And horribly devours its mangled flesh,
Or drinks its vital blood, which like a stream
Of poison through his fevered veins did flow
Feeding a plague that secretly consumed
His feeble frame, and kindling in his mind
Hatred, despair, and fear and vain belief,
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.

157 *consumed* || *did eat*, MS. cancelled.

No longer now the wingèd habitants,
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man; but gather round,
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror; man has lost
His desolating privilege, and stands
An equal amidst equals; happiness
And science dawn though late upon the earth;
Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame;
Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,
Reason and passion cease to combat there;
Whilst mind unfettered o'er the earth extends
Its all-subduing energies, and wields
The sceptre of a vast dominion there.

Mild is the slow necessity of death.
The tranquil spirit fails beneath its grasp,
Without a groan, almost without a fear,
Resigned in peace to the necessity,
Calm as a voyager to some distant land,
And full of wonder, full of hope as he.
The deadly germs of languor and disease
Waste in the human frame, and Nature gifts
With choicest boons her human worshippers.
How vigorous now the athletic form of age!
How clear its open and unwrinkled brow!
Where neither avarice, cunning, pride, or care,
Had stamped the seal of gray deformity
On all the mingling lineaments of time.
How lovely the intrepid front of youth!
How sweet the smiles of taintless infancy.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts
Fearless and free the rudely children play,
Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows
With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,
That mock the dungeon's mouldering gloom:
The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,
There rust amid the accumulated ruins
Now mingling slowly with their native earth;
There the broad beam of day, which feebly once
Lighted the cheek of lean captivity
With a pale and sickly glare, now freely shines
On the pure smiles of infant playfulness;
No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair
Peals through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes
Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds
And merriment are resonant around.

The fanes of Fear and Falsehood bear no more
The voice that once waked multitudes to war
Thundering through all their aisles, but now respond
To the death dirge of the melancholy wind.
It were a sight of awfulness to see
The works of faith and slavery, so vast,
So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing,
Even as the corpse that rests beneath their wall!
A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death
To-day, the breathing marble glows above

Fanes once stained with falsehood bear no more . . . MS. cancelled.

To decorate its memory, and tongues
Are busy of its life; to-morrow, worms
In silence and in darkness seize their prey.
These ruins soon leave not a wreck behind;
Their elements, wide scattered o'er the globe,
To happier shapes are moulded, and become
Ministrant to all blissful impulses;
Thus human things are perfected, and earth,
Even as a child beneath its mother's love,
Is strengthened in all excellence, and grows
Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene
Closes in steadfast darkness, and the past
Fades from our charmèd sight. My task is done;
Thy lore is learned. Earth's wonders are thine own,
With all the fear and all the hope they bring.
My spells are past; the present now recurs.
Ah me! a pathless wilderness remains
Yet unsubdued by man's reclaiming hand.

Yet, human Spirit, bravely hold thy course.
Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change.
For birth and life and death, and that strange state
Before the naked powers, that through the world
Wander like winds, have found a human home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal;

For birth but wakes the universal mind,
Whose mighty streams might else in silence flow
Through the vast world, to individual sense
Of outward shows, whose unexperienced shape
New modes of passion to its frame may lend;
Life is its state of action, and the store
Of all events is aggregated there
That variegate the eternal universe;
Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies
And happy regions of eternal hope.
Therefore, O Spirit! fearlessly bear on.
Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,
Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth
To feed with kindliest dews its favorite flower,
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,
Lighting the green wood with its sunny smile.

Fear not then, Spirit, death's disrobing hand,
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch flares;
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,
The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep.
For what thou art shall perish utterly,
But what is thine may never cease to be;
Death is no foe to virtue; earth has seen
Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,
Mingling with freedom's fadeless laurels there,
And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.
Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene
Of linked and gradual being has confirmed?

Hopes that not vainly thou, and living fires
Of mind, as radiant and as pure as thou
Have shone upon the paths of men — return
Surpassing Spirit, to that world, where thou
Art destined an eternal war to wage
With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot
The germs of misery from the human heart.
Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe
The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,
Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,
Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease;
Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy
Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,
When fenced by power and master of the world.
Thou art sincere and good; of resolute mind,
Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,
Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.
Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee,
And therefore art thou worthy of the boon
Which thou hast now received; virtue shall keep
Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,
And many days of beaming hope shall bless
Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.
Go, happy one, and give that bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from thy smile.

The Dæmon called its wingèd ministers.
Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car,
That rolled beside the crystal battlement,
Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.

305 *ministers* || *messengers*, MS. cancelled.

The burning wheels inflame
The steep descent of Heaven's untrodden way.
Fast and far the chariot flew.
The mighty globes that rolled
Around the gate of the Eternal Fane
Lessened by slow degrees, and soon appeared
Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs,
That, ministering on the solar power,
With borrowed light, pursued their narrower way.
Earth floated then below.
The chariot paused a moment;
The Spirit then descended;
And from the earth departing
The shadows with swift wings
Speeded like thought upon the light of Heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then;
A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame;
Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed;
Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained.
She looked around in wonder and beheld
Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,
Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,
And the bright beaming stars
That through the casement shone.

PRINCE ATHANASE

PART I

THERE was a youth, who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and gray before his time;
Nor any could the restless griefs unravel

Which burned within him, withering up his prime
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.
Not his the load of any secret crime,

For nought of ill his heart could understand,
But pity and wild sorrow for the same;
Not his the thirst for glory or command,

Baffled with blast of hope-consuming shame;
Nor evil joys, which fire the vulgar breast
And quench in speedy smoke its feeble flame,

Had left within his soul their dark unrest;
Nor what religion fables of the grave
Feared he, — Philosophy's accepted guest.

For none than he a purer heart could have,
Or that loved good more for itself alone;
Of nought in heaven or earth was he the slave.

Prince Athanase. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Composed, 1817.

What sorrow strange, and shadowy, and unknown,
Sent him, a hopeless wanderer, through mankind? —
If with a human sadness he did groan,

He had a gentle yet aspiring mind;
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed;
And such a glorious consolation find

In others' joy, when all their own is dead.
He loved, and labored for his kind in grief,
And yet, unlike all others, it is said,

That from such toil he never found relief.
Although a child of fortune and of power,
Of an ancestral name the orphan chief,

His soul had wedded wisdom, and her dower
Is love and justice, clothed in which he sate
Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,

Pitying the tumult of their dark estate.
Yet even in youth did he not e'er abuse
The strength of wealth or thought to consecrate

Those false opinions which the harsh rich use
To blind the world they famish for their pride;
Nor did he hold from any man his dues,

But, like a steward in honest dealings tried
With those who toiled and wept, the poor and wise,
His riches and his cares he did divide.

19 *strange*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] ‖ *deep*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise;
What he dared do or think, though men might
start,
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes;

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,
And to his many friends — all loved him well —
Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,

If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell;
If not, he smiled or wept; and his weak foes
He neither spurned nor hated, though with fell

And mortal hate their thousand voices rose, —
They passed like aimless arrows from his ear;
Nor did his heart or mind its portal close

To those, or them, or any whom life's sphere
May comprehend within its wide array.
What sadness made that vernal spirit sere? —

He knew not. Though his life, day after day,
Was failing like an unreplenished stream,
Though in his eyes a cloud and burden lay,

Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam
Piercing the chasms of ever rising clouds,
Shone, softly burning; though his lips did seem

Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods;
And through his sleep, and o'er each waking
hour,
Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,

Were driven within him by some secret power,
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,
Like lights and sounds from haunted tower to tower

O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war
Is levied by the night-contending winds
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear; —

Though such were in his spirit, as the fiends
Which wake and feed on ever living woe.—
What was this grief, which ne'er in other minds

A mirror found, he knew not — none could know;
But on whoe'er might question him he turned
The light of his frank eyes, as if to show

He knew not of the grief within that burned,
But asked forbearance with a mournful look;
Or spoke in words from which none ever learned

The cause of his disquietude; or shook
With spasms of silent passion; or turned pale:
So that his friends soon rarely undertook

To stir his secret pain without avail;
For all who knew and loved him then perceived
That there was drawn an adamantine veil

Between his heart and mind, — both unrelieved
Wrought in his brain and bosom separate strife.
Some said that he was mad; others believed

That memories of an antenatal life
Made this, where now he dwelt, a penal hell;
And others said that such mysterious grief

From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell
On souls like his which owned no higher law
Than love; love calm, steadfast, invincible

By mortal fear or supernatural awe;
And others, — " 'Tis the shadow of a dream
Which the veiled eye of memory never saw,

" But through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream
Through shattered mines and caverns underground,
Rolls, shaking its foundations; and no beam

" Of joy may rise but it is quenched and drowned
In the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure;
Soon its exhausted waters will have found

" A lair of rest beneath thy spirit pure,
O Athanase! — in one so good and great,
Evil or tumult cannot long endure."

So spake they — idly of another's state
Babbling vain words and fond philosophy;
This was their consolation; such debate

Men held with one another; nor did he,
Like one who labors with a human woe,
Decline this talk; as if its theme might be

Another, not himself, he to and fro
Questioned and canvassed it with subtlest wit,
And none but those who loved him best could know

That which he knew not, how it galled and bit
His weary mind, this converse vain and cold;
For like an eyeless nightmare grief did sit

Upon his being; a snake which fold by fold
Pressed out the life of life, a clinging fiend
Which clenched him if he stirred with deadlier hold; —
And so his grief remained — let it remain — untold.

PART II

Prince Athanase had one belovèd friend,
An old, old man, with hair of silver white,
And lips where heavenly smiles would hang and blend

With his wise words, and eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.
He was the last whom superstition's blight

Had spared in Greece — the blight that cramps and blinds —
And in his olive bower at Œnoe
Had sate from earliest youth. Like one who finds

A fertile island in the barren sea,
One mariner who has survived his mates
Many a drear month in a great ship — so he

With soul-sustaining songs, and sweet debates
Of ancient lore there fed his lonely being.
"The mind becomes that which it contemplates," —

And thus Zonoras, by forever seeing
Their bright creations, grew like wisest men;
And when he heard the crash of nations fleeing

A bloodier power than ruled thy ruins then,
O sacred Hellas! many weary years
He wandered, till the path of Laian's glen

Was grass-grown, and the unremembered tears
Were dry in Laian for their honored chief,
Who fell in Byzant, pierced by Moslem spears;

And as the lady looked with faithful grief
From her high lattice o'er the rugged path,
Where she once saw that horseman toil, with brief

And blighting hope, who with the news of death
Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight,
She saw beneath the chestnuts, far beneath,

An old man toiling up, a weary wight;
And soon within her hospitable hall
She saw his white hairs glittering in the light

Of the wood-fire, and round his shoulders fall;
And his wan visage and his withered mien
Yet calm and gentle and majestical.

And Athanase, her child, who must have been
Then three years old, sate opposite and gazed
In patient silence.

. . . . . .

Such was Zonoras; and as daylight finds
One amaranth glittering on the path of frost,
When autumn nights have nipped all weaker kinds,

Thus through his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tossed,
Shone truth upon Zonoras; and he filled
From fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost,

The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child,
With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore
And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild.

And sweet and subtle talk they evermore,
The pupil and the master, shared; until,
Sharing that undiminishable store,

The youth, as shadows on a grassy hill
Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outran
His teacher, and did teach with native skill

Strange truths and new to that experienced man;
Still they were friends, as few have ever been
Who mark the extremes of life's discordant span.

41 *One*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *An*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
43 *through*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *had*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
49 *they*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *now*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
51 *that*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *the*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

So in the caverns of the forest green,
Or by the rocks of echoing ocean hoar,
Zonoras and Prince Athanase were seen

By summer woodmen; and when winter's roar
Sounded o'er earth and sea its blast of war,
The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,

Hanging upon the peakèd wave afar,
Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam,
Piercing the stormy darkness like a star

Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,
Whilst all the constellations of the sky
Seemed reeling through the storm. They did but
seem —

For, lo! the wintry clouds are all gone by,
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing,
And far o'er southern waves, immovably

Belted Orion hangs — warm light is flowing
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.
"O summer eve with power divine, bestowing

"On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm
Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,
Filling the sky like light! How many a spasm

58 *So*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *And*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
75 *eve*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *night*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

"Of fevered brains, oppressed with grief and madness,
Were lulled by thee, delightful nightingale!
And these soft waves, murmuring a gentle sadness,

"And the far sighings of yon piny dale
Made vocal by some wind we feel not here, —
I bear alone what nothing may avail

"To lighten — a strange load!" — No human ear
Heard this lament; but o'er the visage wan
Of Athanase a ruffling atmosphere

Of dark emotion, a swift shadow, ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,
Glassy and dark. And that divine old man

Beheld his mystic friend's whole being shake,
Even where its inmost depths were gloomiest;
And with a calm and measured voice he spake,

And with a soft and equal pressure, pressed
That cold, lean hand: — "Dost thou remember yet,
When the curved moon, then lingering in the west,

"Paused in yon waves her mighty horns to wet,
How in those beams we walked, half resting on the sea?
'Tis just one year — sure thou dost not forget —

"Then Plato's words of light in thee and me
Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east;
For we had just then read — thy memory

"Is faithful now — the story of the feast;
And Agathon and Diotima seemed
From death and dark forgetfulness released."

. . . . . .

'Twas at the season when the Earth upsprings
From slumber, as a spherèd angel's child,
Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,

Stands up before its mother bright and mild,
Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems —
So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,
The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove
Waxed green, and flowers burst forth like starry
beams;

The grass in the warm sun did start and move,
And sea-buds burst beneath the waves serene.
How many a one, though none be near to love,

Loves then the shade of his own soul, half seen
In any mirror, or the spring's young minions,
The wingèd leaves amid the copses green!

How many a spirit then puts on the pinions
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,
And his own steps, and over wide dominions

Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,
More fleet than storms — the wide world shrinks
below,
When winter and despondency are passed!

116 *beneath*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *under*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

'Twas at this season that Prince Athanase
Passed the white Alps; those eagle-baffling mountains
Slept in their shrouds of snow; beside the ways

The waterfalls were voiceless, for their fountains
Were changed to mines of sunless crystal now;
Or, by the curdling winds, like brazen wings

Which clanged along the mountain's marble brow,
Warped into adamantine fretwork, hung,
And filled with frozen light the chasm below.

. . . . . .

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew!
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls

Investest it; and when the heavens are blue
Thou fillest them; and when the earth is fair
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue

Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some bright robe; thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men, and as soft air

142 *Invests it: and when heavens are blue*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824. *Investeth*, Rossetti.
144 *Shadows*, Rossetti.

In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men, and aye implorest

That which from thee they should implore; the weak
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
The strong have broken ; yet where shall any seek

A garment whom thou clothest not?

. . . . . .

Her hair was brown, her spherèd eyes were brown,
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,
Like the dim orb of the eclipsèd moon;

Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came
The light from them, as when tears of delight
Double the western planet's serene flame.

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE

A WOODMAN, whose rough heart was out of tune
(I think such hearts yet never came to good),
Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody; —
And as a vale is watered by a flood,

160 *flame*, Boscombe MS. || *frame*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

The Woodman and the Nightingale. Published, 1–67, by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, and, 68–70, by Garnett, 1862. Dated, 1818.

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness, as a tuberose
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,
The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interfused upon the silentness.
The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss
Of heaven with all its planets; the dull ear
Of the night-cradled earth; the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters; every sphere
And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,
And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,
And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,
And every silver moth fresh from the grave

Which is its cradle; — ever from below
Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,
To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproachèd star,
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,
Unconscious as some human lovers are

Itself how low, how high beyond all height
The heaven where it would perish! — and every
form
That worshipped in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm
Girt as with an interminable zone,
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
Out of their dreams; harmony became love
In every soul but one.

. . . . . .

And so this man returned with axe and saw
At evening close from killing the tall treen,
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Checkering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jagged leaves, and from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep, or weeping oft
Fast showers of aërial water drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness; —
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds; or, where high branches
kiss,

49 *their* || *her*, Rossetti.

Make a green space among the silent bowers,
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion — and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odors and gleams and murmurs, which the lute
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves ere it has passed
To such brief unison as on the brain
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,

One accent never to return again.

. . . . . .

The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunt of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

OTHO

I

THOU wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,
  Last of the Romans, though thy memory claim
From Brutus his own glory, and on thee
  Rests the full splendor of his sacred fame;

Otho. Published, i., ii., by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], iii., by Garnett, 1862. Composed, 1817.

Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail
  Amid his cowering senate with thy name,
Though thou and he were great; it will avail
To thine own fame that Otho's should not fail.

II

'Twill wrong thee not — thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,
  Abjure such envious fame — great Otho died
Like thee — he sanctified his country's steel,
  At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,
In his own blood. A deed it was to bring
  Tears from all men — though full of gentle pride,
Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,
That will not be refused its offering.

III

Dark is the realm of grief: but human things
  Those may not know who cannot weep for them.

. . . . . .

TASSO

MADDALO, *a Courtier.* PIGNA, *a Minister.*
MALPIGLIO, *a Poet.* ALBANO, *an Usher.*

MADDALO

No access to the Duke! You have not said
That the Count Maddalo would speak with him?

ii. 5 *bring*, Boscombe MS. || *buy*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].
Tasso. Published by Garnett, 1862. Composed, 1818.

PIGNA

Did you inform his Grace that Signor Pigna
Waits with state papers for his signature?

MALPIGLIO

The Lady Leonora cannot know
That I have written a sonnet to her fame,
In which I Venus and Adonis.
You should not take my gold and serve me not.

ALBANO

In truth I told her, and she smiled and said,
"If I am Venus, thou, coy Poesy,
Art the Adonis whom I love, and he
The Erymanthian boar that wounded him."
Oh, trust to me, Signor Malpiglio,
Those nods and smiles were favors worth the zechin.

MALPIGLIO

The words are twisted in some double sense
That I reach not; the smiles fell not on me.

PIGNA

How are the Duke and Duchess occupied?

ALBANO

Buried in some strange talk. The Duke was leaning,
His finger on his brow, his lips unclosed.
The Princess sate within the window-seat,
And so her face was hid; but on her knee
Her hands were clasped, veinèd, and pale as snow,
And quivering — young Tasso, too, was there.

MADDALO

Thou seest on whom from thine own worshipped heaven
Thou drawest down smiles — they did not rain on thee.

MALPIGLIO

Would they were parching lightnings for his sake
On whom they fell!

. . . . . .

SONG

I

I loved — alas! our life is love;
But when we cease to breathe and move
I do suppose love ceases too.
I thought, but not as now I do,
Keen thoughts and bright of linkèd lore,
Of all that men had thought before,
And all that nature shows, and more.

II

And still I love and still I think,
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love;
And if I think, my thoughts come fast,
I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

Song. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

III

Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O Leonora, and I sit
still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

MARENGHI

I

LET those who pine in pride or in revenge,
Or think that ill for ill should be repaid,
Or barter wrong for wrong, until the exchange
Ruins the merchants of such thriftless trade,
Visit the tower of Vado, and unlearn
Such bitter faith beside Marenghi's urn.

II

A massy tower yet overhangs the town,
A scattered group of ruined dwellings now.

. . . . . .

III

Another scene ere wise Etruria knew
Its second ruin through internal strife,
And tyrants through the breach of discord threw
The chain which binds and kills. As death to life,

Marenghi, Rossetti "*Mazenghi*. Mrs. Shelley, 1824. Published, vii.-xv., by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, i.-xxviii., by Rossetti. 1870. Composed, 1818.

As winter to fair flowers (though some be poison)
So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison.

IV

In Pisa's church a cup of sculptured gold
  Was brimming with the blood of feuds forsworn
At sacrament; more holy ne'er of old
  Etrurians mingled with the shades forlorn
Of moon-illumined forests.

. . . . . .

V

And reconciling factions wet their lips
  With that dread wine, and swear to keep each spirit
Undarkened by their country's last eclipse.

. . . . . .

VI

Was Florence the liberticide? that band
  Of free and glorious brothers who had planted,
Like a green isle 'mid Æthiopian sand,
  A nation amid slaveries, disenchanted
Of many impious faiths — wise, just — do they,
Does Florence, gorge the sated tyrants' prey?

VII

O foster-nurse of man's abandoned glory,
  Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendor;
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,
  As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender.
The light-invested angel Poesy
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

VIII

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught
  By loftiest meditations; marble knew
The sculptor's fearless soul, and as he wrought,
  The grace of his own power and freedom grew.
And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,
Thou wert among the false — was this thy crime?

IX

Yes; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine
  Of direst weeds hangs garlanded; the snake
Inhabits its wrecked palaces; — in thine
  A beast of subtler venom now doth make
Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,
And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

X

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,
  And love and freedom blossom but to wither;
And good and ill like vines entangled are,
  So that their grapes may oft be plucked together.
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Marenghi's sake.

XI

No record of his crime remains in story,
  But if the morning bright as evening shone,
It was some high and holy deed, by glory
  Pursued into forgetfulness, which won
From the blind crowd he made secure and free
The patriot's meed, toil, death, and infamy.

XII

For when by sound of trumpet was declared
  A price upon his life, and there was set
A penalty of blood on all who shared
  So much of water with him as might wet
His lips, which speech divided not, he went
Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

XIII

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,
  He hid himself, and hunger, toil, and cold,
Month after month endured; it was a feast
  Whene'er he found those globes of deep-red gold
Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,
Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

XIV

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,
  Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,
  And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,
And where the huge and speckled aloe made,
Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,

XV

He housed himself. There is a point of strand
  Near Vado's tower and town; and on one side
The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,
  Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide,
And on the other creeps eternally,
Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea.

XVI

Here the earth's breath is pestilence, and few
  But things whose nature is at war with life —
Snakes and ill worms — endure its mortal dew.
  The trophies of the clime's victorious strife —
White bones, and locks of dun and yellow hair,
And ringèd horns which buffaloes did wear —

. . . . . .

XVII

And at the utmost point stood there
  The relics of a weed-inwoven cot,
Thatched with broad flags. An outlawed murderer
  Had lived seven days there; the pursuit was hot
When he was cold. The birds that were his grave
Fell dead upon their feast in Vado's wave.

XVIII

There must have lived within Marenghi's heart
  That fire, more warm and bright than life or hope,
(Which to the martyr makes his dungeon . . .
  More joyous than the heaven's majestic cope
To his oppressor), warring with decay, —
Or he could ne'er have lived years, day by day.

XIX

Nor was his state so lone as you might think.
  He had tamed every newt and snake and toad,
And every seagull which sailed down to drink
  Those ere the death-mist went abroad.

And each one, with peculiar talk and play,
Wiled, not untaught, his silent time away.

XX

And the marsh-meteors, like tame beasts, at night
  Came licking with blue tongues his veinèd feet;
And he would watch them, as, like spirits bright,
  In many entangled figures quaint and sweet
To some enchanted music they would dance —
Until they vanished at the first moon-glance.

XXI

He mocked the stars by grouping on each weed
  The summer dewdrops in the golden dawn;
And, ere the hoarfrost vanished, he could read
  Its pictured footprints, as on spots of lawn
Its delicate brief touch in silence weaves
The likeness of the wood's remembered leaves.

XXII

And many a fresh Spring morn would he awaken,
  While yet the unrisen sun made glow, like iron
Quivering in crimson fire, the peaks unshaken
  Of mountains and blue isles which did environ
With air-clad crags that plain of land and sea, —
And feel liberty.

XXIII

And in the moonless nights, when the dim ocean
  Heaved underneath the heaven, . . .
Starting from dreams . . .
  Communed with the immeasurable world;
And felt his life beyond his limbs dilated,
Till his mind grew like that it contemplated.

XXIV

His food was the wild fig and strawberry;
  The milky pine-nuts which the autumnal blast
Shakes into the tall grass; and such small fry
  As from the sea by winter-storms are cast;
And the coarse bulbs of iris flowers he found
Knotted in clumps under the spongy ground.

XXV

And so were kindled powers and thoughts which made
  His solitude less dark. When memory came
(For years gone by leave each a deepening shade),
  His spirit basked in its internal flame, —
As, when the black storm hurries round at night
The fisher basks beside his red firelight.

XXVI

Yet human hopes and cares and faiths and errors,
  Like billows unawakened by the wind,
Slept in Marenghi still; but that all terrors,
  Weakness, and doubt, had withered in his mind.
His couch

. . . . . .

XXVII

And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet
  A black ship walk over the crimson ocean, —
Its pennons streaming on the blasts that fan it,
  Its sails and ropes all tense and without motion,
Like the dark ghost of the unburied even
Striding across the orange-colored heaven, —

XXVIII

The thought of his own kind who made the soul
Which sped that wingèd shape through night and day, —
The thought of his own country . . .
. . . . . .

LINES WRITTEN FOR JULIAN AND MADDALO

WHAT think you the dead are?
Why, dust and clay,
What should they be?
'Tis the last hour of day.
Look on the west, how beautiful it is
Vaulted with radiant vapors! The deep bliss
Of that unutterable light has made
The edges of that cloud fade
Into a hue, like some harmonious thought,
Wasting itself on that which it had wrought,
Till it dies and between
The light hues of the tender, pure, serene,
And infinite tranquillity of heaven.
Ay, beautiful! but when our . . .
. . . . . .
Perhaps the only comfort which remains
Is the unheeded clanking of my chains,
The which I make, and call it melody.

Lines written for Julian and Maddalo. Published by Garnett, 1862.

LINES WRITTEN FOR PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky,
Until its hue grows like what it beholds;
As a gray and empty mist
Lies like solid amethyst
Over the western mountain it enfolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow;
As a strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around,
Until the voiceless wind be music too;
As aught dark, vain and dull,
Basking in what is beautiful,
Is full of light and love.

LINES WRITTEN FOR MONT BLANC

THERE is a voice, not understood by all,
Sent from these desert-caves. It is the roar
Of the rent ice-cliff which the sunbeams call,
Plunging into the vale — it is the blast
Descending on the pines — the torrents pour.

Lines written for Prometheus Unbound. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Lines written for Mont Blanc. Published by Garnett, 1862.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE INDIAN SERENADE

O PILLOW cold and wet with tears!
Thou breathest sleep no more!

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ODE TO LIBERTY

WITHIN a cavern of man's trackless spirit
Is throned an Image, so intensely fair
That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it
Worship, and as they kneel tremble and wear
The splendor of its presence, and the light
Penetrates their dreamlike frame
Till they become charged with the strength of flame.

STANZA WRITTEN FOR THE ODE WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1819

GATHER, oh, gather,
Foeman and friend in love and peace!
Waves sleep together
When the blasts that called them to battle cease.
For fangless Power, grown tame and mild,
Is at play with Freedom's fearless child —
The dove and the serpent reconciled!

Lines written for the Indian Serenade. Published by Rossetti, 1870.

Lines written for the Ode to Liberty. Published by Garnett, 1862.

Stanza written for the Ode written October, 1819. Published in The Times (Rossetti).

LINES CONNECTED WITH EPIPSYCHIDION

HERE, my dear friend, is a new book for you;
I have already dedicated two
To other friends, one female and one male, —
What you are is a thing that I must veil;
What can this be to those who praise or rail?
I never was attached to that great sect
Whose doctrine is that each one should select
Out of the world a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion — though 'tis in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world — and so
With one sad friend, and many a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

Free love has this, different from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks
Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes
A mirror of the moon — like some great glass,
Which did distort whatever form might pass,
Dashed into fragments by a playful child,
Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild;
Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,
A thousand images of loveliness.

Lines connected with Epipsychidion. Published, 1–37, 62–91, by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2], 1–174, by Garnett (*To His Genius. Miscellaneous Fragments*), 1862.

If I were one whom the loud world held wise,
I should disdain to quote authorities
In commendation of this kind of love.
Why there is first the God in heaven above,
Who wrote a book called Nature — 'tis to be
Reviewed, I hear, in the next Quarterly;
And Socrates, the Jesus Christ of Greece,
And Jesus Christ himself did never cease
To urge all living things to love each other,
And to forgive their mutual faults, and smother
The Devil of disunion in their souls.

. . . . . .

I love you! — Listen, O embodied Ray
Of the great Brightness; I must pass away
While you remain, and these light words must be
Tokens by which you may remember me.
Start not — the thing you are is unbetrayed,
If you are human, and if but the shade
Of some sublimer Spirit.

. . . . . .

And as to friend or mistress, 'tis a form;
Perhaps I wish you were one. Some declare
You a familiar spirit, as you are;
Others with a more inhuman
Hint that, though not my wife, you are a woman —
What is the color of your eyes and hair?
Why, if you were a lady, it were fair
The world should know — but, as I am afraid,
The Quarterly would bait you if betrayed;
And if, as it will be sport to see them stumble
Over all sorts of scandals, hear them mumble

29 *commendation*, Garnett, 1862 || *the support*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].
54 *if*, omit, Rossetti.

Their litany of curses — some guess right,
And others swear you 're a Hermaphrodite;
Like that sweet marble monster of both sexes,
With looks so sweet and gentle that it vexes
The very soul that the soul is gone
Which lifted from her limbs the veil of stone.

. . . . . .

It is a sweet thing, friendship, a dear balm,
A happy and auspicious bird of calm,
Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous Ocean;
A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion;
A flower which fresh as Lapland roses are,
Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,
And blooms most radiantly when others die,
Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity;
And with the light and odor of its bloom,
Shining within the dungeon and the tomb;
Whose coming is as light and music are
'Mid dissonance and gloom — a star
Which moves not 'mid the moving heavens alone —
A smile among dark frowns — a gentle tone
Among rude voices, a belovèd light,
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.
If I had but a friend! Why, I have three
Even by my own confession; there may be
Some more, for what I know, for 'tis my mind
To call my friends all who are wise and kind, —
And these, Heaven knows, at best are very few;
But none can ever be more dear than you.
Why should they be? My muse has lost her wings,
Or like a dying swan who soars and sings,

67 *frore*, Rossetti || *pure*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2].

I should describe you in heroic style,
But as it is, are you not void of guile?
A lovely soul, formed to be blessed and bless;
A well of sealed and secret happiness;
A lute which those whom Love has taught to play
Make music on to cheer the roughest day,
And enchant sadness till it sleeps?

. . . . . .

To the oblivion whither I and thou,
All loving and all lovely, hasten now
With steps, ah, too unequal! may we meet
In one Elysium or one winding sheet!
If any should be curious to discover
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,
Let them read Shakespeare's sonnets, taking thence
A whetstone for their dull intelligence
That tears and will not cut, or let them guess
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
Instructed the instructor, and why he
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
On Agathon's sweet lips, which as he spoke
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,
Half-hidden, and yet beautiful.

I'll pawn
My hopes of Heaven — you know what they are worth —
That the presumptuous pedagogues of Earth,
If they could tell the riddle offered here
Would scorn to be, or, being, to appear
What now they seem and are — but let them chide,
They have few pleasures in the world beside;

Perhaps we should be dull were we not children:
Paradise fruits are sweetest when forbidden.
Only can reason Wisdom, Hatred Love.

. . . . . .

Farewell. For can be to say farewell
To those who —

. . . . . .

I will not, as most dedicators do,
Assure myself and all the world and you,
That you are faultless — would to God they were
Who taunt me with your love! I then should wear
These heavy chains of life with a light spirit,
And would to God I were, or even as near it
As you, dear heart. Alas! what are we? Clouds
Driven by the wind in warring multitudes,
Which rain into the bosom of the earth,
And rise again, and in our death and birth,
And through our restless life, take as from heaven
Hues which are not our own, but which are given,
And then withdrawn, and with inconstant glance
Flash from the spirit to the countenance.
There is a Power, a Love, a Joy, a God,
Which makes in mortal hearts its brief abode,
A Pythian exhalation, which inspires
Love, only love — a wind which o'er the wires
Of the soul's giant harp —
There is a mood which language faints beneath;
You feel it striding, as Almighty Death
His bloodless steed.

. . . . . .

And what is that most brief and bright delight
Which rushes through the touch and through the
sight,

And stands before the spirit's inmost throne,
A naked Seraph? None hath ever known.
Its birth is darkness, and its growth desire;
Untamable and fleet and fierce as fire,
Not to be touched but to be felt alone,
It fills the world with glory — and is gone.

. . . . . .

It floats with rainbow pinions o'er the stream
Of life, which flows, like a dream
Into the light of morning, to the grave
As to an ocean.

. . . . . .

What is that joy which serene infancy
Perceives not, as the hours content them by,
Each in a chain of blossoms, yet enjoys
The shapes of this new world, in giant toys
Wrought by the busy ever new?
Remembrance borrows Fancy's glass, to show
These forms more sincere
Than now they are, than then, perhaps, they were.
When everything familiar seemed to be
Wonderful, and the immortality
Of this great world, which all things must inherit,
Was felt as one with the awakening spirit,
Unconscious of itself, and of the strange
Distinctions which in its proceeding change
It feels and knows, and mourns as if each were
A desolation.

. . . . . .

Were it not a sweet refuge, Emily,
For all those exiles from the dull insane
Who vex this pleasant world with pride and pain,
For all that band of sister-spirits known
To one another by a voiceless tone?

LINES WRITTEN FOR ADONAIS

And ever as he went he swept a lyre
Of unaccustomed shape, and strings
Now like the of impetuous fire,
Which shakes the forest with its murmurings,
Now like the rush of the aërial wings
Of the enamoured wind among the treen,
Whispering unimaginable things,
And dying on the streams of dew serene,
Which feed the unmown meads with ever-during green.

. . . . . .

And the green Paradise which western waves
Embosom in their ever wailing sweep,
Talking of freedom to their tongueless caves,
Or to the spirits which within them keep
A record of the wrongs which, though they sleep,
Die not, but dream of retribution, heard
His hymns, and echoing them from steep to steep,
Kept —

. . . . . .

And then came one of sweet and earnest looks,
Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes
Were as the clear and ever living brooks
Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,
Showing how pure they are: a Paradise
Of happy truth upon his forehead low
Lay, making wisdom lovely, in the guise
Of earth-awakening morn upon the brow
Of star-deserted heaven, while ocean gleams below.

Lines written for Adonais. Published by Garnett, 1862.

His song, though very sweet, was low and faint,
A simple strain —

. . . . . .

A mighty Phantasm, half concealed
In darkness of his own exceeding light,
Which clothed his awful presence unrevealed,
Charioted on the night
Of thunder-smoke, whose skirts were chrysolite.

And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips
The splendor-wingèd chariot of the sun,
eclipse
The armies of the golden stars, each one
Pavilioned in its tent of light — all strewn
Over the chasms of blue night —

LINES WRITTEN FOR HELLAS

I

FAIREST of the Destinies,
Disarray thy dazzling eyes:
Keener far thy lightnings are
Than the wingèd [bolts] thou bearest,
And the smile thou wearest
Wraps thee as a star
Is wrapped in light.

II

Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn
From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,
Or could the morning shafts of purest light

Lines Written for Hellas. Published by Garnett, 1862.

Again into the quivers of the Sun
  Be gathered — could one thought from its wild
    flight
Return into the temple of the brain
    Without a change, without a stain, —
    Could aught that is, ever again
    Be what it once has ceased to be,
      Greece might again be free!

III

A star has fallen upon the earth
'Mid the benighted nations,
  A quenchless atom of immortal light,
  A living spark of Night,
A cresset shaken from the constellations.
  Swifter than the thunder fell
  To the heart of Earth, the well
  Where its pulses flow and beat,
  And unextinct in that cold source
  Burns, and on course
  Guides the sphere which is its prison,
  Like an angelic spirit pent
  In a form of mortal birth,
  Till, as a spirit half arisen
  Shatters its charnel, it has rent,
  In the rapture of its mirth,
The thin and painted garment of the Earth,
  Ruining its chaos — a fierce breath
Consuming all its forms of living death.

THE PINE FOREST OF THE CASCINE NEAR PISA

FIRST DRAFT OF "TO JANE: THE INVITATION, THE RECOLLECTION"

DEAREST, best and brightest,
Come away,
To the woods and to the fields!
Dearer than this fairest day
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle in the brake.

The eldest of the hours of Spring,
Into the winter wandering,
Looks upon the leafless wood;
And the banks all bare and rude
Found, it seems, this halcyon Morn
In February's bosom born,
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
Kissed the cold forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free;
And waked to music all the fountains,
And breathed upon the rigid mountains,
And made the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all the roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Sapless, gray, and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun —
To the sandhills of the sea,
Where the earliest violets be.

Now the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
And do thy wonted work and trace
The epitaph of glory fled;
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the woods, and on the deep,
The smile of Heaven lay.

It seemed as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,

30 *stems*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824 || *stones*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

Which shed to earth above the sun
    A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
    The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
    With stems like serpents interlaced.

How calm it was — the silence there
    By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
    Made stiller by her sound

The inviolable quietness;
    The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
    The calm that round us grew.

It seemed that from the remotest seat
    Of the white mountain's waste,
To the bright flower beneath our feet,
    A magic circle traced; —

A spirit interfused around,
    A thinking silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
    Our mortal nature's strife; —

And still it seemed the centre of
    The magic circle there,
Was one whose being filled with love
    The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocuses that grew
    Under that ilex-tree
As beautiful in scent and hue
    As ever fed the bee?

We stood beside the pools that lie
    Under the forest bough,
And each seemed like a sky
    Gulfed in a world below;

A purple firmament of light,
    Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
    And clearer than the day —

In which the massy forests grew
    As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
    Than any waving there.

Like one beloved the scene had lent
    To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
    With that clear truth expressed;

There lay far glades and neighboring lawn,
    And through the dark green crowd
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
    Under a speckled cloud.

Sweet views, which in our world above
    Can never well be seen,

Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath
Within an Elysium air
An atmosphere without a breath,
A silence sleeping there.

Until a wandering wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from my mind's too faithful eye
Blots thy bright image out.

For thou art good and dear and kind,
The forest ever green,
But less of peace in S——'s mind,
Than calm in waters seen.

ORPHEUS

A

NOT far from hence. From yonder pointed hill,
Crowned with a ring of oaks, you may behold
A dark and barren field, through which there flows,
Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,
Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon
Gazes in vain, and finds no mirror there.
Follow the herbless banks of that strange brook
Until you pause beside a darksome pond,
The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush

Orpheus. Published by Garnett, 1862, and dated, 1820. Revised and enlarged by Rossetti, 1870.

2 *oaks*, Rossetti || *oak*, Garnett.

Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night
That lives beneath the overhanging rock
That shades the pool — an endless spring of gloom,
Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,
Trembling to mingle with its paramour, —
But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,
Or, with most sullen and regardless hate,
Refuses stern her heaven-born embrace.
On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill
There is a cave, from which there eddies up
A pale mist, like aërial gossamer,
Whose breath destroys all life; awhile it veils
The rock; then, scattered by the wind, it flies
Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,
Killing the sleepy worms, if aught bide there.
Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock
There stands a group of cypresses; not such
As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,
Pierce the pure heaven of your native vale,
Whose branches the air plays among, but not
Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace;
But blasted and all wearily they stand,
One to another clinging; their weak boughs
Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they shake
Beneath its blasts — a weather-beaten crew!

CHORUS

What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,
But more melodious than the murmuring wind
Which through the columns of a temple glides?

31 *they*, Rossetti || *these*, Garnett.
37 *which*, Rossetti || *that*, Garnett.

A

It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,
Borne by the winds, who sigh that their rude king
Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes;
But in their speed they bear along with them
The waning sound, scattering it like dew
Upon the startled sense.

CHORUS

Does he still sing?
Methought he rashly cast away his harp
When he had lost Eurydice.

A

Ah no!
Awhile he paused. — As a poor hunted stag
A moment shudders on the fearful brink
Of a swift stream — the cruel hounds press on
With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound, —
He plunges in: so Orpheus, seized and torn
By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,
Mænad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,
And wildly shrieked, "Where she is, it is dark!"
And then he struck from forth the strings a sound
Of deep and fearful melody. Alas!
In times long past, when fair Eurydice
With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,
He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.
As in a brook, fretted with little waves,
By the light airs of spring, each riplet makes
A many-sided mirror for the sun,

While it flows musically through green banks,
Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,
So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy
And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,
The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food.
But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,
He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone,
Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.
Then from the deep and overflowing spring
Of his eternal, ever-moving grief
There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.
'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts
Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,
And casts itself with horrid roar and din
Adown a steep; from a perennial source
It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air
With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,
And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray
Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light.
Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words
Of poesy. Unlike all human works
It never slackens, and through every change
Wisdom and beauty and the power divine
Of mighty poesy together dwell,
Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.

91 *while*, Rossetti || *whilst*, Garnett.
92 *the*, Rossetti || *their*, Garnett.

Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not
Of song; but, would I echo his high song,
Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,
Or I must borrow from her perfect works,
To picture forth his perfect attributes.
He does no longer sit upon his throne
Of rock upon a desert herbless plain,
For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,
And cypresses that seldom wave their boughs,
And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,
And elms dragging along the twisted vines,
Which drop their berries as they follow fast,
And blackthorn bushes with their infant race
Of blushing rose blooms; beeches, to lovers dear,
And weeping willow trees; all swift or slow,
As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit,
Have circled in his throne; and Earth herself
Has sent from her maternal breast a growth
Of starlike flowers and herbs of odors sweet,
To pave the temple that his poesy
Has framed, while near his feet grim lions couch,
And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair.
Even the blind worms seem to feel the sound.

94 *with fiery*, Rossetti || *with its fiery*, Garnett.
102 *his*, Boscombe MS. || *its*, Rossetti.
106 *that*, Garnett || *who*, Rossetti.
112 *willow trees*, Rossetti || *willows, too*, Garnett.
113 *huge*, Rossetti || *long*, Garnett.
116 *starlike . . . odors*, Rossetti || *starry . . . odor*, Garnett.

The birds are silent, hanging down their heads,
Perched on the lowest branches of the trees;
Not even the nightingale intrudes a note
In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

FIORDISPINA

THE season was the childhood of sweet June,
Whose sunny hours from morning until noon
Went creeping through the day with silent feet,
Each with its load of pleasure, slow yet sweet;
Like the long years of blest Eternity
Never to be developed. Joy to thee,
Fiordispina, and thy Cosimo,
For thou the wonders of the depth canst know
Of this unfathomable flood of hours,
Sparkling beneath the heaven which embowers —

. . . . . .

They were two cousins, almost like two twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had rased their love — which could not be
But by dissevering their nativity.
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
Which the same hand will gather, the same clime
Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see

Fiordispina. Published, 11–30, by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, 1–82, by Garnett, 1862, and dated, 1820.

11 *two*, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1] || *to*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

All those who love — and who e'er loved like thee,
Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,
Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
The ardors of a vision which obscure
The very idol of its portraiture.
He faints, dissolved into a sea of love;
But thou art as a planet sphered above;
But thou art Love itself — ruling the motion
Of his subjected spirit; such emotion
Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May
Had not brought forth this morn, your wedding-day.

. . . . . .

"Lie there; sleep awhile in your own dew,
Ye faint-eyed children of the Hours,"
Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers
Which she had from the breathing —

. . . . . .

A table near of polished porphyry.
They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye
That looked on them, a fragrance from the touch
Whose warmth checked their life; a light such
As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,
which did reprove
The childish pity that she felt for them,
And a remorse that from their stem
She had divided such fair shapes made
A feeling in the which was a shade
Of gentle beauty on the flowers; there lay

20 *e'er*, Garnett || *ever*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
25 *sea*, Garnett || *sense*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

All gems that make the earth's dark bosom gay.
rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,
And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes
The livery of unremembered snow —
Violets whose eyes have drunk —

. . . . . .

Fiordispina and her nurse are now
Upon the steps of the high portico;
Under the withered arm of Media
She flings her glowing arm

. . . . . .

step by step and stair by stair,
That withered woman, gray and white and brown —
More like a trunk by lichens overgrown
Than anything which once could have been human.
And ever as she goes the palsied woman

. . . . . .

"How slow and painfully you seem to walk,
Poor Media! you tire yourself with talk."
"And well it may,
Fiordispina, dearest — well-a-day!
You are hastening to a marriage-bed;
I to the grave!" — "And if my love were dead,
Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie
Beside him in my shroud as willingly
As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought."
"Fie, child! Let that unseasonable thought
Not be remembered till it snows in June;
Such fancies are a music out of tune

With the sweet dance your heart must keep to-
night.
What! would you take all beauty and delight
Back to the Paradise from which you sprung,
And leave to grosser mortals?—
And say, sweet lamb, would you not learn the
sweet
And subtle mystery by which spirits meet?
Who knows whether the loving game is played,
When, once of mortal [vesture] disarrayed,
The naked soul goes wandering here and there
Through the wide deserts of Elysian air?
The violet dies not till it"—

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE

At the creation of the Earth
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of Heaven did rise,
Wrapped in sweet wild melodies—
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Through Æolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Whence it rises soft and slow;
Her life-breathing [limbs] did flow
In the harmony divine
Of an ever-lengthening line
Which enwrapped her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm.

The Birth of Pleasure. Forman || no title, Garnett. Published by Garnett, 1862, and dated, 1819.

LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR

. . . . . .

And many there were hurt by that strong boy;
His name, they said, was Pleasure.
And near him stood, glorious beyond measure,
Four Ladies who possess all empery
In earth and air and sea;
Nothing that lives from their award is free.
Their names will I declare to thee, —
Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear;
And they the regents are
Of the four elements that frame the heart, —
And each diversely exercised her art
By force or circumstance or sleight
To prove her dreadful might
Upon that poor domain.
Desire presented her [false] glass, and then
The spirit dwelling there
Was spellbound to embrace what seemed so fair
Within that magic mirror;
And, dazed by that bright error,
It would have scorned the [shafts] of the avenger,
And death, and penitence, and danger,
Had not then silent Fear
Touched with her palsying spear, —
So that, as if a frozen torrent,
The blood was curdled in its current;
It dared not speak, even in look or motion,
But chained within itself its proud devotion.

Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear. Published by Garnett, 1862, and dated, 1821.

Between Desire and Fear thou wert
A wretched thing, poor Heart!
Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast,
Wild bird for that weak nest.
Till Love even from fierce Desire it bought,
And from the very wound of tender thought
Drew solace, and the pity of sweet eyes
Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies,
Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.
Then Hope approached, she who can borrow
For poor to-day from rich to-morrow;
And Fear withdrew, as night when day
Descends upon the orient ray;
And after long and vain endurance
The poor heart woke to her assurance.

At one birth these four were born
With the world's forgotten morn,
And from Pleasure still they hold
All it circles, as of old.
When, as summer lures the swallow,
Pleasure lures the heart to follow —
O weak heart of little wit —
The fair hand that wounded it,
Seeking, like a panting hare,
Refuge in the lynx's lair, —
Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,
Ever will be near.

A SATIRE ON SATIRE

If gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains,
And racks of subtle torture, if the pains
Of shame, of fiery Hell's tempestuous wave,
Seen through the caverns of the shadowy grave,
Hurling the damned into the murky air
While the meek blest sit smiling; if Despair
And Hate, the rapid bloodhounds with which Terror
Hunts through the world the homeless steps of
Error,
Are the true secrets of the commonweal
To make men wise and just; . . .
And not the sophisms of revenge and fear,
Bloodier than is revenge . . .
Then send the priests to every hearth and home
To preach the burning wrath which is to come,
In words like flakes of sulphur, such as thaw
The frozen tears . . .
If Satire's scourge could wake the slumbering
hounds
Of Conscience, or erase the deeper wounds,
The leprous scars of callous infamy;
If it could make the present not to be,
Or charm the dark past never to have been,
Or turn regret to hope; who that has seen
What Southey is and was, would not exclaim,
Lash on! be the keen verse dipped in flame;
Follow his flight with wingèd words, and urge

A Satire on Satire. Published by Dowden, *Correspondence of Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles*, 1880, and dated, 1820.

The strokes of the inexorable scourge
Until the heart be naked, till his soul
See the contagion's spots foul;
And from the mirror of Truth's sunlike shield,
From which his Parthian arrow . . .
Flash on his sight the spectres of the past,
Until his mind's eye paint thereon —
Let scorn like yawn below,
And rain on him like flakes of fiery snow.
This cannot be, it ought not, evil still —
Suffering makes suffering, ill must follow ill.
Rough words beget sad thoughts, and, beside,
Men take a sullen and a stupid pride
In being all they hate in others' shame,
By a perverse antipathy of fame.
'Tis not worth while to prove, as I could, how
From the sweet fountains of our Nature flow
These bitter waters; I will only say,
If any friend would take Southey some day,
And tell him, in a country walk alone,
Softening harsh words with friendship's gentle tone,
How incorrect his public conduct is,
And what men think of it, 'twere not amiss.
Far better than to make innocent ink —

GINEVRA

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one
Who staggers forth into the air and sun
From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,
Bewildered, and incapable, and ever

Ginevra. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, and dated, Pisa, 1821.

Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain
Of usual shapes, till the familiar train
Of objects and of persons passed like things
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,
Ginevra from the nuptial altar went;
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent
Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,
And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,
And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth, —
And of the gold and jewels glittering there
She scarce felt conscious, but the weary glare
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
Was less heavenly fair — her face was bowed,
And as she passed, the diamonds in her hair
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair
Which led from the cathedral to the street;
And even as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,
Envying the unenviable; and others
Making the joy which should have been another's
Their own by gentle sympathy; and some
Sighing to think of a unhappy home;

22 *was less* || *were less*, Rossetti.

Some few admiring what can ever lure
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat; a thing
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all dispersed — and lo! she stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own;
And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage-bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells; —
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself — when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said — "Is this thy faith?" and then as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,
Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore
To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood
Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said — "Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance, or custom, time, or change,
Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,
With all their stings and venom, can impeach
Our love, — we love not. If the grave, which hides

The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another's, could dissever ours,
We love not." — "What! do not the silent hours
Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?
Is not that ring" — a pledge, he would have said,
Of broken vows, but she with patient look
The golden circle from her finger took,
And said — "Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;
And I am dead or shall be soon — my knell
Will mix its music with that merry bell;
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said,
'We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed'?
The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier — so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy
Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear,
Making her but an image of the thought,
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
News of the terrors of the coming time.
Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a belovèd friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
The pale betrayer — he then with vain repentance
Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence —

Antonio stood and would have spoken, when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching; he retired, while she
Was led amid the admiring company
Back to the palace, — and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest. Like one asleep
With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met;
The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight,
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes
Kindling a momentary Paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime.
How many meet, who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget?
How many saw the beauty, power, and wit
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet!
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn.
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And unprophetic of the coming hours
The matin winds from the expanded flowers
Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken

From every living heart which it possesses,
Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,
As if the future and the past were all
Treasured i' the instant; so Gherardi's hall
Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival, —
Till some one asked, "Where is the Bride?"
And then
A bridesmaid went, and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests — a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld;
Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled; —
For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew
The color from the hearer's cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company;
And then Gherardi entered with an eye
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death
To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,
With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,
And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light
Mocked at the speculation they had owned;
If it be death, when there is felt around
A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
And leaving as swift lightning in its flight

129 *winds* || *lands*, Forman conj., *waves*, or *sands*, or *strands*, Rossetti conj.

Ashes, and smoke, and darkness: in our night
Of thought we know thus much of death, — no more
Than the unborn dream of our life before
Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.

The marriage feast and its solemnity
Was turned to funeral pomp; the company,
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor they
Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise
Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.
The lamps which, half-extinguished in their haste
Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,
Showed as it were within the vaulted room
A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
Had passed out of men's minds into the air.
Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
Friends and relations of the dead, — and he,
A loveless man, accepted torpidly
The consolation that he wanted not;
Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
More still — some wept,
Some melted into tears without a sob,
And some with hearts that might be heard to throb
Leaned on the table, and at intervals
Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls
And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
Of every torch and taper, as it swept

167 *On* ‖ *In*, Rossetti.

From out the chamber where the women kept; —
Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
Of pleasures now departed; then was knolled
The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,
And finding death their penitent had shrived,
Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
And then the mourning-women came. —

. . . . . .

THE DIRGE

Old winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
And the spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night; —
If the land, and the air, and the sea,
Rejoice not when spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra!

She is still, she is cold
On the bridal couch.
One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel — and one, oh where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.

Ere the sun through heaven once more has rolled,
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,

And the worms be alive in her golden hair;
While the spirit that guides the sun
Sits throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep.

THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO

Our boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
The helm sways idly, hither and thither;
Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,
And the oars, and the sails; but 'tis sleeping fast
Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burned out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there;
To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapors in their multitudes,
And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aëry gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be, —
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee.
Fire-flies were quenched on the dewy corn;

The Boat on the Serchio. Published, 1–61, 88–118, by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, and dated, July, 1821. Revised and enlarged by Rossetti, 1870.

Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn;
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill;
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own;
The million rose to learn, and one to teach
What none yet ever knew or can be known.
And many rose
Whose woe was such that fear became desire;
Melchior and Lionel were not among those;
They from the throng of men had stepped aside,
And made their home under the green hillside.
It was that hill, whose intervening brow
Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,
Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
Like a wide lake of green fertility,
With streams and fields and marshes bare,
Divides from the far Apennines, which lie
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

"What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?
If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
That she was dreaming of our idleness,
And of the miles of watery way
We should have led her by this time of day."

33 *nor*, Rossetti.

"Never mind," said Lionel,
"Give care to the winds, they can bear it well
About yon poplar tops; and see!
The white clouds are driving merrily,
And the stars we miss this morn will light
More willingly our return to-night.
How it whistles, 'Dominic's long black hair!
List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair;
Hear how it sings into the air.'
—of us and of our lazy motions,"
Impatiently said Melchior,
"If I can guess a boat's emotions;
And how we ought, two hours before,
To have been the devil knows where."
And then, in such transalpine Tuscan
As would have killed a Della-Cruscan,
. . . . . .
So, Lionel according to his art
Weaving his idle words, Melchior said:
"She dreams that we are not yet out of bed;
We'll put a soul into her, and a heart
Which like a dove chased by a dove shall beat."

. . . . . .
"Ay, heave the ballast overboard,
And stow the eatables in the aft locker."
"Would not this keg be best a little lowered?"
"No, now all's right." "Those bottles of warm tea —

58–61: —

List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair;
How it scatters Dominic's long black hair,
Singing of us, and our lazy motions,
If I can guess a boat's emotions.

Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

(Give me some straw) — must be stowed tenderly;
Such as we used, in summer after six,
To cram in great-coat pockets, and to mix
Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton,
And, couched on stolen hay in those green harbors
Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called arbors,
Would feast till eight."

. . . . . .

With a bottle in one hand,
As if his very soul were at a stand,
Lionel stood, when Melchior brought him steady, —
"Sit at the helm — fasten this sheet — all ready!"

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
The living breath is fresh behind,
As with dews and sunrise fed
Comes the laughing morning wind.
The sails are full, the boat makes head
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,
Then flags with intermitting course,
And hangs upon the wave, and stems
The tempest of the
Which fervid from its mountain source
Shallow, smooth, and strong, doth come, —
Swift as fire, tempestuously
It sweeps into the affrighted sea;
In morning's smile its eddies coil,
Its billows sparkle, toss, and boil,
Torturing all its quiet light
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
Between the marble barriers which it clove
At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm
The wave that died the death which lovers love,
Living in what it sought; as if this spasm
Had not yet passed, the toppling mountains cling,
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
Pours itself on the plain, then wandering,
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline
Sends its superfluous waves, that they may fling
At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine;
Then, through the pestilential deserts wild
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted pine,
It rushes to the Ocean.

THE ZUCCA

I

SUMMER was dead and Autumn was expiring,
And infant Winter laughed upon the land
All cloudlessly and cold; when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Wept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
Of my lorn heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering hours.

112 *then*, Boscombe MS. || *until*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
114 *superfluous*, Boscombe MS. || *clear*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
117 *pine*, Boscombe MS. || *fir*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.
The Zucca. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, and dated, January, 1822.
i. 7 *lorn*, Boscombe MS. || *poor*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

II

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep
  The instability of all but weeping;
And on the earth lulled in her winter sleep
  I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
Too happy Earth! over thy face shall creep
  The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping
From unremembered dreams shalt see
No death divide thy immortality.

III

I loved — oh, no, I mean not one of ye,
  Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be;
  I loved I know not what — but this low sphere,
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
  Thou, whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere.
From heaven and earth, and all that in them are
Veiled art thou like a star.

IV

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
  Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden;
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
  When for a moment thou art not forbidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest;
  And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,

iii. 7 Boscombe MS. || *Dim object of my soul's idolatry*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

iii. 8 Boscombe MS. || omit, Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1]; *Veiled art thou like* . . . . Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

iv. 2 *nor*, Boscombe MS. || *or*, 1824.

Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

V

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,
  In music, and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
  Meant to express some feelings of their own;
In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
  In flowers and leaves, and in the grass fresh shown
Or dying in the autumn, — I the most
Adore thee present, or lament thee lost.

VI

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
  A plant upon the river's margin lie,
Like one who loved beyond his nature's law,
  And in despair had cast him down to die;
Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw
  Had blighted, like a heart which hatred's eye
Can blast not, but which pity kills; the dew
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

VII

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth
  Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast

. . . . . .

v. 6 *grass fresh*, Boscombe MS. || *fresh grass*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

vi. 6 *like*, Boscombe MS. || *as*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

VIII

I bore it to my chamber and I planted
  It in a vase full of the lightest mould;
The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted
  Fell through the window panes, disrobed of cold,
Upon its leaves and flowers; the star which panted
In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled
Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

IX

The mitigated influences of air
  And light revived the plant, and from it grew
Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,
  Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
O'erflowed with golden colors; an atmosphere
  Of vital warmth enfolded it anew,
And every impulse sent to every part
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

X

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
  Even if the air and sun had smiled not on it;
For one wept o'er it all the winter long
  Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it
Hour after hour; for sounds of softest song,
  Mixed with the stringèd melodies that won it
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

x. 2 *air and sun*, Boscombe MS. || *sun and air*, Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

XI

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers
On which he wept, the while the savage storm
Waked by the darkest of December's hours
Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm;
The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,
The fish were frozen in the pools, the form
Of every summer plant was dead
Whilst this

LINES

I

We meet not as we parted,
We feel more than all may see;
My bosom is heavy-hearted,
And thine full of doubt for me.
One moment has bound the free.

II

That moment is gone forever,
Like lightning that flashed and died,
Like a snowflake upon the river,
Like a sunbeam upon the tide,
Which the dark shadows hide.

III

That moment from time was singled
As the first of a life of pain;

Lines. Published by Garnett, 1862, and dated, 1822.

The cup of its joy was mingled —
  Delusion too sweet though vain!
  Too sweet to be mine again.

IV

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden
  That its life was crushed by you,
Ye would not have then forbidden
  The death which a heart so true
  Sought in your briny dew.

V

  Methinks too little cost
  For a moment so found, so lost!

NOTES

NOTES

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS

Œdipus Tyrannus ; / or, / Swellfoot the Tyrant. / A Tragedy. / In Two Acts. / Translated from the original Doric. / —— Choose Reform or civil-war, / When thro' the streets, instead of hare with dogs, / A Consort-Queen shall hunt a King with hogs, / Riding on the Ionian Minotaur. / London / Published for the Author, / By J. Johnston, 98, Cheapside, and sold by / all booksellers. / 1820.

Collation : Octavo. Title (with imprint, Printed by C. F. Seyfang, 57, Fleet-Market, on verso), pp. i. ii. ; Advertisement (with *Dramatis Personæ* on verso), pp. iii. iv. ; *Œdipus Tyrannus*, pp. 5–39. Issued as a pamphlet without wrapper. [The volume is described after Forman, *The Shelley Library*, p. 97, as are also the readings of the original edition, the book not being accessible in this country.]

A fragment of the MS. is in the possession of Mr. H. A. Bright and a transcript, of doubtful authenticity, by John Gisborne, is in that of Forman. Mrs. Shelley first republished the drama in 1839[2]. The text of other editions shows variations, except as already noted, only in I. 59 *your* 1839[2], Rossetti ; I. 135 *own* omit, 1820, 1839[2] ; I. 219 *Enter Gadfly* 1839[2], *Enter Gadfly followed by Leech and Rat*, Rossetti ; I. 260 *Enter the Leech and the Rat* Forman conj., omit, 1820, 1839[2], Rossetti, Dowden ; I. 373 *nor* 1839[2] ; II. i. 19 *Bristles and sausages* Rossetti conj. (the conjecture is one of a class of metrical corrections already sufficiently commented on); II. i. 112 *the* 1820, 1839[2]. Shelley put footnotes to his edition as follows : —

I. 8 See *Universal History* for an account of the number of people who died, and the immense consumption of garlic by the wretched Egyptians, who made a sepulchre for the name as well as the bodies of their tyrants.

I. 153 And the Lord whistled for the gadfly out of Æthiopia, and for the bee of Egypt, etc. — *Ezekiel.*

204 If one should marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. — *Cymbeline.*

II. 173 Rich and rare were the gems she wore. — See *Moore's Irish Melodies.*

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS: —

Mrs. Shelley's Note (1839², p. 191) : "In the brief journal I kept in those days, I find recorded in August [24], 1820, 'Shelley begins *Swellfoot the Tyrant*, suggested by the pigs at the fair of San Giuliano.' This was the period of Queen Caroline's landing in England, and the struggles made by George IV. to get rid of her claims; which failing, Lord Castlereagh placed the 'Green Bag' on the table of the House of Commons, demanding, in the King's name, that an inquiry should be instituted into his wife's conduct. These circumstances were the theme of all conversation among the English. We were then at the Baths of San Giuliano; a friend [Mrs. Mason] came to visit us on the day when a fair was held in the square, beneath our windows. Shelley read to us his *Ode to Liberty;* and was riotously accompanied by the grunting of a quantity of pigs brought for sale to the fair. He compared it to the 'chorus of frogs' in the satiric drama of Aristophanes; and it being an hour of merriment, and one ludicrous association suggesting another, he imagined a political satirical drama on the circumstances of the day, to which the pigs would serve as chorus — and *Swellfoot* was begun. When finished, it was transmitted to England, printed and published anonymously; but stifled at the very dawn of its existence by the 'Society for the Suppression of Vice,' who threatened to prosecute it, if not immediately withdrawn. The friend who had taken the trouble of bringing it out, of course did not think it worth the annoyance and expense of a contest, and it was laid aside.

"Hesitation of whether it would do honor to Shelley prevented my publishing it at first; but I cannot bring myself to keep back anything he ever wrote, for each word is fraught with the peculiar views and sentiments which he believed to

be beneficial to the human race; and the bright light of poetry irradiates every thought. The world has a right to the entire compositions of such a man; for it does not live and thrive by the outworn lesson of the dullard or the hypocrite, but by the original free thoughts of men of genius, who aspire to pluck bright truth

> "'from the pale-faced moon;
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
> And pluck up drowned'

truth. Even those who may dissent from his opinions will consider that he was a man of genius, and that the world will take more interest in his slightest word, than from the waters of Lethe, which are so eagerly prescribed as medicinal for all its wrongs and woes. This drama, however, must not be judged for more than was meant. It is a mere plaything of the imagination, which even may not excite smiles among many, who will not see wit in those combinations of thought which were full of the ridiculous to the author. But, like everything he wrote, it breathes that deep sympathy for the sorrows of humanity, and indignation against its oppressors, which make it worthy of his name."

Note written in a copy of the original edition belonging to Mr. F. Locker-Lampson and bought by the first purchaser December 16, 1820.

"This work was published by Johnson in Cheapside at the commencement of the Caroline Phobia; was bought by me, and presuming it to be highly libellous, some Inhabitants of the Ward determined to have it prosecuted in accordance to the resolutions of the Ward-Mote; it was, however, suppressed by the interference of Alderman Rothwell without coming before a Jury, the publisher giving up the whole impression except 7 what [*sic*] he said was the whole number sold. He gave up as the Author (or at least his employer) Smith, the author of *Rejected Addresses*, *Horace in London*, &c. Smith, however, said it was sent to him from Pisa in Italy, at that time the residence of Lord Byron,

Shelly [*sic*], and others." Forman, *The Shelley Library*, p. 98.

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 29: "He [Shelley] told me that on the first day of its being exposed for sale in the city, the then Lord Mayor of London, who was a friend of the gentleman who corrected the proof sheets, advised him [Horace Smith] to withdraw it."

EPIPSYCHIDION

Epipsychidion / Verses addressed to the noble / and unfortunate lady / Emilia V—— / now imprisoned in the convent of —— / L' anima amante si slancia fuori del creato, e si crea nel infinito / un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso / baratro. Her own Words / London C. & J. Ollier Vere Street Bond Street / MDCCCXXI.

Collation: Octavo. Half title (with imprint, London / printed by S. and R. Bentley Dorset-Street, / Salisbury-Square, / on verso), pp. i. ii.; title (with blank verso), pp. iii. iv.; Advertisement (with "My Song," etc., on verso), pp. v. vi.; *Eposychidion*, pp. 7–31; imprint repeated, London / printed by S. and R. Bentley / Dorset-Street / MDCCCXXI, on verso of p. 31. Issued as a pamphlet without wrapper. Price 2s (below half-title).

No MS. is known. The poem was reprinted by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], among the *Poems of 1820*. The variations of other editions, except as already noted, are: — 118 *on* 1839[1,2]; 153 *it is the* 1839[2]; 405 *he* 1839[1,2]; 501 *many twining* 1821, Forman, Dowden. Of the persons alluded to, 1 *that orphan one* is Mrs. Shelley, and, 2 *the name* is Shelley, and, 601 *Marina* is Mrs. Shelley, *Vanna* may be Mrs. Williams, *Primus* is unidentified. The title of the poem signifies, as Rev. Stopford Brooke has pointed out, "*this soul out of my soul.*"

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS: —

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, February 16, 1821: "I send you . . . and a longer piece, entitled *Epipsychidion* . . . The longer poem, I desire, should not be considered as my

own; indeed, in a certain sense, it is a production of a portion of me already dead; and in this sense the advertisement is no fiction. It is to be published simply for the esoteric few; and I make its author a secret, to avoid the malignity of those who turn sweet food into poison, transforming all they touch into the corruption of their own natures. My wish with respect to it is that it should be printed immediately in the simplest form, and merely one hundred copies: those who are capable of judging and feeling rightly with respect to a composition of so abstruse a nature, certainly do not arrive at that number — among those, at least, who would ever be excited to read an obscure and anonymous production; and it would give me no pleasure that the vulgar should read it. If you have any bookselling reason against publishing so small a number as a hundred, merely, distribute copies among those to whom you think the poetry would afford any pleasure, and send me, as soon as you can, a copy by the post. I have written it so as to give very little trouble, I hope, to the printer, or to the person who revises. I would be much obliged to you if you would take this office on yourself." *Shelley Memorials*, pp. 152, 153.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, October 22, 1821: "The *Epipsychidion* is a mystery; as to real flesh and blood, you know that I do not deal in those articles; you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton, as expect anything human or earthly from me. I desired Ollier not to circulate this piece except to the *συνετοί*, and even they, it seems, are inclined to approximate me to the circle of a servant girl and her sweetheart. But I intend to write a Symposium of my own to set all this right." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 333, 334.

Shelley (from Lerici) to John Gisborne, June 18, 1822: "The *Epipsychidion* I cannot look at; the person whom it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno, and poor Ixion starts from the centaur that was the offspring of his own embrace. If you are curious, however, to hear what I am and have been, it will tell you something thereof. It is an idealized history of my life and feelings. I think one is

always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Trelawny, *Records*, etc., i. 116: "Shelley; The *Epipsychidion* that you like so much the reviewer denounces as the rhapsody of a madman. That it may be a rhapsody I won't deny, and a man cannot decide on his own sanity. Your dry, matter-of-fact men denounce all flights of imagination as proofs of insanity, and so did the Greek sects of the Stoics. All the mass of mankind consider every one eccentric or insane who utters sentiments they do not comprehend."

The relations of the Shelley household with Emilia Viviani are best described in Mrs. Marshall's *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, but also fully in Dowden. Medwin describes the affair, ii. 60–80, and Mrs. Shelley introduces Emilia as a character, *Clorinda*, in her novel, *Lodore*.

Epipsychidion was noticed in *The Gossip* (a short-lived weekly published at Kentish Town), May 19, June 23, July 14, 1821.

ADONAIS

Adonais / An Elegy on the Death of John Keats, / Author of Endymion, Hyperion, etc. / By / Percy. B. Shelley / Αστήρ πρὶν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζῶοισιν ἑῶος. / Νυν δε θανῶν, λαμπεις ἑσπερος εν φθίμενοις. / Plato. / Pisa / With the types of Didot / MDCCCXXI.

Collation: Quarto. Title (with blank verso), pp. i. ii.; Preface, pp. 3–5; *Adonais*, pp. 7–25. Issued in blue paper wrappers, with woodcut and ornamental border. Price 3s. 6d.

Fragments of a rough draft exist among the Boscombe MSS.

PREFACE: CANCELLED PASSAGES

Garnett, *Relics*, pp. 48–50 . . . "the expression of my indignation and sympathy. I will allow myself a first and last word on the subject of calumny as it relates to me. As an author I have dared and invited censure. If I under-

stand myself, I have written neither for profit nor for fame. I have employed my poetical compositions and publications simply as the instruments of that sympathy between myself and others which the ardent and unbounded love I cherished for my kind incited me to acquire. I expected all sorts of stupidity and insolent contempt from those . . .

"These compositions (excepting the tragedy of *The Cenci*, which was written rather to try my powers than to unburden my full heart) are insufficiently . . . commendation than perhaps they deserve, even from their bitterest enemies; but they have not attained any corresponding popularity. As a man, I shrink from notice and regard; the ebb and flow of the world vexes me; I desire to be left in peace. Persecution, contumely, and calumny, have been heaped upon me in profuse measure; and domestic conspiracy and legal oppression have violated in my person the most sacred rights of nature and humanity. The bigot will say it was the recompense of my errors; the man of the world will call it the result of my imprudence; but never upon one head . . .

"Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic. But a young spirit panting for fame, doubtful of its powers, and certain only of its aspirations, is ill qualified to assign its true value to the sneer of this world. He knows not that such stuff as this is of the abortive and monstrous births which time consumes as fast as it produces. He sees the truth and falsehood, the merits and demerits, of his case inextricably entangled . . . No personal offence should have drawn from me this public comment upon such stuff . . .

The offence of this poor victim [Keats] seems to have consisted solely in his intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Mr. Hazlitt, and some other enemies of despotism and superstition. My friend Hunt has a very hard skull to crack, and will take a deal of killing. I do not know much of Mr. Hazlitt, but . . .

I knew personally but little of Keats; but on the news of his situation I wrote to him, suggesting the propriety of trying the Italian climate, and inviting him to join me. Unfortunately he did not allow me" . . .

NOTES showing the state of other editions, and including minor variations beyond what has been already noted.

viii. 9 Galignani follows Shelley, 1821, except in this line.
ix. 9 *nor* 1839[1,2].
xii. 6 *its* 1839[2].
xiv. 9 *around* 1839[1,2].
xv. 7 *they* 1839[1,2].
xxii. 4 *with* omit 1839[1,2].
xxxiv. 4 *sang* 1839[1,2].
xlvi. 8 *a* 1839[2].

The poets alluded to are, in xxviii. 7 and xxx. 2, Byron; xxx. 8, Moore; xxxv. 1, Hunt.

See FRAGMENTS, iii. 430.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS: —

Mrs. Shelley's Note (1839[1], iii. 150): "There is much in the *Adonais* which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. The poetic view he takes of death, and the lofty scorn he displays toward his calumniators, are as a prophecy on his own destiny, when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits."

Shelley (from Baths of San Giuliano) to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, June 5, 1821: "I have been engaged these last days in composing a poem on the death of Keats, which will shortly be finished; and I anticipate the pleasure of reading it to you, as some of the very few persons who will be interested in it and understand it. It is a highly wrought *piece of art*, and perhaps better, in point of composition, than anything I have written." *Essays and Letters*, ii. 293.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, June 8, 1821: "You may announce for publication a poem entitled *Adonais*. It is a lament on the death of poor Keats, with some interposed stabs on the assassins of his peace and of his fame; and will be preceded by a criticism on *Hyperion*, asserting the due claims which that fragment gives him to the rank which I

have assigned him. My poem is finished and consists of about forty Spenser stanzas. I shall send it to you either printed at Pisa, or transcribed in such a manner as it shall be difficult for the reviser to leave such errors as *assist* the obscurity of the *Prometheus*. But in case I send it printed, it will be merely that mistakes may be avoided; [so] that I shall only have a few copies struck off in the cheapest manner.

"If you have interest enough in the subject, I could wish that you inquired of some of the friends and relatives of Keats respecting the circumstances of his death, and could transmit me any information you may be able to collect, and especially as to the degree in which, as I am assured, the brutal attack in the *Quarterly Review* excited the disease by which he perished." *Shelley Memorials*, pp. 155, 156.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, June 16, 1821: "As it is, I have finished my Elegy; and this day I send it to the press at Pisa. You shall have a copy the moment it is completed. I think it will please you. I have dipped my pen in consuming fire for his destroyers; otherwise the style is calm and solemn." Mrs. Shelley, *Essay and Letters*, ii. 296.

Shelley (from Baths of San Giuliano) to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, July 13, 1821: "A thousand thanks for your maps; in return for which I send you the only copy of *Adonais* the printer has yet delivered. I wish I could say, as Glaucus could, in the exchange for the arms of Diomede, — *ἑκατόμβοι ἐννεαβοίων*." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 298.

Shelley (from Baths of San Giuliano) to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, July 19, 1821: "I am fully repaid for the painful emotions from which some verses of my poem sprung, by your sympathy and approbation — which is all the reward I expect — and as much as I desire. It is not for me to judge whether, in the high praise your feelings assign me, you are right or wrong. The poet and the man are two different natures; though they exist together, they may be unconscious of each other, and incapable of deciding on each other's powers and efforts by any reflex act. The decision of the cause, whether or no *I* am a poet, is removed from the present time to the hour when our posterity shall assemble; but

the court is a very severe one, and I fear that the verdict will be, 'Guilty — death'!" Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 298, 299.

Shelley (from Ravenna) to Peacock, August 10, [?] 1821: "I have sent you by the Gisbornes a copy of the *Elegy on Keats*. The subject, I know, will not please you; but the composition of the poetry, and the taste in which it is written, I do not think bad. You and the enlightened public will judge." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 475.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Medwin, August 22, 1821: "I am happy to hear that *Adonais* pleased you; I was considering how I could send you a copy: — nor am I less flattered by your friend Sir John's approbation." Trelawny, *Records*, ii. 41.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Hunt, August 26, 1821: "Before this you will have seen *Adonais*. Lord Byron — I suppose from modesty on account of his being mentioned in it — did not say a word of *Adonais*, though he was loud in his praise of *Prometheus*." Hunt, *Lord Byron*, etc., i. 406.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Horace Smith, September 14, 1821: "I am glad you like *Adonais*, and, particularly, that you do not think it metaphysical, which I was afraid it was. I was resolved to pay some tribute of sympathy to the unhonored dead, but I wrote, as usual, with a total ignorance of the effect that I should produce. Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 330.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, September 25, 1821: "The *Adonais*, in spite of its mysticism, is the least imperfect of my compositions, and, as the image of my regret and honor for poor Keats, I wish it to be so. I shall write to you, probably, by next post, on the subject of that poem, and should have sent the promised criticism for the second edition, had I not mislaid, and in vain sought for, the volume that contains *Hyperion*." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 159.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, no date: "I send you a sketch for a frontispiece to the poem *Adonais*. Pray let it be put into the engraver's hands immediately, as the poem is already on its way to you, and I should wish it to be ready for its arrival. The poem is beautifully printed, and — what

is of more consequence — correctly; indeed it was to obtain this last point that I sent it to the press at Pisa." Rossetti, *Adonais*, 1891, p. 32.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, October 22, 1821: "I should like very much to hear what is said of my *Adonais*, and you would oblige me by cutting out, or making Ollier cut out, any respectable criticism on it, and sending it me; you know I do not mind a crown or two in postage." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 333.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, November 11, 1821: "Do not forget my other questions. I am especially curious to hear the fate of *Adonais*. I confess I should be surprised if *that* poem were born to an immortality of oblivion." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 160.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Severn, November 29, 1821: "I send you the Elegy on poor Keats — and I wish it were better worth your acceptance. You will see, by the preface, that it was written before I could obtain any particular account of his last moments; all that I still know, was communicated to me by a friend who had derived his information from Colonel Finch; I have ventured to express, as I felt, the respect and admiration which *your* conduct towards him demands.

"In spite of his transcendent genius, Keats never was, nor ever will be, a popular poet; and the total neglect and obscurity in which the astonishing remnants of his mind still lie, was hardly to be dissipated by a writer, who, however he may differ from Keats in more important qualities, at least resembles him in that accidental one, a want of popularity.

"I have little hope, therefore, that the poem I send you will excite any attention, nor do I feel assured that a critical notice of his writings would find a single reader. But for these considerations, it had been my intention to have collected the remnants of his compositions, and to have published them with a Life and Criticism. Has he left any poems or writings of whatsoever kind, and in whose possession are they? Perhaps you would oblige me by information on this point." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 152.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Peacock, January 11, 1822: "You

will have seen my *Adonais* and perhaps my *Hellas*, and I think, whatever you may think of the subject, the composition of the first poem will not wholly displease you. I wish I had something better to do than furnish this jingling food for the hunger of oblivion, called verse, but I have not; and since you give me no encouragement about India I cannot hope to have." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 477.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, January 11, 1822: "I was also more than commonly interested in the success of *Adonais*. I do not mean the sale, but the effect it produced; and I should have been glad to have received some communication from you respecting it. I do not know even whether it has been published, and still less whether it has been published with the alterations I sent." Rossetti, *Adonais*, 1891, p. 33.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Hunt, January 25, 1822: "Pray tell me if Ollier has published *Hellas*, and what effect was produced by *Adonais*. My faculties are shaken to atoms, and torpid. I can write nothing; and if *Adonais* had no success, and excited no interest, what incentive can I have to write? Garnett, *Relics*, p. 190.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, April 10, 1822: "I know what to think of *Adonais*, but what to think of those who confound it with the many bad poems of the day, I know not . . . It is absurd in any Review to criticise *Adonais*, and still more to pretend that the verses are bad." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 336, 339.

Shelley (from Lerici) to John Gisborne, June 18, 1822: "The *Adonais* I wished to have had a fair chance, both because it is a favorite with me and on account of the memory of Keats, who was a poet of great genius, let the classic party say what it will." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Adonais was reprinted, except stanzas xix.–xxiv., in *The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review*, December 1, 1821; and was noticed in *The Literary Gazette*, December 8, 1821.

HELLAS

Hellas / A Lyrical Drama / By / Percy B. Shelley / ΜΑΝΤΙΣ ΕΙΜ' ΕΣΘΛΩΝ 'ΑΓΩΝΩΝ / Œdip. Colon. / London /

Charles and James Ollier Vere Street / Bond Street / MDCCCXXII.

Collation: Octavo. Half-title (with imprint, Printed by S. and R. Bentley, / Dorset Street, London, on verso), pp. i. ii.; Title (with blank verso) pp. iii. iv.; Dedication (with blank verso) pp. v. vi.; Preface, pp. vii.–xi.; Fly-title to *Hellas* (with list of *Dramatis Personæ* on verso) pp. 1, 2; *Hellas* pp. 3–53 (with imprint repeated, slightly different [Fleet St.] at foot of page); Notes, pp. 55–58; *Stanzas written on hearing the News of the / Death of Napoleon*, pp. 59, 60. Issued in wrappers, with white paper label on side lettered Hellas / A / Lyrical Drama / 3s. 6d.

The copy referred to in this edition as *Shelley, n. d.* differs from the above only by lacking all after *Œdip. Colon*, on the title-page, and containing the suppressed passages of the text, as noted. It is evidently the first printed copy.

Fragments of the draft of the drama exist among the Boscombe MSS. The copy, made by Williams and revised by Shelley for the printer, is in the possession of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson. The list of errata is in the possession of Mr. C. W. Frederickson.

PROLOGUE

Garnett, *Relics*, p. 3: "Mrs. Shelley informs us, in her Note on the *Prometheus Unbound*, that at the time of her husband's arrival in Italy, he meditated the production of three dramas. One of these was the *Prometheus* itself; the second, a drama on the subject of Tasso's madness; the third, one founded on the Book of Job; 'of which,' she adds, 'he never abandoned the idea.' That this was the case will be apparent from the following newly-discovered fragment, which may have been, as I have on the whole preferred to describe it, an unfinished Prologue to *Hellas*, or perhaps the original sketch of that work, discarded for the existing more dramatic, but less ambitious version, for which the *Persæ* of Æschylus evidently supplied the model. It is written in the same book as the original MS. of *Hellas*, and so blended with this as to be only separable after a very minute examination. Few even of Shelley's rough drafts have proved

more difficult to decipher or connect; numerous chasms will be observed which, with every diligence, it has proved impossible to fill up; the correct reading of many printed lines is far from certain; and the imperfection of some passages is such as to have occasioned their entire omission. Nevertheless I am confident that the unpolished and mutilated remnant will be accepted as a worthy emanation of one of Shelley's sublimest moods, and a noble earnest of what he might have accomplished, could he have executed his original design of founding a drama on the Book of Job. Weak health, variable spirits, and, above all, the absence of encouragement, must be enumerated as chief among the causes which have deprived our literature of so magnificent a work."

NOTES showing the state of other editions and including minor variations beyond what has been already noted: —

PROLOGUE

8 *your* || *yon* Forman; Dowden.

HELLAS

77 *tempests* 1822, *tempests'* Forman, Dowden.
87 *prey* Forman, Dowden. Mrs. Shelley's reading harmonizes with the thought and is more natural.
88 *lightenings* Rossetti.
253 *spoils* 1839[1,2].
262 *overshadowing* 1839[1,2].
279 *bear* || *have* 1839[1,2].
317 *'Mid* Forman conj.
321 *assaults* 1839[1,2].
352 *his* || *its* 1839[1,2].
357 *of the earth* || *of earth* 1839[1,2].
384 *bands* 1839[1,2].
466 *Repulsed* 1839[1,2].
472 *Hold* 1839[1,2].
503 *in* || *of* 1839[1,2].
511 *sea,* 1839[1,2].
520 *soul.* 1839[1,2].

527 *And* || *As* 1839[1,2].

563 *freeman* 1839[1,2].

620 *upon Clelonit's* 1839[1,2]; *upon Chelonites'* Rossetti, Dowden. In Shelley's MS. errata *upon* is struck out and *on* written above the line. The initial extra syllable of the next line supplies what is missing metrically, and taken together the two lines are complete. The irregularity is not greater than was habitual with Shelley.

657 *deep* omit 1839[1,2].

728 *For* || *Fear* Rossetti conj., Forman, Dowden. *For* is the reading of the Williams transcript, and therefore Rossetti abandoned his conjecture. It is renewed by Forman and Dowden, without necessity, and is unsupported by the passage in Æschylus here expanded.

755 *apprehend* 1839[1,2].

762 *my* 1839[1,2] Dowden.

785 *which* || *it* 1839[1,2].

882 *shall* 1839[1,2].

958 *earthquakes* 1839[1,2].

1018 *vailed* James Thomson conj. It is unlikely that Shelley would use such a word.

1057 *dreams* 1839[1,3].

1068 *his* || *its* 1839[1,2].

1072 *Argos* 1822.

1095 *native* Galignani, 1829.

SHELLEY'S NOTES.

60 Milan was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederic Barbarossa burned the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin. See Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, a book which has done much towards awakening the Italians to an imitation of their great ancestors.

197 The popular notions of Christianity are represented in this chorus as true in their relation to the worship they

superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal. The first stanza contrasts the immortality of the living and thinking beings which inhabit the planets, and to use a common and inadequate phrase, *clothe themselves in matter*, with the transience of the noblest manifestations of the external world.

The concluding verses indicate a progressive state of more or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar assertions. The received hypothesis of a Being, resembling men in the moral attributes of his nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commission of error, should superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain: meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an inextinguishable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.

245 The Greek Patriarch after having been compelled to fulminate an anathema against the insurgents was put to death by the Turks.

Fortunately the Greeks have been taught that they cannot buy security by degradation, and the Turks, though equally cruel, are less cunning than the smooth-faced tyrants of Europe. As to the anathema, his Holiness might as well have thrown his mitre at Mount Athos for any effect that it produced. The chiefs of the Greeks are almost all men of comprehension and enlightened views on religion and politics.

563 A Greek who had been Lord Byron's servant commands the insurgents in Attica. This Greek, Lord Byron informs me, though a poet and an enthusiastic patriot, gave him rather the idea of a timid and unenterprising person. It appears that circumstances make men what they are, and that we all contain the germ of a degree of degradation or of greatness whose connection with our character is determined by events.

598 It is reported that this Messiah had arrived at a seaport near Lacedæmon in an American brig. The association of names and ideas is irresistibly ludicrous, but the prevalence of such a rumor strongly marks the state of popular enthusiasm in Greece.

815 For the vision of Mahmud of the taking of Constantinople in 1453, see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. xii. p. 223.

The manner of the invocation of the spirit of Mahomet the Second will be censured as over subtle. I could easily have made the Jew a regular conjurer, and the Phantom an ordinary ghost. I have preferred to represent the Jew as disclaiming all pretension, or even belief, in supernatural agency, and as tempting Mahmud to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and the excess of passion animating the creations of imagination.

It is a sort of natural magic, susceptible of being exercised in a degree by any one who should have

made himself master of the secret associations of another's thoughts.

1060 The final chorus is indistinct and obscure, as the event of the living drama whose arrival it foretells. Prophecies of wars, and rumors of wars, etc., may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age, but to anticipate however darkly a period of regeneration and happiness is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign. It will remind the reader "magno *nec* proximo intervallo" of Isaiah and Virgil, whose ardent spirits overleaping the actual reign of evil which we endure and bewail, already saw the possible and perhaps approaching state of society in which the "*lion shall lie down with the lamb*," and "omnis feret omnia tellus." Let these great names be my authority and my excuse.

1090 Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All* those *who fell*, or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; the *One*[1] *who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the Pagan World were amerced of their worship; and *the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. The Grecian gods seem indeed to have been personally more innocent, although it cannot be said, that as far as temperance and chastity are concerned, they gave so edifying[2] an example as their successor. The[3] sublime human character of Jesus Christ was de-

[1] *the One . . . worship* Shelley n. d. || omit, Shelley, 1822.

[2] *so edifying . . . successor* Shelley n. d. || *very edifying examples.* Shelley, 1822.

[3] *The . . . torture* Shelley n. d. || omit Shelley, 1822.

formed by an imputed identification with a power, who tempted, betrayed, and punished the innocent beings who were called into existence by his sole will; and for the period of a thousand years, the spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men, has been propitiated with myriads of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to his innocence and wisdom, sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture. The horrors of the Mexican, the Peruvian, and the Indian superstitions are well known.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS: —

Mrs. Shelley's Note (1839[1], ii. 343–347): "The south of Europe was in a state of great political excitement at the beginning of the year 1821. The Spanish Revolution had been a signal to Italy — secret societies were formed — and when Naples rose to declare the Constitution, the call was responded to from Brundusium to the foot of the Alps. To crush these attempts to obtain liberty, early in 1821, the Austrians poured their armies into the Peninsula: at first their coming rather seemed to add energy and resolution to a people long enslaved. The Piedmontese asserted their freedom; Genoa threw off the yoke of the King of Sardinia; and, as if in playful imitation, the people of the little state of Massa and Carrara gave the *congé* to their sovereign and set up a republic.

"Tuscany alone was perfectly tranquil. It was said that the Austrian minister presented a list of sixty Carbonari to the grand-duke, urging their imprisonment; and the grand-duke replied, 'I do not know whether these sixty men are Carbonari, but I know if I imprison them, I shall directly have sixty thousand start up.' But though the Tuscans had no desire to disturb the paternal government, beneath whose shelter they slumbered, they regarded the progress of the various Italian revolutions with intense interest, and hatred for the Austrian was warm in every bosom. But they had slender hopes; they knew that the Neapolitans would offer no fit resistance to the regular German troops, and that the

overthrow of the Constitution in Naples would act as a decisive blow against all struggles for liberty in Italy.

"We have seen the rise and progress of reform. But the Holy Alliance was alive and active in those days, and few could dream of the peaceful triumph of liberty. It seemed then that the armed assertion of freedom in the south of Europe was the only hope of the liberals, as, if it prevailed, the nations of the north would imitate the example. Happily the reverse has proved the fact. The countries accustomed to the exercise of the privileges of freemen, to a limited extent, have extended, and are extending these limits. Freedom and knowledge have now a chance of proceeding hand in hand; and if it continue thus, we may hope for the durability of both. Then, as I have said, in 1821, Shelley, as well as every other lover of liberty, looked upon the struggles in Spain and Italy as decisive of the destinies of the world, probably for centuries to come. The interest he took in the progress of affairs was intense. When Genoa declared itself free, his hopes were at their highest. Day after day, he read the bulletins of the Austrian army, and sought eagerly to gather tokens of its defeat. He heard of the revolt of Genoa with emotions of transport. His whole heart and soul were in the triumph of their cause. We were living at Pisa at that time; and several well-informed Italians, at the head of whom we may place the celebrated Vaccá, were accustomed to seek for sympathy in their hopes from Shelley: they did not find such for the despair they too generally experienced, founded on contempt for their southern countrymen.

"While the fate of the progress of the Austrian armies then invading Naples was yet in suspense, the news of another revolution filled him with exultation. We had formed the acquaintance at Pisa of several Constantinopolitan Greeks, of the family of Prince Caradja, formerly Hospodar of Wallachia, who, hearing that the bowstring, the accustomed finale of his viceroyalty, was on the road to him, escaped with his treasures, and took up his abode in Tuscany. Among these was the gentleman to whom the drama of *Hellas* is dedicated. Prince Mavrocordato was warmed by those as-

pirations for the independence of his country, which filled the hearts of many of his countrymen. He often intimated the possibility of an insurrection in Greece; but we had no idea of its being so near at hand, when, on the 1st of April, 1821, he called on Shelley; bringing the proclamation of his cousin, Prince Ipsilanti, and, radiant with exultation and delight, declared that henceforth Greece would be free.

"Shelley had hymned the dawn of liberty in Spain and Naples, in two odes, dictated by the warmest enthusiasm; — he felt himself naturally impelled to decorate with poetry the uprise of the descendants of that people, whose works he regarded with deep admiration; and to adopt the vaticinatory character in prophesying their success. *Hellas* was written in a moment of enthusiasm. It is curious to remark how well he overcomes the difficulty of forming a drama out of such scant materials. His prophecies, indeed, came true in their general, not their particular purport. He did not foresee the death of Lord Londonderry, which was to be the epoch of a change in English politics, particularly as regarded foreign affairs; nor that the navy of his country would fight for instead of against the Greeks: and by the battle of Navarino secure their enfranchisement from the Turks. Almost against reason, as it appeared to him, he resolved to believe that Greece would prove triumphant: and in this spirit, auguring ultimate good, yet grieving over the vicissitudes to be endured in the interval, he composed his drama. . . .

"*Hellas* was among the last of his compositions, and is among the most beautiful. The choruses are singularly imaginative, and melodious in their versification. There are some stanzas that beautifully exemplify Shelley's peculiar style; as, for instance, the assertion of the intellectual empire which must be forever the inheritance of the country of Homer, Sophocles, and Plato: —

"'But Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war;
Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity.'

"And again, that philosophical truth, felicitously imaged forth: —

"'Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,
The foul cubs like their parents are;
Their den is in the guilty mind,
And conscience feeds them with despair.'

"The conclusion of the last chorus is among the most beautiful of his lyrics; the imagery is distinct and majestic; the prophecy, such as poets love to dwell upon, the regeneration of mankind — and that regeneration reflecting back splendor on the foregone time, from which it inherits so much of intellectual wealth, and memory of past virtuous deeds, as must render the possession of happiness and peace of tenfold value."

Edward Williams's Journal (*Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878): "*Friday, October* 26, 1821. — As a poet Shelley is certainly the most imaginative of the day, and if he applied himself to human affections he would be the greatest. His greatest fault is ignorance of his own worth. He asked me yesterday what name he should fix to the drama he is now engaged with. I proposed *Hellas*, which he will adopt. I mention the circumstance, as I was proud at being asked the question, and more so that the name pleased him.

"*Monday, November* 5, 1821. — Shelley read me some passages of his *Hellas*, which are very fine.

"*Tuesday, November* 6, 1821. — Commence writing out for S. a fair copy of his *Hellas*.

"*Saturday, November* 10, 1821. — Finish [writing out] the notes and preface to *Hellas*. . . . If such a poem becomes popular, we may flatter ourselves with having advanced a step towards improvement and perfection in all things, moral and political.

"*Wednesday, April* 10, 1822. — S. receives his *Hellas*."

Shelley (from Pisa) to Peacock, March 21, 1821: "I want you to do something for me: that is, to get me two pounds' worth of Tassi's gems, in Leicester Square, the prettiest, according to your taste; among them, the head of

Alexander; and to get me two seals engraved and set, one smaller, and the other handsomer; the device a dove with outspread wings, and this motto round it: —

'Μάντις εἰμ' ἐσθλῶν ἀγώνων.'"

Peacock, *Works*, iii. 473.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, October 22, 1821: "I am just finishing a dramatic poem, called *Hellas*, upon the contest now raging in Greece — a sort of imitation of the *Persæ* of Æschylus, full of lyrical poetry. I try to be what I might have been, but am not successful. I find that (I dare say I shall quote wrong): —

'Den herrlichsten, den sich der Geist empfängt,
Drängt immer fremd und fremder Stoff sich an.'"

Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 334.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, November 11, 1821: "I send you the drama of *Hellas*, relying on your assurance that you will be good enough to pay immediate attention to my literary requests. What little interest this poem may ever excite, depends upon its immediate publication; I entreat you, therefore, to have the goodness to send the MS. instantly to a printer, and the moment you get a proof despatch it to me by the post. The whole might be sent at once. Lord Byron has his poem sent to him in this manner, and I cannot see that the inferiority in the composition of a poem can affect the powers of a printer in the matter of despatch, &c. If any passages should alarm you in the notes, you are at liberty to suppress them; the poem contains nothing of a tendency to danger.

. . . . . .

"Within a few days I may have to write to you on a subject of greater interest. Meanwhile, I rely on your kindness for carrying my present request into immediate effect.

. . . "The *Ode to Napoleon* to print at the end." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 160.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, April 10, 1822: "I have received *Hellas*, which is prettily printed, and with

fewer mistakes than any poem I ever published. Am I to thank you for the revision of the press? or who acted as midwife to this last of my orphans, introducing it to oblivion, and me to my accustomed failure? May the cause it celebrates be more fortunate than either! Tell me how you like *Hellas*, and give me your opinion freely. It was written without much care, and in one of those few moments of enthusiasm which now seldom visit me, and which make me pay dear for their visits." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 335, 336.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Horace Smith, April 11, 1822: "I have, as yet, received neither the [Nympholept] nor his metaphysical companions — *Time, my Lord, has a wallet on his back*, and I suppose he has bagged them by the way. As he has had a good deal of *alms* for oblivion out of me, I think he might as well have favored me this once; I have, indeed, just dropped another mite into his treasury, called *Hellas*, which I know not how to send to you; but I dare say, some fury of the Hades of authors will bring one to Paris. It is a poem written on the Greek cause last summer — a sort of lyrical, dramatic, nondescript piece of business." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 341, 342.

Shelley (from Lerici) to John Gisborne, June 18, 1822: "*Hellas* too I liked on account of the subject — one always finds some reason or other for liking one's own composition." *The Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[2], p. 194: "The remainder of Shelley's Poems will be arranged in the order in which they were written. Of course, mistakes will occur in placing some of the shorter ones; for, as I have said, many of these were thrown aside, and I never saw them till I had the misery of looking over his writings, after the hand that traced them was dust; and some were in the hands of others, and I never saw them till now. The subjects of the poems are often to me an unerring guide; but on other occasions, I can only guess, by finding them in the pages of the same manuscript book that contains poems with the date of whose

composition I am fully conversant. In the present arrangement all his poetical translations will be placed together at the end of the volume. The loss of his early papers prevents my being able to give any of the poetry of his boyhood."

EARLY POEMS, 1813–1815

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 16: "He never spent a season more tranquilly than the summer of 1815. He had just recovered from a severe pulmonary attack; the weather was warm and pleasant. He lived near Windsor Forest, and his life was spent under its shades, or on the water; meditating subjects for verse. Hitherto, he had chiefly aimed at extending his political doctrines; and attempted so to do by appeals, in prose essays, to the people, exhorting them to claim their rights; but he had now begun to feel that the time for action was not ripe in England, and that the pen was the only instrument wherewith to prepare the way for better things.

"In the scanty journals kept during those years, I find a record of the books that Shelley read during several years. During the years of 1814 and 1815, the list is extensive. It includes, in Greek, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius; in Latin, Petronius, Suetonius, some of the works of Cicero, a large proportion of those of Seneca, and Livy; in English, Milton's Poems, Wordsworth's Excursion, Southey's Madoc and Thalaba, Locke on the Human Understanding, Bacon's Novum Organum; in Italian, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri; in French, the Rêveries d'un Solitaire of Rousseau. To these may be added several modern books of travels. He read few novels."

159 *Evening: To Harriet.* From the Esdaile MSS. Written at Bracknell, for Harriet's birthday, August 1, on the completion of her eighteenth year.

160 *To Ianthe.* From the Esdaile MS. Elizabeth Ianthe, Shelley's first child, was born June, 1813.

160 *Stanza written at Bracknell.* Shelley, from Bracknell, at the house of Mrs. Boinville, to Hogg, March 16,

1814: "I have written nothing but one stanza, which has no meaning, and that I have only written in thought. [Here follows the stanza.] This is the vision of a delirious and distempered dream, which passes away at the cold clear light of morning. Its surpassing excellence and exquisite perfections have no more reality than the color of an autumnal sunset." Hogg, ii. 516.

161 *To* —— "The poem beginning 'Oh, there are spirits in the air' was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew; and at whose character he could only guess imperfectly, through his writings and accounts he heard of him from some who knew him well. He regarded his change of opinions as rather an act of will than conviction, and believed that in his inner heart he would be haunted by what Shelley considered the better and holier aspirations of his youth." Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 16: "I have always questioned . . . whether it was not rather addressed in a despondent mood by Shelley to his own spirit." Dowden, i. 472. This suggestion was first advanced by Bertram Dobell, in his reprint of *Alastor*, and supported by the assent of Rossetti there given; that it is correct is reasonably certain.

TEXT: i. 1 *of* || *in* 1839[1,2], Rossetti.
ii. 2 *moonlight* || *mountain* 1839[1,2].

162 *To* —— "I insert here [Poems of 1817], also the fragment of a song, though I do not know the date when it was written; but it was early." Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[2], p. 205, "I can throw no new light on the unfinished sonnet, beginning 'Yet look on me — take not thine eyes away.' It seems not improbable that it was addressed at this time [June, 1814] to Mary Godwin." Dowden, i. 422. Harriet answers as well, or better, to the situation described.

TEXT: 12 *pityest* Rossetti.

163 *Stanzas.* April, 1814. "A fragment of transmuted biography." Dowden, i. 411. The incident which occasioned the verses has not been recorded in print.

Dowden ascribes Shelley's mood to his bidding farewell to the house of the Boinvilles and his return to his own home.

TEXT : i. 2 *drank* Forman, Dowden.

164 *To Harriet.* From the Esdaile MS. "It is the first of a few [five] short pieces added in Harriet's handwriting to the MS. collection of poems prepared for publication in the early days of the preceding year." Dowden, i. 413.

166 *To Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.* Mrs. Shelley, 1824, entitled these lines *To* . . . and left them undated, but included them, 1839[1,2], in the poems of 1821. "Much light has been recently thrown upon the feelings which actuated Shelley at this critical period of his history by an interesting and unexpected discovery made during the preparation of this volume. It appears that a poem, hitherto referred to the date of 1821, was in fact written in June, 1814, and addressed to Mary." Garnett, *Relics*, pp. 160, 161.

TEXT : i. 2 *wert* || *did* 1824.
3 *fear* || *yearn* Rossetti conj.
iii. 2 *shouldst* Rossetti.
4 *requitedst* Rossetti.
iv. 5 *Their* || *Thy* 1824.
v. 6 *thee* || *thou* 1824.
vi. 2 *I can* 1824.
6 *feel* 1824.

167 *Mutability.* TEXT : Mrs. Shelley, in the motto to chapter xlix. of *Lodore*, 1835, reads in the last two lines, *can* for *may* and *Nor aught endure save* for *Nought may endure but.*

168 *On Death.* This poem is in the Esdaile MSS. among those Shelley intended to issue in 1813 at the same time with *Queen Mab*, and was the only one preserved by him out of that collection ; but he revised the text before publication in 1816.

169 *A Summer Evening Churchyard.* "The summer evening that suggested to him the poem written in the churchyard of Lechlade occurred during his voyage

up the Thames, in the autumn of 1815. He had been advised by a physician to live as much as possible in the open air; and a fortnight of a bright warm July was spent in tracing the Thames to its source." Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 16: "We passed two nights in a comfortable inn at Lechlade, and his lines *A Summer Evening on the Thames at Lechlade* were written then and there." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 423.

171 *To Wordsworth.* Shelley (from Bagni di Lucca) to Peacock, July 25, 1818: "I wish you had sent me some of the overflowing villainy of those apostates. What a [beastly and] pitiful wretch that Wordsworth! That such a man should be a poet! I can compare him with no one but Simonides, that flatterer of the Sicilian tyrants, and at the same time the most natural and tender of lyric poets." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 452. The words in brackets are added by Forman, from MS. Compare Mrs. Shelley's Note on *Peter Bell.*

172 *Lines.* This poem appears to be dated a year too early, as it apparently refers to the death of Harriet, in November, 1816.

174 *The Sunset.* "The poem, entitled *The Sunset*, was written in the spring of the year, while still residing at Bishopsgate." Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 35. The lines seem to contain elements of memory as well as of imagination, and are the first in which language is completely charged with Shelley's genius and follows in its cadences the moulding of the living voice of a new poet, with a music as distinct, penetrating and personal as that of Milton or Shakespeare.

TEXT: 9 *He* ‖ *We* 1823.
22 Forman's conjecture substitutes melodrama for natural feeling and expression.
37 omit 1839[1,2], Rossetti.
38 *worn* ‖ *torn* 1839[1,2].
Signed △ 1823.

176 *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.* First announced under the signature of *The Elfin Knight*, but published with

Shelley's name. "He spent the summer on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* was conceived during his voyage round the lake with Lord Byron. He occupied himself during this voyage, by reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse* for the first time. The reading it on the very spot where the scenes are laid, added to the interest; and he was at once surprised and charmed by the passionate eloquence and earnest enthralling interest that pervades this work. There was something in the character of Saint-Preux, in his abnegation of self, and in the worship he paid to Love, that coincided with Shelley's own disposition; and, though differing in many of the views, and shocked by others, yet the effect of the whole was fascinating and delightful." Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[2], p. 197.

TEXT: vii. 4 *or* ‖ *nor* 1839[1,2].

179 *Mont Blanc.* "The Poem entitled *Mont Blanc* is written by the author of the two letters from Chamouni and Vevai. It was composed under the immediate impression of the deep and powerful feelings excited by the objects which it attempts to describe; and, as an undisciplined overflowing of the soul, rests its claim to approbation on an attempt to imitate the untamable wildness and inaccessible solemnity from which those feelings sprang." Shelley's Note, Preface to *History of a Six Weeks Tour*, 1817.

"*Mont Blanc* was inspired by a view of that mountain and its surrounding peaks and valleys, as he lingered on the Bridge of Arve on his way through the Valley of Chamouni." Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 35.

TEXT: ii. 4 *cloud*, 1824; *clouds*, 1839[1,2].
9 *The* 1839[1,2].
19 *commotion* 1824, Rossetti.
iii. 8 *Speed* 1839[1,2].
31 The reading of the Boscombe MS. only is intelligible.
iv. 19 *Slowly* 1839[1,2].

iv. 32 *spoil;* all editions.
33 *gone*, all editions.
38 *torrent's*, 1817, 1824, 1839[1],[2], Forman.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[2], p. 205: "The very illness that oppressed, and the aspect of death which had approached so near Shelley, appears to have kindled to yet keener life the spirit of poetry in his heart. The restless thoughts kept awake by pain clothed themselves in verse. Much was composed during this year. *The Revolt of Islam*, written and printed, was a great effort — *Rosalind and Helen* was begun — and the fragments and poems I can trace to the same period, show how full of passion and reflection were his solitary hours.

. . . . . .

"His readings this year were chiefly Greek. Besides the Hymns of Homer and the Iliad, he read the Dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, the Symposium of Plato, and Arrian's Historia Indica. In Latin, Apuleius alone is named. In English, the Bible was his constant study; he read a great portion of it aloud in the evening. Among these evening readings, I find also mentioned the Faëry Queen; and other modern works, the production of his contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron.

"His life was now spent more in thought than action — he had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind. And yet in the converse of daily life Shelley was far from being a melancholy man. He was eloquent when philosophy, or politics, or taste, were the subjects of conversation. He was playful — and indulged in the wild spirit that mocked itself and others — not in bitterness, but in sport. The Author of *Nightmare Abbey* [Peacock] seized on some points of his character and some habits of his life when he painted *Scythrop*. He was not addicted to 'port or madeira,' but in youth he had read of 'Illuminati and Eleutherarchs,' and believed that he possessed the power of operating an immediate change in the minds of men and the state of

society. These wild dreams had faded ; sorrow and adversity had struck home ; but he struggled with despondency as he did with physical pain. There are few who remember him sailing paper boats, and watching the navigation of his tiny craft with eagerness — or repeating with wild energy *The Ancient Mariner*, and Southey's *Old Woman of Berkeley* — but those who do, will recollect that it was in such, and in the creations of his own fancy, when that was most daring and ideal, that he sheltered himself from the storms and disappointments, the pain and sorrow, that beset his life."

185 *Marianne's Dream.* Hunt to Shelley, November 12, 1818 : "I have been writing a *Pocket-Book.* It is entitled . . . and contains original poetry, among which I have taken the liberty ('Hunt is too ceremonious sometimes') of publishing *Marianne's Dream*, to the great delight of said Marianne [Mrs. Hunt, who had related the dream to Shelley], not to mention its various MS. readers." Hunt, *Correspondence*, i. 125.

TEXT : iii. 6 *gold* 1839[1,2].
v. 4 *nor* 1839[1,2].
xii. 1 *that* || *each* James Thomson conj. The conjecture and the similar one below are purely fanciful.
xv. 1 *waves* 1824, 1839[1,2].
xvi. 4 *mountain* 1824, 1839[1,2]. This reading and the same in xxii. 2 give a more consonant sense and may be correct.
xvii. 3 *flood* || *flames* James Thomson conj.
xix. 5 *that* || *who* 1839[1,2].
xxii. 2 *mountain* 1824, 1839[1,2].
3 *flood* || *floor* 1839[1,2].
Signed △ 1819.

191 *To Constantia Singing.* "He was especially fond of the novels of Brown — Charles Brockden Brown, the American. . . . The heroine of this novel [Ormond], Constantia Dudley, held one of the highest places, if not the highest place, in Shelley's idealities of female character. . . . Nothing stood so clearly before his

thoughts as a perfect combination of the purely ideal and possibly real as Constantia Dudley." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 409, 410. The verses were addressed to Miss Clairmont, and are said to have been published in a newspaper at the time. The first draft of the poem exists, unpublished.

193 *To the Lord Chancellor.* "His heart, attuned to every kindly affection, was full of burning love for his offspring. No words can express the anguish he felt when his elder children were torn from him. In his first resentment against the Chancellor, on the passing of the decree, he had written a curse, in which there breathes, besides haughty indignation, all the tenderness of a father's love, which could imagine and fondly dwell upon its loss and the consequences." Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 207, 208. The decree was pronounced in August. For the circumstances, see Memoir.

TEXT : iv. 3 *Be* ‖ *And* Rossetti.
xiii. 2 *snares and nets* Rossetti.

The Harvard MS. book contains this poem in Shelley's hand, much corrected, as if composed upon the page itself.

There are four transcripts by Mrs. Shelley. Forman describes two, Hunt's and Charles Cowden Clarke's, without distinguishing exactly between them. The other two, referred to as Frederickson[1], and Frederickson[2], are in the possession of Mr. C. W. Frederickson. The first of these is corrected in Shelley's hand and deserves attention; the second is later and carelessly made.

197 *To William Shelley.* Born at Bishopsgate, January 24, 1816, baptized at St.-Giles-in-the-Fields March 9, 1818, died at Rome, June 7, 1819. "At one time, while the question was still pending, the Chancellor had said some words that seemed to intimate that Shelley should not be permitted the care of any of his children, and for a moment he feared that our infant son would be torn from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, everything, and to escape with his child;

and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom afterwards we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him. This poem, as well as the one previously quoted, were not written to exhibit the pangs of distress to the public ; they were the spontaneous outbursts of a man who brooded over his wrongs and woes, and was impelled to shed the grace of his genius over the uncontrollable emotions of his heart. [Here follows the poem.]

"When afterwards this child died at Rome, he wrote, apropos of the English burying-ground in that city, 'This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic ; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child lies buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections.'" Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 209, 210.

The lines were composed before September 2, when Clara was born.

TEXT : i. 5 *thou* omit Rossetti.
ii. 8 *fearless are* Rossetti.
v. 1 *and* omit Rossetti.

199 *On Fanny Godwin.* Daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and Gilbert Imlay, and adopted by Godwin. She committed suicide, by taking laudanum, at an inn at Swansea, October 9, 1816. Shelley had recently seen her in London.

200 *Lines.* The date is from the edition of 1824.

202 *Death.* TEXT : i. 4 *the* omit 1839[1,2].
5 *called* 1824.

201 *Sonnet: Ozymandias.* Signed *Glirastes.* See note on *Sonnet: To the Nile.*

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[2], pp. 229, 230 : . . . "I Capuccini was a villa built on the site of a Capuchin convent, de-

molished when the French suppressed religious houses; it was situated on the very overhanging brow of a low hill at the foot of a range of higher ones. The house was cheerful and pleasant; a vine-trelliised walk, a *pergola*, as it is called in Italian, led from the hall door to a summer-house at the end of the garden, which Shelley made his study, and in which he began the *Prometheus;* and here also, as he mentions in a letter, he wrote *Julian and Maddalo;* a slight ravine, with a road in its depth, divided the garden from the hill, on which stood the ruins of the ancient castle of Este, whose dark massive wall gave forth an echo, and from whose ruined crevices, owls and bats flitted forth at night, as the crescent moon sunk behind the black and heavy battlements. We looked from the garden over the wide plain of Lombardy, bounded to the west by the far Apennines, while to the east, the horizon was lost in misty distance. After the picturesque but limited view of mountain, ravine, and chestnut wood at the Baths of Lucca, there was something infinitely gratifying to the eye in the wide range of prospect commanded by our new abode.

"Our first misfortune, of the kind from which we soon suffered even more severely, happened here. Our little girl, an infant in whose small features I fancied that I traced great resemblance to her father, showed symptoms of suffering from the heat of the climate. Teething increased her illness and danger. We were at Este, and when we became alarmed, hastened to Venice for the best advice. When we arrived at Fusina, we found that we had forgotten our passport, and the soldiers on duty attempted to prevent our crossing the laguna; but they could not resist Shelley's impetuosity at such a moment. We had scarcely arrived at Venice, before life fled from the little sufferer, and we returned to Este to weep her loss.

"After a few weeks spent in this retreat, which were interspersed by visits to Venice, we proceeded southward. We often hear of persons disappointed by a first visit to Italy. This was not Shelley's case — the aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms; of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted

him. The sight of the works of art was full [of] enjoyment and wonder; he had not studied pictures or statues before; he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of antique grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy. As I have said, he wrote long letters during the first year of our residence in this country, and these, when published, will be the best testimonials of his appreciation of the harmonious and beautiful in art and nature, and his delicate taste in discerning and describing them.

"Our winter was spent at Naples. Here he wrote the fragments of *Marenghi* and *The Woodman and the Nightingale*, which he afterwards threw aside. At this time Shelley suffered greatly in health. He put himself under the care of a medical man, who promised great things, and made him endure severe bodily pain, without any good results. Constant and poignant physical suffering exhausted him; and though he preserved the appearance of cheerfulness, and often greatly enjoyed our wanderings in the environs of Naples, and our excursions on its sunny sea, yet many hours were passed when his thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy, and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses, which he hid from fear of wounding me, poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sadness. One looks back with unspeakable regret and gnawing remorse to such periods; fancying that had one been more alive to the nature of his feelings, and more attentive to soothe them, such would not have existed — and yet enjoying, as he appeared to do, every sight or influence of earth or sky, it was difficult to imagine that any melancholy he showed was aught but the effect of the constant pain to which he was a martyr.

"We lived in utter solitude — and such is often not the nurse of cheerfulness; for then, at least with those who have been exposed to adversity, the mind broods over its sorrows too intently; while the society of the enlightened, the witty,

and the wise, enables us to forget ourselves by making us the sharers of the thoughts of others, which is a portion of the philosophy of happiness. Shelley never liked society in numbers, it harassed and wearied him; but neither did he like loneliness, and usually when alone sheltered himself against memory and reflection, in a book. But with one or two whom he loved, he gave way to wild and joyous spirits, or in more serious conversation expounded his opinions with vivacity and eloquence. If an argument arose, no man ever argued better — he was clear, logical, and earnest, in supporting his own views; attentive, patient, and impartial, while listening to those on the adverse side. Had not a wall of prejudice been raised at this time between him and his countrymen, how many would have sought the acquaintance of one, whom to know was to love and to revere! how many of the more enlightened of his contemporaries have since regretted that they did not seek him! how very few knew his worth while he lived, and of those few, several were withheld by timidity or envy from declaring their sense of it. But no man was ever more enthusiastically loved — more looked up to as one superior to his fellows in intellectual endowments and moral worth, by the few who knew him well, and had sufficient nobleness of soul to appreciate his superiority. His excellence is now acknowledged; but even while admitted, not duly appreciated. For who, except those who were acquainted with him, can imagine his unwearied benevolence, his generosity, his systematic forbearance? And still less is his vast superiority in intellectual attainments sufficiently understood — his sagacity, his clear understanding, his learning, his prodigious memory; all these, as displayed in conversation, were known to few while he lived, and are now silent in the tomb: —

> "'Ahi orbo mondo ingrato,
> Gran cagion hai di dever pianger meco;
> Chè quel ben ch' era in te, perdut' hai seco.'"

203 *Sonnet: To the Nile.* Keats to his brothers, February 16, 1818: "The Wednesday before last Shelley, Hunt, and I, wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile; some

day you shall read them all." Lord Houghton, *Life and Letters of Keats*, i. 98, 99. Shelley's sonnet was supposed to be *Ozymandias* until this was published.

TEXT: 5 *fields of loosening snow depend* intermediate MS. reading cancelled. Forman gives a facsimile of the MS.

204 *The Past.* TEXT: ii. 5 *ghostly* Rossetti.

205 *On a Faded Violet.* Shelley, (from Pisa) to Miss Sophia Stacey, March 7, 1820: "I promised you what I cannot perform: a song on singing: — there are only two subjects remaining. I have a few old stanzas on one which, though simple and rude, look as if they were dictated by the heart. — And so — if you tell no one *whose* they are, you are welcome to them. [Here follows the poem.] Pardon these dull verses from one who is dull — but who is not the less, ever yours, P. B. S. When you come to Pisa, contrive to see us." Forman, iii. 150. TEXT: 1839^2 follows 1839^1.

206 *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills.* "I do not know which of the few scattered poems I left in England will be selected by my bookseller to add to this collection. One, which I sent from Italy, was written after a day's excursion among those lovely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and where is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch. If any one is inclined to condemn the insertion of the introductory lines, which image forth the sudden relief of a state of deep despondency by the radiant visions disclosed by the sudden burst of an Italian sunrise in autumn, on the highest peak of those delightful mountains, I can only offer as my excuse, that they were not erased at the request of a dear friend, with whom added years of intercourse only add to my apprehension of its value, and who would have had more right than any one to complain, that she has not been able to extinguish in me the very power of delineating sadness. — *Naples, December* 20, 1818." Shelley, *Preface to Rosalind and Helen*, 1819.

Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, April 6, 1819: "By the by, have you seen Ollier? I never hear from him, and am ignorant whether some verses I sent him from Naples, entitled, I think, *Lines on the Euganean Hills*, have reached him in safety or not." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 213.

"It was at I Capuccini that he etched though it appears that he did not complete the poem till his stay at Naples." Medwin, MS. note in a copy of his *Life*, quoted by Dowden, ii. 233.

"Others, as, for instance, *Rosalind and Helen* and *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*, I found among his papers by chance; and with some difficulty urged him to complete them." Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], I. xi.

The lines on Byron were interpolated after the poem was sent to the publisher, as is shown by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson's copy of *Rosalind and Helen*.

TEXT: 43 Rossetti's emendation is a correction.
54 *Sea-mew's* Rossetti.
115 Palgrave's emendation is plainly wrong.
175 Forman's emendation destroys the highly imaginative unity of the figure, and substitutes a mere mixed metaphor therefor.

218 *Misery.* See Mrs. Shelley's Note on Shelley at Naples, above, p. 503. On this Medwin comments: "Had she been able to disentangle the threads of the mystery, she would have attributed his feelings to more than purely physical causes. Among the verses which she had probably never seen till they appeared in print was the *Invocation to Misery*, an idea taken from Shakespeare — making love to Misery, betokening his soul lacerated to rawness by the tragic event above detailed — the death of his unknown adorer." *Life*, i. 330, 331. He refers to a story, previously told by him in *The Angler in Wales*, ii. 194, related by Shelley to him and Byron, that "the night before his departure from London in 1814 [1816], he re-

ceived a visit from a married lady, young, handsome, and of noble connections, and whose disappearance from the world of fashion, in which she moved, may furnish to those curious in such inquiries a clue to her identity;" and he goes on to describe how, in spite of Shelley's entreaty and unknown to him, this lady followed him to the continent, kept near him, and at Naples, in this year, met him, told her wandering devotion, and there died. (*Life*, i. 324–329.) Medwin ascribes to this incident the next poem, and also the lines *On a Faded Violet*. Rossetti (i. 90) says he is "assured on good authority" that Medwin's connecting *Misery* with these events is "not correct." Lady Shelley says: "Of this strange narrative it will be sufficient to say here that not the slightest allusion to it is to be found in any of the family documents." (*Shelley Memorials*, p. 92.) Rossetti connects with the story Shelley's letter to Peacock, May, 1820, in which he refers to his health as affected "by certain moral causes," and also his letter to Ollier, December 15, 1819, in which he expresses his intention to "write three other poems [besides *Julian and Maddalo*] the scenes of which will be laid at Rome, Florence, and Naples, but the subjects of which will be all drawn from dreadful or beautiful realities, as that of this was." Miss Clairmont asserted that she knew the lady's name and had seen her. At Naples there died a little girl who was to some extent in Shelley's charge, and of whom he wrote with feeling. Dowden (ii. 252, 253), suggests some connection between the two incidents.

TEXT: i. 1 *by* Rossetti, Forman.
iv. 4 *We will* Forman.
vi. 2 *Thine arm shall be my* Rossetti, Forman, Dowden. Mrs. Shelley's reading seems right, in poetic feeling.
viii. 5 Forman's conjecture is prosaic.
x. 2 *lovers* Rossetti.
xi. 3 *even* Rossetti.

Medwin's copy is inferior throughout to Mrs. Shelley's, but doubtless embodies an early state as well as errors of his own.

221 *Stanzas written in dejection near Naples.* See preceding Note.

TEXT : i. 4 *light* 1839[1,2].
5 *air* 1839[2].

These lines, as printed, are beyond doubt. Medwin's variations throughout are inferior.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819

[The material parts of Mrs. Shelley's note are given under the poems to which they refer.]

226 *Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration.*

TEXT : i. 4 *death* omit 1839[1,2], Forman, Dowden.
iv. 1 *festal* Forman.
4 *which* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Forman, Dowden.
v. 4 *God* 1839[1,2], Forman, Dowden.
5 *thy* Forman.

MSS. Harvard, Frederickson.

228 *To Sidmouth and Castlereagh.*

TEXT : ii. 2 *hue* 1839[1,2], Rossetti.
4 *morn* 1839[1,2].

229 *England in 1819.* Shelley (from Florence) to Hunt, November 23, 1819 : "I send you a *Sonnet.* I don't expect you to publish it, but you may show it to whom you please." Hunt, *Lord Byron*, etc., i. 399.

TEXT : 9 *wield*, 1839[2] ; *wield*, — Rossetti ; *wield* Forman, Dowden.

230 *National Anthem.* See below, note on *Ode written October, 1819.* TEXT : iii. 6 *Where'er* Rossetti conj.

232 *Ode to Heaven.* Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, I. xii. : "Shelley was a disciple of the immaterial philosophy of Berkeley. This theory gave unity and grandeur to his ideas, while it opened a wide field for his imagination. The creation, such as it was perceived by his mind — a unit in immensity, was slight and narrow compared with the interminable forms of thought that might exist beyond, to be perceived per-

haps hereafter by his own mind; all of which are perceptible to other minds that fill the universe, not of space in the material sense, but of infinity in the immaterial one. Such ideas are, in some degree, developed in his poem entitled *Heaven:* and when he makes one of the interlocutors exclaim,

> "Peace! the abyss is wreathed in scorn
> Of thy presumption, atom-born"

he expresses his despair of being able to conceive, far less express, all of variety, majesty, and beauty, which is veiled from our imperfect senses in the unknown realm, the mystery of which his poetic vision sought in vain to penetrate." MS. Harvard.

234 *An Exhortation.* Shelley to Mrs. Gisborne, May 8, 1820: "As an excuse for mine and Mary's incurable stupidity, I send a little thing about poets, which is itself a kind of excuse for Wordsworth." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 141. MS. Harvard.

235 *Ode to the West Wind.* Shelley's Note: "This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

"The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it."

TEXT: i. 13 *are* 1839[1].
ii. 11 *doom* 1839[2].
iv. 8 *the* 1839[2].

238 *An Ode written October, 1819, before the Spaniards had recovered their Liberty.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[2], p.

251 : "Shelley loved the people, and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and, therefore, more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate their circumstances and wrongs — he wrote a few, but in those days of prosecution for libel they could not be printed. They are not among the best of his productions, a writer being always shackled when he endeavors to write down to the comprehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style; but they show his earnestness, and with what heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury — that oppression is detestable, as being the parent of starvation, nakedness, and ignorance. Besides these outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph — such is the scope of the *Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*. He sketched also a new version of our national anthem, as addressed to Liberty."

Rossetti adopts Mrs. Shelley's title, and notes that the poem is inspired by the Manchester massacre and addressed to Englishmen.

MS. Montagu, with additional stanza. See FRAGMENTS, iii. 423.

240 *On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci in the Florentine Gallery.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iv. 49 : "We spent the latter part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, and made various notes on its ancient works of art."

TEXT : i. 5 *seem* 1824.
6 *shrine* 1824, 1839[1,2].
iv. 2 *these* 1839[1,2].

242 *The Indian Serenade.* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 126 : "For her [Mrs. Williams] were composed the exquisite lines, "I arise from dreams of thee," adapted to the cele-

brated Persian air sung by the Knautch girls, *Tazee be tazee no be no.*" Shelley first met the Williamses in the spring of 1821. He gave a copy of this poem to Miss Sophia Stacey in 1819.

Browning to Leigh Hunt, October 6, 1857: "Is it not strange that I should have transcribed for the first time last night the *Indian Serenade* that, together with some verses of *Metastasio*, accompanied that book? [the volume of Keats found in Shelley's pocket and burned with his body] — that I should have been reserved to tell the present possessor of them, to whom they were given by Captain Roberts, *what* the poem was, and *that it had been published?* It is preserved religiously; but the characters are all but illegible, and I needed a good magnifying-glass to be quite sure of such of them as remain. The end is that I have rescued three or four variations in the reading of that divine little poem — as one reads it, at least, in the *Posthumous Poems*. It is headed *The Indian Serenade* (not *Lines to an Indian Air*). In the first stanza, the seventh line is 'Hath led me.' In the second, the third line is, 'And the champak's odors fail'; and the eighth, 'O! Beloved as thou art.' In the last stanza, the seventh line was, 'Oh, press it to thine own again.' Are not all these better readings — even to the 'Hath' for 'Has.' There I give them you as you gave us Milton's hair." Hunt, *Correspondence*, ii. 266, 267.

Garnet, *Relics*, p. 99: "Several fragmentary versions of the piece exist among Shelley's MSS., all differing more or less from the printed text and each other." Forman states, on the authority of a friend of Mrs. Williams, that the air, sung by Mrs. Williams, was widely known in India.

TEXT: i. 7 *has* 1839[2].

ii. 3 *And the* Forman, Dowden.

7 *die* omit, Forman, Dowden.

8 *Oh* omit, Rossetti.

TEXT: iii. 7 *it to thine own again* Forman, Dowden.
MSS. Harvard, Stacey, Browning.

The version adopted in this edition is equally supported with any other, and seems to the editor intrinsically the best.

243 *To Sophia.* From the Stacey MS. Mrs. Shelley (from Florence) to Mrs. Gisborne, December 1, 1819: "There are some ladies come to this house who knew Shelley's family: the younger one was *entousiasmée* to see him. . . . The younger lady was a ward of one of Shelley's uncles. She is lively and unaffected. She sings well for an English *débutante* and, if she would learn the scales, would sing exceedingly well, for she has a sweet voice." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 128. Miss Sophia Stacey was a ward of Mr. Parker, of Bath, an uncle by marriage of Shelley.

244 *Love's Philosophy.* Shelley wrote this poem, with two others, in a copy of Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1819, and gave it to Miss Stacey, December 29, 1820.

TEXT: i. 7 *In one spirit meet and* Forman, Dowden.
ii. 7 *is all this sweet work* Forman, Dowden.

These readings are poetically inferior, and are, at least, of no higher authority than Hunt's and Mrs. Shelley's.

MSS. Stacey, Harvard.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[2], pp. 278, 279: . . . "There was something in Florence that disagreed excessively with his health, and he suffered far more pain than usual; so much so that we left it sooner than we intended, and removed to Pisa, where we had some friends, and, above all, where we could consult the celebrated Vaccà, as to the cause of Shelley's sufferings. He, like every other medical man, could only guess at that, and gave little hope of immediate relief; he enjoined him to abstain from all physicians and medicine, and to leave his complaint to nature. As he had vainly consulted medical men of the highest repute in England, he was easily persuaded to adopt this advice. Pain

and ill-health followed him to the end, but the residence at Pisa agreed with him better than any other, and there in consequence we remained. . . .

"We spent the summer at the baths of San Giuliano, four miles from Pisa. These baths were of great use to Shelley in soothing his nervous irritability. We made several excursions in the neighborhood. The country around is fertile, and diversified and rendered picturesque by ranges of near hills and more distant mountains. The peasantry are a handsome, intelligent race, and there was a gladsome sunny heaven spread over us, that rendered home and every scene we visited cheerful and bright. . . .

"Our stay at the baths of San Giuliano was shortened by an accident. At the foot of our garden ran the canal that communicated between the Serchio and the Arno. The Serchio overflowed its banks, and breaking its bounds, this canal also overflowed; all this part of the country is below the level of its rivers, and the consequence was that it was speedily flooded. The rising waters filled the square of the baths, in the lower part of which our house was situated. The canal overflowed in the garden behind; the rising waters on either side at last burst open the doors, and meeting in the house, rose to the height of six feet. It was a picturesque sight at night to see the peasants driving the cattle from the plains below to the hills above the baths. A fire was kept up to guide them across the ford; and the forms of the men and the animals showed in dark relief against the red glare of the flame, which was reflected again in the waters that filled the square.

"We then removed to Pisa, and took up our abode there for the winter. The extreme mildness of the climate suited Shelley, and his solitude was enlivened by an intercourse with several intimate friends. Chance cast us, strangely enough, on this quiet, half-unpeopled town; but its very peace suited Shelley, — its river, the near mountains, and not distant sea, added to its attractions, and were the objects of many delightful excursions. We feared the south of Italy, and a hotter climate, on account of our child; our former bereavement inspiring us with terror. We seemed to take root here, and moved little afterwards; often, indeed, enter-

taining projects for visiting other parts of Italy, but still delaying. But for our fears on account of our child, I believe we should have wandered over the world, both being passionately fond of travelling. But human life, besides its great unalterable necessities, is ruled by a thousand Liliputian ties, that shackle at the time, although it is difficult to account afterwards for their influence over our destiny."

[Omitted passages bearing on particular poems are placed under these poems.]

246 *The Sensitive Plant.* Shelley (from Lerici) to Hunt, June 19, 1822: "Williams is one of the best fellows in the world; and Jane his wife a most delightful person, whom we all agree is the exact antitype of the lady I described in *The Sensitive Plant*, though this must have been *a pure anticipated cognition*, as it was written a year before I knew her." Garnett, *Relics*, p. 111.

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 6: "He lent me [late in the autumn of 1820] a MS. volume containing his *Ode to Liberty*, *The Sensitive Plant*, the exquisite *Arethusa* and *Peneus* [*Hymn to Pan*], and many other of his lyrics, which I devoured and enthusiastically admired. He was surprised at my enthusiasm, and said to me,—'I am disgusted with writing, and were it not for an irresistible impulse that predominates my better reason, should discontinue so doing.' On such occasions he fell into a despondent mood, most distressing to witness, was affected with a prostration of spirits that bent him to the earth, a melancholy too sacred to notice, and which it would have been a vain attempt to dissipate."

TEXT: i. 6 *And* 1839².
100 *delight* ‖ *the light* Dixon conj.
ii. 23 *the going* 1839².
iii. 32 *leaf after* Rossetti, Forman.
day by 1839².
66 the cancelled lines are put in the text by Rossetti and Forman.
MS. Harvard.

259 *A Vision of the Sea.*

TEXT : 7 *mass* Rossetti.
8 *them*, Rossetti.
sank Forman.
35 *from* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Forman.
61 *had* 1839[2].
85 *Burst* 1839[1,2].
116 *through* ‖ *from* 1820.
MS. Harvard.

267 *The Cloud.* Rossetti conjectures that this poem belongs to the year 1818 because of the reference to the Thames in Mrs. Shelley's Note, given with the next poem.

TEXT : 3 *shades* 1839[1,2].
59 *with the* 1839[1,2].

270 *To a Skylark.* Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], I. xi. : "There are others, such as the *Ode to the Skylark*, and *The Cloud*, which in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird, aloft in the azure sky of Italy ; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames."

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iv. 50 : "In the spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends, who were absent on a journey to England. It was on a beautiful summer evening while wandering among the lanes, whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."

TEXT : 55 *these* all editions. The reading of the Harvard MS. seems plain, and is, poetically, to be preferred.
MS. Harvard.

274 *Ode to Liberty.* "Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, July 12, 1820 : "I enclose two additional poems, to be added to those printed at the end of *Prometheus ;* and I send them to you for fear Ollier might not know what to do in case he objected to some expressions in the fifteenth and sixteenth stanzas ; and that you would do me the favor to insert an aster-

isk, or asterisks, with as little expense to the sense as may be. The other poem [not identified] I send you, not to make two letters." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 470.

TEXT : i. 1 *again :* Alfred Forman conj.

2 *Nations*, Alfred Forman conj. The Harvard MS. sustains the reading of the text.

9 *inverse* Rossetti.

iv. 5 *melody* 1839[1,2], Rossetti.

wild. 1839[1,2], Rossetti.

vii. 2 "See the *Bacchæ* of Euripides," Shelley's Note.

viii. 8 *love* 1820.

11 *scattered* Rossetti conj.

ix. 14 *want* 1839[1,2].

xiii. 13 *us !* Rossetti conj.

14 *west impress, as* Rossetti conj.

15 *done Time*, Rossetti conj. The lines contain a twofold appeal : first, to the future, typified in America ; second, to the past, realized in Spanish and English history, or, by paraphrase, great ages that were and that Time will not dare forget, stamp on man's mind, with the clear and fixed impression of a seal, your image or memory. The difficulty arises from the condensation involved in the sudden identification of England and Spain with what they have thought and done, as being ideally what they essentially are, and in the abruptness with which the immortal memory of that achievement is then stated. The words "all ye have thought and done" are to be taken as in the case of address, and the passage read — "O England and Spain, great with ages gone, a glory not to be concealed, impress us with that greatness which was, and which still is your true greatness, the source of faith and inspiration for your sons."

xv. 2 *King* ‖ . . . . 1839[1,2].

xvii. 9 *Or* 1839[2], Rossetti.

10 *Diving* 1839[1,2].

See also FRAGMENTS, iii. 423.

MS. Harvard, 1–21.

286 *Arethusa.*

TEXT : ii. 8 *congealed* Rossetti conj.

9 *urns* ‖ *rime* Rossetti conj.

The passage is obscure from the rapidity of the description, which involves a kind of hiatus, but there is no reason to suspect any corruption. "It" is Erymanthus ; "urns" is a fitting and finely poetical expression for the forms of mountain snow seen in masses ; the meaning is that the bleak south wind, described as "concealed" or kept behind the snow-fields, came down in tempest, and, together with the earthquake below and the thunder (which may better be taken as the general sound of the elemental commotion than in its exact signification), loosed the torrent, or, as the words stand, rent the bars of the springs. The word "wind" is to be taken as one of the subjects of "rend," but the verb feels the attraction of its nearer subject to a degree which nearly breaks the continuity of the sentence.

290 *Hymn of Apollo.* See next note.

291 *Hymn of Pan.* Mrs. Shelley, Footnote, 1824 : "This and the former poem were written at the request of a friend [Williams], to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas. Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music." TEXT : ii. 5 *by* ‖ *with* 1839[1,2].

293 *The Question.* Signed ⅀ in *The Literary Pocket-Book.*

TEXT : ii. 6 omit 1839[1,2].

7 *heaven-collected* Forman.

iv. 7 *bulrushes and reeds,* Harvard MS. ‖ *bulrushes, and reeds* all editions.

MSS. Boscombe, Harvard, Ollier.

295 *The Two Spirits.*

TEXT : i. 2 *would* 1824.

iv. 7 *moonlight* 1839[2].

vi. 4 *makes* 1839[1,2].

297 *Letter to Maria Gisborne.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iv. 50. "He addressed the letter to Mrs. Gisborne from this house [at Leghorn] which was hers ; he had made his study of the workshop of her son, who

was an engineer. Mrs. Gisborne had been a friend of my father in her younger days. She was a lady of great accomplishments, and charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind after a life of considerable adversity. As a favorite friend of my father we had sought her with eagerness, and the most open and cordial friendship was established between us."

Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, June 5, 1818: "We have made some acquaintance with a very amiable and accomplished lady, Mrs. Gisborne, who is the sole attraction in this most unattractive of cities. We had no idea of spending a month here, but she has made it even agreeable." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 123.

Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, August 22, 1819: "Mrs. Gisborne is a sufficiently amiable and very accomplished woman; [she is δημοκρατικη and αθεη — how far she may be φιλανθρωπη I don't know, for] she is the antipodes of enthusiasm." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 464. Forman (*Prose Works of Shelley*, iv. 117) gives the bracketed lines.

Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, July 12, 1820: "We are just now occupying the Gisbornes' house at Leghorn, and I have turned Mr. Reveley's workshop into my study. The Libecchio here howls like a chorus of fiends all day, and the weather is just pleasant,—not at all hot, the days being very misty, and the nights divinely serene." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 469. See also Memoir.

TEXT: Date, *June*, 1820, transcript.

13 *must* 1839[1,2].

24 *Titans* transcript.

27 *philosophic* 1839[1,2]; *councils* 1824, 1839[1,2].

29 *to . . . salvation* omit 1839[1].

36 *With fishes* 1839[2].

38 *seldom* 1839[1,2].

50 *wood;* Forman, Dowden. The transcript, and

all other editions have a comma, which, as the sense is quite as good, need not be disturbed.

TEXT : 55 *there be* omit, transcript.
56 *this* ‖ *the* transcript.
57 *wind* transcript.
61 *lava-cry*, 1824, 1839[1,2].
63 *towns* 1839[1,2].
68 *In* ‖ *I* transcript.
74 *I* omit transcript.
75 *boat* — transcript, 1824, 1839[1,2] ; *boat:* — Forman, Dowden ; *boat*, Rossetti. The "rude idealism" and "the hollow screw" are the same object; otherwise the words "idealism" and "more mischief" below are without meaning. The dash is as often used by Shelley for a comma as for a colon or period.
79 *Lie* ‖ *See* transcript.
84 *green* 1839[1,2].
92 *old hooks* Rossetti ; *old books* 1839[2].
93 *A* ‖ *An* 1824.
100 *them* 1839[1,2].
101 *least* 1839[1,2].
107 *devilish* ‖ *self-impelling* transcript.
129 *hear* transcript.
140 *know* 1839[1,2].
144 *acting* 1839[1,2].
151 *Treats* 1839[1,2].
153 *it well* 1839[1,2].
158 *believe ; or* 1839[1,2]. The construction is imperfect in grammar, but the three verbs "blame," "anatomize," and "guess" are apparently coördinate and simply describe the "shroud of talk."
173 *the* 1839[1,2].
177 *wingèd* ‖ *mingled* transcript.
188 *aërial* 1839[1,2].
197 *G——n* transcript.
202 *C——* 1824.
205 *lustre* 1839[1,2].
209 *H——t* 1824.

TEXT : 210 *of earth* transcript.
224 *said* 1839[1,2].
226 *H*—— 1824, 1839[1,2].
233 *P*—— 1824, 1839[1,2].
240 *his* 1839[2] ; *camelopard* 1839[1,2].
244 *age* 1839[1,2].
245 *a* 1839[1,2].
250 *H. S.* 1824, 1839[1].
265 *besides*, transcript.
276 *who* 1839[1,2].
288 *a* 1839[1,2].
296 *H*—— —— *and* —— 1824 ; *H*—— *and* —— 1839[1] ; *Hunt and* —— 1839[2]. Forman conjectures that originally Horace Smith and Hunt only were meant, and that the names varied in different versions. The text is settled by the MSS., and the arrangement of blanks above by Mrs. Shelley affords very slight ground to suspect it.
299, 300 omit 1824, 1839[1].
313 "Ἵμερος, from which the river Himera was named, is, with some slight shade of difference, a synonym of Love." Shelley's Note.
318 *spite of* . . . 1839[2].
MS. Boscombe. Transcript, Hunt.

309 *Ode to Naples.* Miss Clairmont's Diary, July 16, 1820 : "Report of the Revolution at Naples. The people assembled round the palace [July 2] demanding a constitution ; the king ordered his troops to fire and disperse the crowd ; they refused, and he has now promised a Constitution. The head of them is the Duke of Campo Chiaro. This is glorious, and is produced by the Revolution in Spain." Dowden, ii. 342.

Shelley (from the Baths of San Giuliano) to Mrs. Shelley, July 23, 1820 : "There is bad news from Palermo. The soldiers resisted the people, and a terrible slaughter, amounting, it is said, to four thousand men, ensued. The event, however, was as it should be. Sicily, like Naples, is free. By the brief and partial accounts of the Florence papers it

appears that the enthusiasm of the inhabitants was prodigious, and that the women fought from the houses, raining down boiling oil on the assailants." Dowden, ii. 342, 343.

Shelley (from the Baths of San Giuliano) to Mrs. Shelley, September 1, 1820: "At Naples the constitutional party have declared to the Austrian minister that, if the Emperor should make war upon them, their first action would be to put to death *all* the members of the royal family — a necessary and most just measure, when the forces of the combatants, as well as the merits of their respective causes, are so unequal." Dowden, ii. 343.

[The Ode was written between August 17 and 25, according to the entry in Mrs. Shelley's Journal.]

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, February 16, 1821: "I send you three poems — *Ode to Naples*, a sonnet and *Epipsychidion*." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 152.

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 28: "Shelley felt deeply the resubjugation of Naples, and used to inveigh against Moore's lines, beginning 'Yes, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,' suggested by a failure which he deemed ignominious; and Shelley said that they were written in a spirit unworthy of himself and an Irishman, and whether merited or not were cruel and ungenerous."

TEXT: Shelley's Notes, Introductory: "The author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiæ with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes which depicture these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of the animating event.

1 Pompeii.

39 Homer and Virgil.

104 Ææa, the island of Circe.

112 The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan."

Rossetti revises the designation of the divisions of the Ode.

317 *Liberty*, TEXT : i. 4 *zone* 1824, 1839[1,2].

318 *Summer and Winter*, TEXT : 11 *do die* 1829. Transcript, in Mrs. Shelley's hand, Frederickson.

319 *The Tower of Famine*, TEXT : 7 *For* ‖ *With* 1829. Transcript, in Mrs. Shelley's hand, Frederickson.

320 *An Allegory*, TEXT : ii. 1 *passed* 1839[1,2].

320 *The World's Wanderers*. Forman conjectures that the poem lacks a stanza.

321 *Sonnet*. Signed ⅄ in *The Literary Pocket-Book*.

TEXT : 1 *dead* 1824, 1839[1,2].
5 *anticipation* 1824, 1839[1,2].
7 *mayest* 1839[1,2], *mayst* Rossetti.
8 *that which* 1839[1,2].
wouldst 1839[2], Rossetti, Forman.
MSS. Harvard, Ollier.
The Harvard MS. followed by Hunt and Mrs. Shelley seems earlier than the Ollier MS. followed by later editors.

322 *Lines to a Reviewer*. Signed ⅄ in *The Literary Pocket-Book*.

TEXT : 2 *an* 1824.
3 *where* 1824, 1839[1,2], Rossetti.

323 *Time Long Past*. From the Stacey MS. One of the three poems written by Shelley in the copy of Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* given by him to Miss Stacey, December 29, 1820.

324 *Buona Notte*, Medwin, *Life*, ii. 178, 179 : "I often asked Shelley if he had never attempted to write, like Matthias, in Italian, and he showed me a sort of serenade which I give as a curiosity, — but proving that he had not made a profound study of the language, which, like Spanish, he had acquired without a grammar, — trusting to his fine ear and memory, rather than to rules." [Printed by Medwin in *The Angler in Wales*, i. 277, without comment.]

TEXT : i. 2 *sarà* ‖ *sia* 1834, 1847.
4 *buona* ‖ *bene* 1834.
iii. 1 *Come* ‖ *Quanto* 1834.

324 *Good-night.* Signed ⲭ in *The Literary Pocket-Book,* 1822. MSS. Harvard, Stacey. This is one of the three poems written by Shelley in *The Literary Pocket-Book* given to Miss Stacey, December 29, 1820. Rossetti follows that MS. The Stacey version is poetically inferior to that of Hunt, Mrs. Shelley, and the Harvard MS., and even if it be a later copy it may not represent the poet's final choice. Shelley may have sent the lines to Hunt, when first written, and they may have remained in his hands until 1822; or he may have sent them after December 29, 1820, — a supposition which corresponds better with Hunt's letters, — and in this case the copy represents his decision, preferring one to the other version; at all events, he left Hunt's copy uncorrected. The Harvard MS. cancellation in iii. 1, noted in the footnote, is a slight indication that this is really the later form, since a line beginning the same as that of the Stacey MS. was in the writer's mind, and was rejected. Where the matter is so uncertain, it seems best to print the better poem, especially as it is the one that has been accepted for fifty years.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iv. 149–154: "My task becomes inexpressibly painful as the year draws near that which sealed our earthly fate; and each poem and each event it records, has a real or mysterious connection with the fatal catastrophe. I feel that I am incapable of putting on paper the history of those times. The heart of the man, abhorred of the poet,

"'Who could peep and botanize upon his mother's grave,'

does not appear to me less inexplicably framed than that of one who can dissect and probe past woes, and repeat to the public ear the groans drawn from them in the throes of their agony.

"The year 1821 was spent in Pisa, or at the baths of San Giuliano. We were not, as our wont had been, alone —

friends had gathered round us. Nearly all are dead; and when memory recurs to the past, she wanders among tombs: the genius with all his blighting errors and mighty powers; the companion of Shelley's ocean-wanderings, and the sharer of his fate, than whom no man ever existed more gentle, generous, and fearless; and others, who found in Shelley's society, and in his great knowledge and warm sympathy, delight, instruction and solace, have joined him beyond the grave. A few survive who have felt life a desert since he left it. What misfortune can equal death? Change can convert every other into a blessing, or heal its sting — death alone has no cure; it shakes the foundations of the earth on which we tread, it destroys its beauty, it casts down our shelter, it exposes us bare to desolation; when those we love have passed into eternity, 'life is the desert and the solitude,' in which we are forced to linger — but never find comfort more. . . .

"Shelley's favorite taste was boating; when living near the Thames, or by the lake of Geneva, much of his life was spent on the water. On the shore of every lake, or stream, or sea, near which he dwelt, he had a boat moored. He had latterly enjoyed this pleasure again. There are no pleasure-boats on the Arno, and the shallowness of its waters, except in winter time, when the stream is too turbid and impetuous for boating, rendered it difficult to get any skiff light enough to float. Shelley, however, overcame the difficulty; he, together with a friend, contrived a boat such as the huntsmen carry about with them in the Maremma, to cross the sluggish but deep streams that intersect the forests, a boat of laths and pitched canvas; it held three persons, and he was often seen on the Arno in it, to the horror of the Italians, who remonstrated on the danger, and could not understand how any one could take pleasure in an exercise that risked life. 'Ma va per la vita!' they exclaimed. I little thought how true their words would prove. He once ventured with a friend [Williams], on the glassy sea of a calm day, down the Arno and round the coast, to Leghorn, which by keeping close in shore was very practicable. They returned to Pisa by the canal, when, missing the direct cut, they got entan-

gled among weeds, and the boat upset; a wetting was all the harm done except that the intense cold of his drenched clothes made Shelley faint. Once I went down with him to the mouth of the Arno, where the stream, then high and swift, met the tideless sea and disturbed its sluggish waters; it was a waste and dreary scene; the desert sand stretched into a point surrounded by waves that broke idly though perpetually around; it was a scene very similar to Lido, of which he had said, —

> "'I love all waste
> And solitary places, where we taste
> The pleasure of believing what we see
> Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be;
> And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
> More barren than its billows.'

"Our little boat was of greater use, unaccompanied by any danger, when we removed to the baths. Some friends [the Williamses] lived at the village of Pugnano, four miles off, and we went to and fro to see them, in our boat, by the canal, which, fed by the Serchio, was, though an artificial, a full and picturesque stream, making its way under verdant banks, sheltered by trees that dipped their boughs into the murmuring waters. By day, multitudes of ephemera darted to and fro on the surface; at night, the fireflies came out among the shrubs on the banks; the cicale at noonday kept up their hum; the aziola cooed in the quiet evening. It was a pleasant summer, bright in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits; yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us. Sometimes he projected taking a farm, situated on the height of one of the near hills, surrounded by chestnut and pine woods, and overlooking a wide extent of country; or of settling still further in the maritime Apennines, at Massa. Several of his slighter and unfinished poems were inspired by these scenes, and by the companions around us. It is the nature of that poetry, however, which overflows from the soul, oftener to express sorrow and regret than joy; for it is when oppressed by the

weight of life, and away from those he loves, that the poet has recourse to the solace of expression in verse.

"Still Shelley's passion was the ocean; and he wished that our summers, instead of being passed among the hills near Pisa, should be spent on the shores of the sea. It was very difficult to find a spot. We shrank from Naples from a fear that the heats would disagree with Percy; Leghorn had lost its only attraction, since our friends who had resided there were returned to England; and Monte Nero being the resort of many English, we did not wish to find ourselves in the midst of a colony of chance travellers. No one then thought it possible to reside at Viareggio, which latterly has become a summer resort. The low lands and bad air of Maremma stretch the whole length of the western shores of the Mediterranean, till broken by the rocks and hills of Spezia. It was a vague idea; but Shelley suggested an excursion to Spezia, to see whether it would be feasible to spend a summer there. The beauty of the bay enchanted him — we saw no house to suit us — but the notion took root, and many circumstances, enchained as by fatality, occurred to urge him to execute it.

"He looked forward this autumn with great pleasure to the prospect of a visit from Leigh Hunt. When Shelley visited Lord Byron at Ravenna, the latter had suggested his coming out, together with the plan of a periodical work, in which they should all join. Shelley saw a prospect of good for the fortunes of his friend, and pleasure in his society, and instantly exerted himself to have the plan executed. He did not intend himself joining in the work; partly from pride, not wishing to have the air of acquiring readers for his poetry by associating it with the compositions of more popular writers; and, also, because he might feel shackled in the free expression of his opinions, if any friends were to be compromised; by those opinions, carried even to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die, as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. The sale of the work might, meanwhile, either really or supposedly, be injured by the free expression of his thoughts, and this evil he resolved to avoid."

326 *Dirge for the Year.* TEXT: ii. 4 *dead-cold* 1839[2]. Rossetti, under the impression that "this lyric must be conceived as spoken by two voices, one of them condoling the death of the year, the other predicting her return to life," distributes the lines into successive responses by means of inverted commas.

328 *From the Arabic.* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 178: "We seldom read new works of fiction, but made an exception in favor of *Antar* [By Terick Hamilton, 1819–20] which we borrowed from Byron, and found greatly interesting. . . . His *Lines from the Arabic* were almost a translation from a translation in that Oriental fiction."

328 *Song.* MS. Harvard.

331 *To Night.* TEXT: i. 1 *over* all editions.
MS. Harvard.

333 *To* —— TEXT: iii. 5 *for* 1824, 1839[1,2].

334 *Mutability.* TEXT: ii. 2 *too* 1839[1,2].
MS. Boscombe.

335 *The Fugitives.*
TEXT: ii. 13 *and* omit 1839[1,2].
iii. 1–5 Rossetti distributes these lines into five speeches divided by the "and."
iv. 12 *cling* 1839[2].

338 *Lines written on Hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon.* TEXT: i. 8 *more* 1839[1,2].

339 *Sonnet: Political Greatness.* MS. Harvard.

341 *Epithalamium,* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 116: "During the spring he [Williams] had written a play, taken from the interweaving of two stories in Boccaccio, and Shelley had assisted him in the work, and supplied him with an epithalamium for music, since incorrectly printed and which I give in its original form." TEXT: 17 *Lest* || *Let*, 1847.

342 *Another Version.* From the Trelawny MS. of Williams's play, *The Promise, or a Year, a Month, and a Day.*
Williams Journal (no date): "Went in the summer to Pugnano — passed the first three months [of 1821] in writing a play entitled *The Promise, or a Year, a*

Month and a Day. S. tells me if they accept it, he has great hopes of its success before an audience." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Medwin, August 22, 1821: "Williams's play, if not a dramatic effort of the highest order, is one of the most manly, spirited and natural pieces of writing I ever met with. It is full of observation both of nature and of human nature; the theatrical effect and interest seems to be strong and well kept up. I confess that I was surprised at his success, and shall be still more so if it is not universally acknowledged on the stage. It is worth fifty such things as Cornwall's *Mirandola*." Trelawny, *Records*, ii. 41.

343 *Evening: Ponte al Mare, Pisa.*

TEXT: *Ponte a Mare*, Pisa, 1824, 1839[1,2], Forman.

i. 6 *silent* 1839[1].

iv. 2 *Cinereous* Rossetti, Forman, Dowden. The original reading is restored in the text, on poetical grounds: in this word, which is in perfect sympathy with the text and is obviously dictated by its preceding words, the description reaches its climax, and it is not maintained that it was not written by Shelley; in the Boscombe MS. the word "cinereous" substitutes a trait of color for the cumulative effect of mass, to which the description has been ascending, and the change in the quality of the broad sky scene seems a deterioration. This is another instance in which a variation in a single MS. does not necessarily show that it was the poet's deliberate choice. MS. Boscombe.

345 *The Aziola.*

TEXT: 4 *ere the* 1839[1,2].

9 *or* ‖ *and* 1839[1,2].

19 *them* ‖ *they* 1839[1,2]. *Unlike them* Garnett conj.; *far, far* Forman conj. The line is very well as it stands — a fine instance of that wild quality

in Shelley's melody which is one of the master-signs of his genius.

347 *Remembrance.* Shelley to Mrs. Williams [no date]: "Dear Jane, — If this melancholy old song suits any of your tunes, or any that humor of the moment may dictate, you are welcome to it. Do not say it is mine to any one, even if you think so; indeed, it is from the torn leaf of a book out of date. How are you to-day, and how is Williams? Tell him that I dreamed of nothing but sailing and fishing up coral. Your ever affectionate P. B. S." Rossetti, Note on the poem.

TEXT: i. 5–7 Dowden follows 1824, 1839[1,2].
ii. 2 *her* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Dowden.
5 *to-morrow* Rossetti.
iii. 8 *a hope, a fear* Rossetti.
MSS. Harvard, Houghton, Trelawny.
The Houghton MS., a copy written on a fly-leaf of *Adonais* by Shelley, is the more finished form.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iv. 225–236:

"This morn thy gallant bark
Sailed on a sunny sea;
'Tis noon, and tempests dark
Have wrecked it on the lee.
Ah woe, ah woe!
By spirits of the deep
Thou'rt cradled on the billow
To thy eternal sleep.

"Thou sleepst upon the shore
Beside the knelling surge,
And sea-nymphs evermore
Shall sadly chant thy dirge.
They come, they come,
The spirits of the deep!
While near thy sea-weed pillow
My lonely watch I keep.

"From far across the sea
I hear a loud lament,
By Echo's voice for thee
From ocean's caverns sent.
O list, O list!
The spirits of the deep!
They raise a wail of sorrow,
While I forever weep.

"With this last year of the life of Shelley these Notes end. They are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius of the Beloved and the Lost; my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past — full of its own deep and unforgotten joys and sorrows, contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle—has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write, and these again produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these Notes. I dislike speaking of myself, but cannot help apologizing to the dead, and to the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings."

[The remainder of the Note, though of great interest and written with feeling and power, is almost wholly biographical. It describes the summer at Lerici and Shelley's death. Such portions as refer to specific poems have been placed under those poems. The original MS. of Mrs. Shelley's dirge, in Mr. Frederickson's possession, gives a different version. Her revised version, as published by her, though gaining in finish and compactness, loses in spontaneity and feeling. The original is dated, November, 1827, and is as follows: —

"This morn the gallant bark, Love,
Sailed on a sunny sea;
'Tis noon, and tempests dark, Love,
Have wrecked it on the lee,
Ah woe! ah woe!

By spirits of the deep
He's cradled on the billow
To his unwaking sleep.

"Thou liest upon the shore, Love,
Beside the knelling surge,
And sea-nymphs evermore, Love,
Shall sadly chant thy dirge.
O come, O come,
Ye spirits of the deep!
While near his sea-weed pillow
My lonely watch I keep.

"From far across the sea, Love,
I hear a wild lament,
By Echo's voice for thee, Love,
From ocean's caverns sent.
O list! O list!
The spirits of the deep, —
Loud sounds their wail of sorrow,
While I forever weep."

Frederickson MS.]

353 *Lines.* TEXT: Rossetti follows the Trelawny MS.

354 *The Magnetic Lady to her Patient.*

Shelley's Note: "For Jane and Williams only to see."

Trelawny MS. Rossetti, Note on the poem.

Medwin, *Shelley Papers:* "Shelley was a martyr to a most painful complaint, which constantly menaced to terminate fatally; and was subject to violent paroxysms which, to his irritable nerves, were each a separate death. I had seen magnetism practised in India and at Paris, and at his earnest request consented to try its efficacy. Mesmer himself could not have hoped for more complete success. The imposition of my hand on his forehead instantaneously put a stop to the spasm, and threw him into a magnetic sleep, which for want of a better word is called somnambulism. Mrs. Shelley and another lady [Mrs. Williams] were present. The experiment was repeated more than once. During his trances I put some questions to

him. He always pitched his voice in the same tone as mine. I enquired about his complaint, and its cure — the usual magnetic enquiries. His reply was 'What would cure me would kill me' . . . [Shelley answered in Italian.] He improvised also verses in Italian, in which language he was never known to write poetry."

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 49, 50: "After my departure from Pisa he was magnetized by a lady, which gave rise to the beautiful stanzas entitled *The Magnetic Lady to her Patient*, and during which operation he made the same reply to an enquiry as to his disease and its cure as he had done to me, — 'What would cure me would kill me.' . . . Mrs. Shelley also magnetized him, but soon discontinued the practice, from finding that he got up in his sleep, and went one night to the window (fortunately barred), having taken to his old habit of sleep-walking, which I mentioned, in his boyhood and also in London."

TEXT: i. 1, ii. 1 *Sleep on* 1839[1].
ii. 7 *chased* 1839[1,2].
iv. 7 *Speaks* 1839[1].
MS. Trelawny.

348 *To Edward Williams.* Shelley to Williams [no date]: "My dear Williams: Looking over the portfolio in which my friend used to keep his verses, and in which those I sent you the other day were found, I have lit upon these; which, as they are too dismal for *me* to keep, I send you. If any of the stanzas should please you, you may read them to Jane, but to no one else. And yet, on second thoughts, I had rather you would not. Yours ever affectionately, P. B. S." Rossetti, Note on the poem.

Williams's Journal, Saturday, January 26, 1822: "S. sent us some beautiful but too melancholy lines ('The Serpent is shut out from Paradise')." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878. Byron named Shelley the Serpent. [For a further account of the Williamses, see MEMOIR.]

TEXT: ii. 1 *which* Rossetti.
iv. 2 *lately* Rossetti.
4 *on* 1839[1,2], Rossetti.
6 *mean.* 1839[1].
7 *carnival* 1839[1].
vi. 5 *Burst* 1839[1], *in peace* 1839[1].
vii. 6 *were* Rossetti.

Mrs. Shelley 1839[1] follows in every particular Ascham, 1834, and made her corrections in 1839[2]. It seemed better to note her readings rather than Ascham's, in the footnotes.

351 *Lines.* From the Boscombe MS. through Garnett. Forman unites them with the poem preceding in the text, by conjecture for which there is no safe ground.

356 *To Jane: the Invitation.* Williams's Journal, February 2, 1822: "Fine warm day. Jane accompanies Mary and S. to the seashore through the Cascini. They return about three." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

MS. Trelawny.

359 *To Jane: the Recollection.* Shelley to Mrs. Williams with the poem [no date]: "To Jane: not to be opened unless you are alone, or with Williams." Rossetti, Note on the poem.

TEXT: v. 36 *water* Rossetti.

MS. Trelawny.

362 *To Jane: with a Guitar.* Trelawny, *Records*, i. 103, 107: "The strong light streamed through the opening of the trees. One of the pines, undermined by the water, had fallen into it. Under its lee, and nearly hidden, sat the Poet, gazing on the dark mirror beneath, so lost in his bardish reverie that he did not hear my approach. . . . The day I found Shelley in the pine-forest he was writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines. . . . It was a frightful scrawl; words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together 'in most admired disorder;' it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overrun with bulrushes, and the

blots for wild ducks; such a dashed-off daub as self-conceited artists mistake for a manifestation of genius."

TEXT: 46 *winds* 1832, 1833, 1839[1].
58 *that* 1832, 1833, 1839[1].
61 *its own* 1833, 1839[1].
76 *in* 1832, 1833, 1839[1].
90 *friend* 1833, 1839[1,2].
MS. Trelawny.

365 *To Jane.* Shelley to Mrs. Williams with the verses [no date]: "I sat down to write some words for an ariette which might be profane; but it was in vain to struggle with the ruling spirit who compelled me to speak of things sacred to yours and to Wilhelm Meister's indulgence. I commit them to your secrecy and your mercy, and will try to do better another time." Rossetti, Note on the poem.

TEXT: Transcript, Frederickson in an unknown hand.
ii. 1 *soft* || *pale*
4 *thy*
5 *had then* || *hath*
6 *Its* || *Thine*
iii. 4 *thy*
iv. 1 *sound* || *song*
2 *dear* || *soft*
Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], follows Medwin, 1832, 1833.
MSS. Trelawny, Frederickson.

366 *The Isle.* Garnett conjectures that these lines were intended for the *Unfinished Drama.*

366 *Dirge.* TEXT: 6 *stain* all editions.

366 *Lines written in the Bay of Lerici.* From the Boscombe MS. The lines were written during the last weeks of Shelley's life, perhaps, as Garnett conjectures, about May 1, the last time that Shelley was at Lerici at the time of the full moon.

TEXT: 11 *though* Garnett, *Macmillan's* || *though now* Garnett, *Relics.*
31 *saw* Garnett, *Macmillan's* || *watched* Garnett, *Relics.*
37 *They* omit, Forman, Dowden.

FRAGMENTS, PART I

373 *The Dæmon of the World. Part I.* Shelley, Preface to *Alastor*, 1816. "The Fragment entitled *The Dæmon of the World* is a detached part of a poem which the author does not intend for publication. The metre in which it is composed is that of *Samson Agonistes* and the Italian pastoral drama, and may be considered as the natural measure into which poetical conceptions, expressed in harmonious language, necessarily fall."

Mrs. Shelley's Note [printed, i. 405].

TEXT: 5 *day* MS.

8 *strange* || *dark* MS. cancelled.

9 *Hath then the gloomy Shadow* MS.

19 *pure* || *entrancing* MS.

23 *downy-wingèd* || *wanton* MS. *downy-pinioned* MS. at foot of page.

24 *lips* MS.

42 *With fire that is concealed* MS. cancelled.

54 *caves and woods* MS.

108, 109 *From the mute frame a lovely ghost arose.* MS.

143 *the hollow chasm of* MS. cancelled.

161 *shines among the stars* MS.

235 *With* || *To* MS.

293 :—

Nor dare relate what fearful mysteries
The spirit saw, nor the portentous groan[1]
Which, when the flood was still, the living world
Sent in complaint to that divinest fane,
While from the deep a multitudinous throng
Of motley shapes the envious Present leads
Who,[2] raging horribly, their armèd hands
Hurl high, where inaccessibly secure . . .

MS. cancelled.

MS. Forman's printed copy of *Queen Mab*, on which Shelley made MS. revisions for this republication. It is plain that this copy represents only a portion of Shelley's work.

[1] *groan* || *voice* cancelled. [2] *who* || *which* cancelled.

383 *The Dæmon of the World. Part II.* From Forman's *Queen Mab*, revised, as described above. A revised copy of *Queen Mab* is described by Medwin (*Life*, i. 101–103) and by Middleton (*Life of Shelley*, i. 251, 257) who gives various readings from it. Forman obtained from Mrs. Thomas Wade such a revised copy, given to her husband by Mr. Brooks, who had it, according to his own account, from Shelley. Medwin says it was probably left by accident at Marlow and fell into a stranger's hands. Forman identifies the copy used by him with that mentioned by Medwin and Middleton. He gives a detailed account of the volume in *The Shelley Library*, pp. 36–44. The variations in other sections than those included in the text of *The Dæmon of the World* are given below under the heading, *Queen Mab: Notes for revision.* All the readings are from Forman's edition. The state of Forman's revised copy, whether the unaltered printed text or the MS. corrections, is described below on "MS," *i. e.*, Shelley's copy for a new edition.

TEXT: 28, 29:—

mighty time,
Relentless sire, inexorable King!

MS., intermediate reading between *Queen Mab* ix. 23, and the text, cancelled.

38 *glows* MS. cancelled: *evenings* MS. An oversight in revision.

104 *many mingling* MS.

142 *noble bosom* MS. cancelled.

175 *Its* ‖ *Their* MS. An oversight in revision.

206 *Pealed* MS. An oversight in revision.

207 *were* MS. An oversight in revision.

216 *their* ‖ *its* MS. An oversight in revision.

Queen Mab: Notes for revision.

i. 55, 56:—

Are like such rays as many colored streams
Throw on the roof of some impending crag.

MS.

59 *Behold* MS. cancelled : *Fairy* ‖ *Universal* MS.

69 *When silver clouds infold his floating form.* MS.

83 *Move the still moonlight's line* MS.

190 *They brake* MS.

iv. 230–236 MS. cancelled.

v. 5–7 : —

Which countless autumn storms have scattering heaped
In wild dells of the tangled wilderness
Through many waning years.
MS.

13–15 MS. cancelled ‖

Till o'er the lawns a forest waves again,
The canker stains more faint, — from each decay
Its buds unfold more brightly, till no more
Or frost or shower or change of seasons mar
The lustre in[1] its cup of healing dew —
The freshness of its amaranthine leaves.
The monstrous nurse of loveliness again
Invests the waste with hues of vital bloom,
Again deep groves wave in the wind, and flowers
Gleam in the dark fens of the tangled woods,
And many a bird and many an insect keeps
Its dwelling in the shade, and Man doth bend
His lonely steps to meet my angels there.
MS.

viii. 47 *give* MS. cancelled ‖ *lend* MS.

52 *failing* MS. cancelled ‖ *suspended* MS.

178, 179 Interpolate *Their perfidy, their poisons and their creeds* MS.

184, 186 MS. cancelled ‖

A banquet for the vultures and the worms,
Beneath that sun, where . . .
MS. cancelled.

[1] *lustre in* ‖ *clearness of* MS. cancelled.

ix. 76, 77 : —

That mental bondage which is freedom's
self
And borrows from sensation's purest tie.
MS. cancelled.

76–92 MS. cancelled.
97 *field* MS. cancelled ‖ *waste* MS.
93–102 MS. cancelled.
vi. 72–103 Reprinted with *Alastor* 1816 as *Superstition*, except 102, 103, which read : —

Converging, thou didst give it name, and
form,
Intelligence, and unity, and power.

395 *Prince Athanase.* Shelley's Note on I. : "The Author was pursuing a fuller development of the ideal character of Athanase, when it struck him that in an attempt at extreme refinement and analysis, his conceptions might be betrayed into the assuming a morbid character. The reader will judge whether he is a loser or gainer by the difference." Mrs. Shelley, 1824.

Mrs. Shelley's Note on II. 1839[2], p. 199 : "The idea Shelley had formed of Prince Athanase was a good deal modelled on *Alastor*. In the first sketch of the poem, he named it *Pandemos and Urania*. Athanase seeks through the world the One whom he may love. He meets, in the ship in which he is embarked, a lady who appears to him to embody his ideal of love and beauty. But she proves to be Pandemos, or the earthly and unworthy Venus ; who, after disappointing his cherished dreams and hopes, deserts him. Athanase, crushed by sorrow, pines and dies. 'On his deathbed, the lady who can really reply to his soul comes and kisses his lips.' (*The Deathbed of Athanase.*) The poet describes her [ii. 155–160]. This slender note is all we have to aid our imagination in shaping out the form of the poem, such as its author imagined."

TEXT : 10 *blush* James Thomson conj.
I. 28 *relief;* 1824, Forman.
30 *chief.* 1824, Forman.
II. 28 *blighting* ‖ *flitting* or *fleeting* Rossetti conj.
36 *gentle* omit, 1824.
39 omit, 1824.
50 *and master* 1824.
69 *reeling through the storm* ‖ *wrecked* . . . 1824.
80 *nightingale,* Rossetti.
83 *here!* Rossetti.
105 *dark forgetfulness* omit, 1824.
155–160 omit 1824, 1839[1,2].

407 *The Woodman and the Nightingale.*

TEXT : 19 *waters,* — 1824, 1839[1,2], Forman, Dowden ; *waters,* Rossetti.

410 *Otho.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 70 : "He had this year also projected a poem on the subject of *Otho,* inspired by the pages of Tacitus. I find one or two stanzas only which were to open the subject." Forman joins with these the lines *Once more descend* and *Inspiration* given in this edition, iv. 86, 87.

TEXT : ii. 5 *buy* 1839[2].

411 *Tasso.* Shelley (from Milan) to Peacock, April 20, 1818 : "I have devoted this summer, and indeed the next year, to the composition of a tragedy on the subject of Tasso's madness ; which, I find upon inspection, is, if properly treated, admirably dramatic and poetical. But you will say I have no dramatic talent. Very true, in a certain sense ; but I have taken the resolution to see what kind of tragedy a person without dramatic talent could write. It shall be better morality than *Fazio,* and better poetry than *Bertram,* at least." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters,* ii. 118, 119.

Shelley (from Milan) to a friend [probably Horace Smith], April 30, 1818 : "I have been studying the history of Tasso's life, with some idea of making a drama of his adventures and misfortunes . . . Such a subject would suit English poetry." Dowden, ii. 201

[Garnett conjectures that Shelley abandoned the subject in consequence of Byron's *Lament of Tasso.*]

Shelley's Notes for intended scenes [from the Boscombe MS.]: "Scene where he reads the sonnet which he wrote to Leonora to herself as composed at the request of another.—His disguising himself in the habit of a shepherd, and questioning his sister in that disguise concerning himself, and then unveiling himself." Garnett, *Shelley's Select Letters*, p. 245.

414 *Marenghi.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1824: "This fragment refers to an event told in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province."

Rossetti identifies the reference in Sismondi (Paris, 1826, viii. 142, 143), and from it corrects the name, given as *Mazenghi* throughout by Mrs. Shelley, who also gives *Vada* for *Vado.* Rossetti derived the text from the Boscombe MS., through Garnett, and adds "December" to Mrs. Shelley's date "Naples, 1818."

TEXT: xiii. 2 *cold and toil* 1824, 1839[1,2].
xvii. 1 . . . ‖ *of land* Forman conj.
xix. 4 . . . ‖ *marshes* Forman conj.

421 *Lines written for Julian and Maddalo.* From the Boscombe MS. Garnett conjectures the title.

TEXT: 12 *our* ‖ *not* Forman, Dowden.

422 *Lines written for Prometheus Unbound.* Misplaced by Mrs. Shelley among the poems of 1821.

422 *Lines written for Mont Blanc.* From the Boscombe MS.

423 *Lines written for the Indian Serenade.* From the Boscombe MS. containing *Charles I.* Rossetti conjectures the title.

423 *Lines written for the Ode to Liberty.* From the Boscombe MS.

423 *Stanza written for the Ode written October, 1819.* From the Montagu MS. in the Bodleian Library.

424 *Lines connected with Epipsychidion.* Mrs. Shelley entitled the portion published by her *To* ——; Garnett

incorporated this in the lines published by him from the Boscombe MS., and entitled the poem *To His Genius*, and then gave separately from the same source the remainder as four cancelled fragments of *Epipsychidion*. It is to be inferred that a poem, substantially *Epipsychidion*, was in Shelley's mind before his meeting with Emilia Viviani, and that she was less the inspiration of it than the occasion of the form it took. See also note on *Fiordispina*.

TEXT: Rossetti's conjecture, 67, is accepted by Garnett, whose text agrees with Mrs. Shelley, but the authority of the MS. is not alleged. Rossetti divides the fragments like Garnett, and strikes out of *To His Genius* the lines repeated in *Epipsychidion*.

430 *Lines written for Adonais*. From the Boscombe MS. Garnett, *Relics*, p. 50: —

"Several cancelled passages of the *Adonais* have been met with in Shelley's notebooks. He appears to have originally framed his conception on a larger scale than he eventually found practicable. The passage in which the contemporary minstrels are introduced, as mourning for Adonais, would have been considerably extended, and the characteristics of each delineated at some length. It must, however, have occurred to him that the parenthesis would be too long, and would tend to distract the reader's attention from the main subject. Nothing, therefore, of the original draft was allowed to subsist but the four incomparable stanzas descriptive of himself. A fifth was cancelled, which ran as follows [first fragment]. Several stanzas relating to Byron and Moore are too imperfect for publication. The following refers to the latter [second fragment]. Leigh Hunt was thus described [third fragment]. The following lines were also written for the *Adonais* [remaining fragments]." Forman conjectures that Coleridge is described in the last fragment.

Lines written for Hellas. From the Boscombe MS. Garnett conjectures the title.

438 *Orpheus.* Garnett, *Relics*, p. 20: "No trace of this poem appears in Shelley's notebooks; it exists only in a transcript by Mrs. Shelley, who has written, in playful allusion to her toils as an amanuensis, '*Aspetto fin che il diluvio cala, ed allora cerco di posare argine alle sue parole.*' 'I await the descent of the flood, and then I endeavor to embank the words.' From this circumstance, as well as from the internal evidence of the piece, I should conjecture that it was an attempt at improvisation. Shelley had several times heard Sgrieci, the renowned *improvvisatore*, in the winter of 1820, and this may have inspired him with the idea of attempting a similar feat. Assuredly this poem, though containing many felicitous passages, hardly attains his usual standard, either of thought or expression. It *may* be a translation from the Italian."

TEXT: 102 *his* Garnett.

442 *Fiordispina.* Garnett, *Relics*, p. 29: "*Fiordispina* and the piece which I have ventured to entitle *To His Genius* (using the latter word in the sense of δαίμων) may be regarded as preliminary, though unconscious studies, for this crowning work [*Epipsychidion*]. This is indicated by the general similarity among the three, as well as by the fact that very many lines now found in *Epipsychidion* have been transferred to it from the others. Most of these have been omitted from the poem as now published; but some instances will be observed in the second, which was probably the earlier in point of date. *Fiordispina* seems to have been written during the first days of Shelley's acquaintance with Emilia Viviani, who is also the *Ginevra* of the poem thus entitled." Mrs. Shelley misplaces the lines published by her among the poems of 1821. Garnett prints from the Boscombe MS.

TEXT: 11 *to* Rossetti, Forman, Dowden.
20 *ever* 1839[1,2].
25 *sense* 1839[1,2].

445 *The Birth of Pleasure.* From the Boscombe MS.

446 *Love, Hope, Desire and Fear.* From the Boscombe MS.

448 *A Satire on Satire.* From the Boscombe MS. through Garnett. Shelley (from Pisa) to Hunt, January 25, 1822 : "I began once a satire on satire, which I meant to be very severe ; it was full of *small knives*, in the use of which practice would have soon made me very expert. Garnett, *Relics*, 190.

449 *Ginevra.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1824 : "This fragment is part of a poem which Mr. Shelley intended to write founded on a story to be found in the first volume of a book entitled *L'Osservatore Fiorentino.*" Garnett identified the passage *L'Osservatore Fiorentino sugli edifizi della sua Patria*, 1821, p. 119. In the story *Ginevra* revives. Compare Hunt, *A Legend of Florence*, where Shelley's poem is referred to in the preface.

TEXT : 27 *even* 1839[1,2].
37 *Better* 1824.
63 omit, 1824.

457 *The Boat on the Serchio.* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 122 : "I have heard Shelley often speak with rapture of the excursions they [Shelley and Williams] made together. The canal fed by the Serchio, of the clearest water, is so rapid that they were obliged to tow the boat up against the current ; but the swift descent, through green banks enamelled with flowers and overhung with trees that mirrored themselves on its glassy surface, gave him a wonderful delight. He has left a record of these trips in a poem entitled *The Boat on the Serchio*, and calls Williams and himself *Melchior* and *Lionel.*"

TEXT : 1 *on* ‖ *in* 1824.
14 Appennines' 1839[2].
46–51 Rossetti, Forman and Dowden give the first two lines to Lionel, the last four to Melchior.
58–61 1839[1,2] follow 1824.
61–67 Rossetti inserts these lines, by conjecture, between 51, 52.
95 *and stems* omit 1824, 1839[1].
96 omit, 1824, 1839[1].

TEXT: 112 *until* 1839[1,2].
114 *clear* 1839[1,2].
117 *fir* 1839[1,2].

461 *The Zucca.*

TEXT: i. 7 *poor* 1839[1,2].
iii. 7 1839[1,2] follow 1824.
8 omit, 1839[2]. *storm-benighted* Rossetti conj.
iv. 2 *or* 1839[1,2].
8 *sun* ‖ *sun* or *sea* Boscombe MS. doubtful.
v. 6 *fresh grass* 1839[1,2].
vi. 6 *as* 1839[1,2].
x. 2 *sun and air* 1839[1,2].
MS. Boscombe.

465 *Lines.* From the Boscombe MS.

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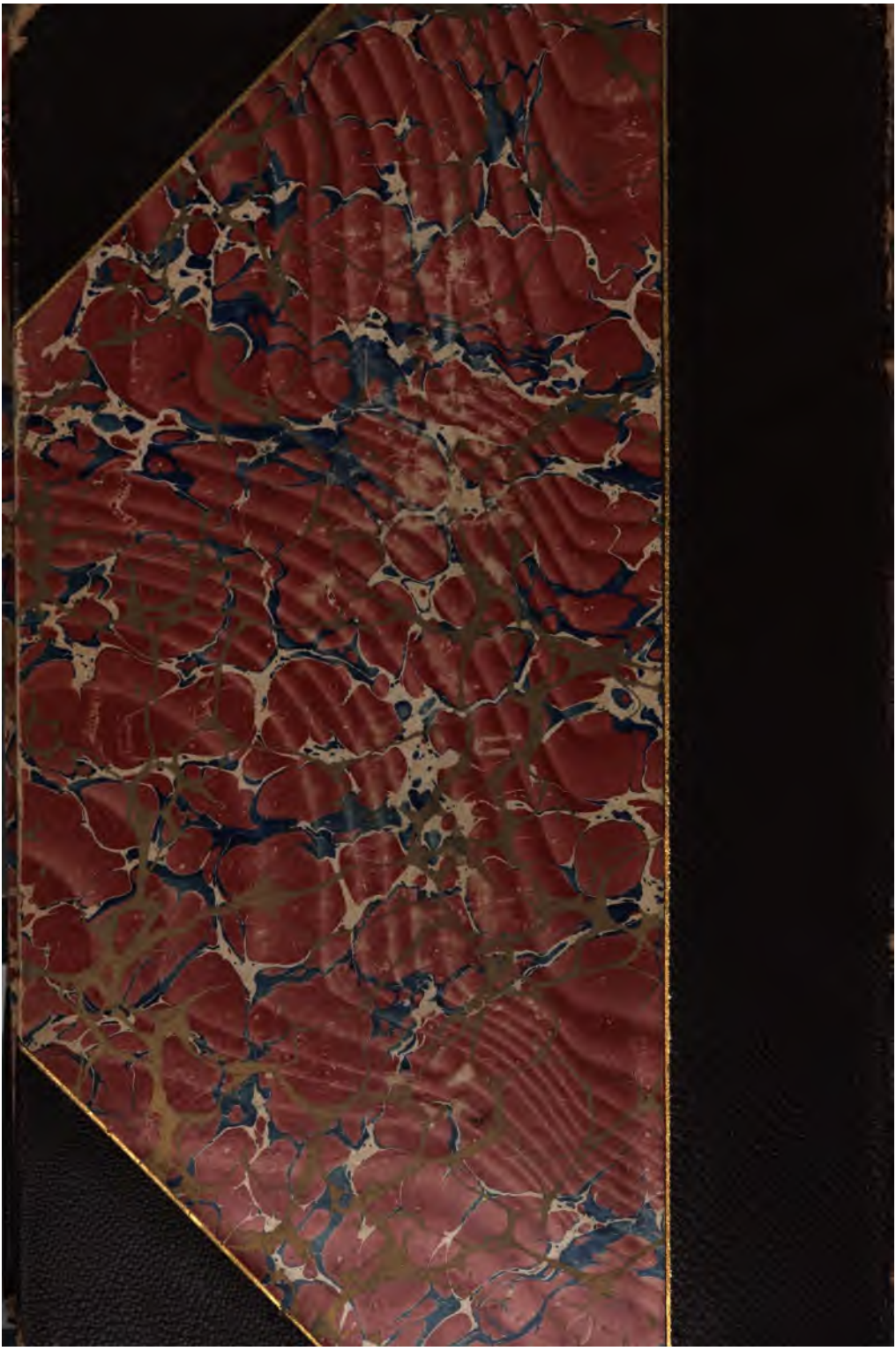
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